THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Volume 200, Number 49

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* * *

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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ASHES AND EMBERS

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

THE flame of war flickered and went out. But the years 1919 and 1920 that followed immediately the end of the war seemed to me the darkest and most painful periods of Italian life. Dark thunderclouds hung above our unity. The progress of Italy's unification was threatened. I watched the gathering storm.

Already disquieting events had menaced our national life. They were due to political happenings even more than to economical crisis. I point to the movement of the Sicilian Gasei in 1894 and the bloody demonstration in Milan in 1898.

But these manifestations of rebellion were localized. Not one of them bore in it the virile germs of dissolution or of separatism. But I assert that the episodes of 1919 and 1920 had in them bacilli which if not treated heroically are deadly for the life of a civilized nation.

Everything was discussed again. We Italians opened the box of political problems and took apart the social clockwork. We pawed over everything from the crown to parliament, from the army to our colonies, from capitalistic property to the communistic soviet proposal for the federation of the regions of Italy, from schools to the papacy. The lovely structure of concord and harmony that we combatants and the wounded had dreamed that we would build after the luminous victory of October, 1918, was coming to pieces. The leaves were falling from our tree of idealism.

Home From the War

I FELT that we were left without any cohesive force, any suggestive heroism, any remembrance, any political philosophy sufficient to overcome and stop the factors of dissolution.

I sensed the chills and heats of decay and destruction.

Already in January, 1919, the socialists, slightly checked during the war, began, the moment the ink was drying on the Armistice, their work of rebellion and blackmail. From Milan the socialistic municipality sent a special mission and help to the so-called brothers in Vienna. Sickly internationalism put forth its buds in this morbid springtime. At Triest the socialist Pittoni played an important part in the reorganization of the delivered city. In many Italian cities poor children of the old enemy Austrian and Hapsburg capital were asked to take a precedence. It was a provoking sentimentality. A desire was already clear in the minds of subversives and of liberal-Giolittinians; it was to strike out of our memories the sense and feeling of our victory.

I knew those who whipped up our degeneration. They were German and Austrian spies, Russian agitators, mysterious subventions. In a few months they had led the Italian people into a state of marasmus. The economic crisis existing in every corner of the world could not be expected to spare Italy. The soldiers, like myself, returning from the war, rushed to their families. Who can describe our feelings? Such an imposing phenomenon as the demobilization of millions of men took place in the dark, without noise, in an atmosphere of throwing discipline to the winds. There were, for us, the troubles of winter and the difficulties of finding new garments and adjustments for peace.

The Duce With His Seventeen-Year-Old Daughter, Edda

We suffered the humiliation of seeing the banners of our glorious regiments returned to their homes without being saluted, without that warm cheer of sympathy owed to those who return from victorious war. Now again it appeared to me and to my friends as if there was in everybody an instinct to finish the game of the war, not with the idea of real victory but with content that we had lost as little as possible. At night before sleep came I used to meditate and realize that we had no dam to stop this general decay of faith, this renunciation of the interests and destiny of a victorious nation. The sense of destruction penetrated very quickly and deeply the spirit of all classes. Certainly the central government was no dike to prevent the flood of weakness.

The Aftermath

POLITICIANS and philosophers, profiteers and losers—for at least many had lost their illusions—sharks trying to save themselves; promoters of the war trying to be pardoned; demagogues seeking popularity; spies and instigators of trouble waiting for the price of their treason; agents paid by foreign money in a few months threw the nation into an awful spiritual crisis. I saw before me with awe the gathering dusk of our end as a nation and a people.

With my heart in tumult and with a deep sense of bitterness corroding my soul, I could smell the danger. Some audacious men were with me—not many. My action was at first tied to the urgent duty to fight against one important and dark treason. Some Italians, blinded and having lost their memories, were led on by some complicity and selfish desires among the Allies. These Italians were actually setting themselves against the mother country. Dalmatia, Italian in its origin, ardent as a saint in its faith, had been recognized to be ours by the pact of London; Dalmatia had waited for the victorious war with years of passion, and, holding in its bosom still the remains of Venice and of Rome, was now lopped off from our unity. The politics of renunciation, helped by foreigners, galloped forward. Wilson was the distiller or supporter of theoretical formulas. He could not comprehend Italian life or history. By his unconscious aid this treason to us was nourished. Fiume, the sacrificed town, whose people called desperately for Italy in its manifestations on the public squares, who sent pleading missions to our military chiefs, was occupied by corps of international troops. We were about to lose another war trophy—the Austrian Navy. Sesana, twenty kilometers from Triest, was discussed as a possible frontier!

I said then that never in the life of any nation on the day after victory had there been a more odious tragedy than that of this silly renunciation. In the first months of 1919, Italy, led on by politicians like Nitti and Albertini Salvemini, had only one frantic wish that I could see—it was to destroy every gain of victorious struggle. Its only dedication was to a denial of the borders and soil extent of the nation. It forgot our 600,000 dead and our 1,000,000 wounded. It made waste of their generous blood. These leaders wanted to satisfy foreign impulses of doubtful origin and doctrines brewed of poisons.

The Church Overlooking Mussolini's Birthplace

This attempt at matricide of the motherland was abetted by Italians of perverted intellect and by professional socialists. Toward both, later on, the Fascist revolution showed so much forbearance that it was more than generosity.

I was snatched up in this fight against the returning beast of decadence. I was for our sacred rights to our own territories. Therefore I had to neglect in a degree the petty internal political life that was floundering in bewilderment and wallowing in disorder. On the international playground the stake was higher. One had to remain on the field to save what could be saved. As to internal politics, I knew very well that a strong government would put quickly in order the socialists and the anarchists, the decadents and wreckers and the instigators of disorder. I knew at first hand their soul. It has always been the same at all times, in all ages—it is the spirit of coward wolves and ferocious sheep.

And thus one day—a few months after the Armistice—I saw at Milan a fact more disquieting and more important than I thought possible. I saw a socialist procession, with an endless number of red flags, with thirty bands, with ensigns cursing the war. I saw a river in the street made of women, children, Russians, Germans and Austrians, flowing through the town upward and downward from the popular quarters to those of the center, and finally dispersing at one of the most central points of the town, at the amphitheater of the Arena. They had had numerous meetings. They clamored for amnesty for the deserters! They demanded the division of the land!

Milan was then considered, more than now, the city where the pulse of the working nation could be felt. Milan, where I had labored with ideals, had experienced in 1914 and in the first months of 1915 epic days for the war. The city always had a strong and gallant spirit. In it citizenship was more active than in many other parts of the country. It had known how to prepare itself with dignity to sustain war effort. And now, after the triumph, even this town, the town of the 10,000 volunteers, seemed to yield itself to a disease.

A Milanese Barbara Frietchie

THIS procession, I said, was an evidence of the deep mire in which all the classes of the population were sinking, especially those belonging to the *popolari*. As the procession passed through the streets the bourgeois—the shopkeepers, the hotel keepers—hastily closed their windows and doors. They pulled down the roller blinds.

"There," said I, "are eyes closing with the weariness of anxiety and fear."

Naturally enough, the revolutionists, observing their effect, puffed up with new braggart triumph. Not a single force, *interventista* or any other, put their feet onto the street to stop the irresponsibles. The beloved tricolor flag of Italy was taken as a mark. It was hastily taken off balconies!

I remember an episode in the shame of those days; a woman, a school-teacher in the popular quarters, ran to the defense of the Italian flag. Risking her life, she stood with blazing eyes against a herd of communists. You may be sure that in the period of redemption and resurrection, when we stood upright again, the golden medal for valor was bestowed on this woman of saintly courage.

The Popolo d'Italia, of which I was the founder and editor, lived then its life of intense polemics. Every day was a battle. The little street of Via Paolo da Conuobio was constantly blocked by police or by detachments of *carabinieri* and soldiers. All the staff were guarded whenever we appeared in public. One could understand that the government was anxious about us. The authorities wanted to control all that the Popolo d'Italia was doing and to curb all agitation for virile methods in the political struggle. The censorship was reëstablished exclusively and solely for the Popolo d'Italia. Through a back-door channel a socialist deputy tried also to bring about an inquiry. His proposal was ridiculed out of the door.

I wrote on the day after the Procession of the Defeat of Milan an article the title of which was taken from a famous polemical book of Giordano Bruno—Against the Return of the Beast.

That article was published in Popolo d'Italia on the eighteenth of February and ended in these precise words:

> If the opposition to a war that is not only finished but was victorious is now a pretext for an ignoble doubt, then we who are not ashamed to have been *interventiste*, but feel the glory of our position, will shout to the heavens, "Stand back, you jackals!" No one shall separate the dead. They constitute a sacred heap, as big as a gigantic pyramid that touches the skies, a heap that belongs to nobody! Nobody can give or take away from the dead. They do not belong to any party; they belong to the eternal motherland. They belong to a humanity too complex and too august to be put into any wine club or into the back room of some coöperative. This political stew is supremely ignominious. Must we be forced to defend our dead from filthy profanation? Oh, Toti! Roman! One man! Thy life and thy death are worth infinitely more than the whole Italian socialism! And you files on parade—innumerable heroes that wanted the war, knowing how to want war; who went to war knowing what was war; who went to death knowing what it meant to go to death—you, Decio Raggi, Filippo Corridoni, Cesare Battisti, Luigi Lori, Venezian, Sauro, Rismondi, Cantucci—you thousands and thousands of others that form the superb constellation of Italian heroism—don't you feel that the pack of jackals is trying to rummage your bones? Do they want to scrape the earth that was soaked with your blood and to spit on your sacrifice? Fear nothing, glorious spirits! Our task has just begun. No harm shall befall you. We shall defend you. We shall defend the dead, and all the dead, even though we put dugouts in the public squares and trenches in the streets of our city.

That was a warning blast—a trumpet call. Many, hit in the face, fled. Some around us, trembling, thought of the danger that they might get into on account of such a polemic. But some others—not many—gathered around the old banner of my newspaper.

It was necessary to organize our resistance, to take care in discussions of international character, to strengthen our position on the front of internal politics, to be guarded from false friends, to fight false pacifists and to confound the false humanitarians. We had to make a general assault upon all that bundle of various degenerate tendencies, diverse in their appearance but absolutely identical in their utter failure to understand the logical and absolute meaning of the victory in war.

Our delegation in Paris was in a sorry strait. The ability and the injustice of some of the Allied statesmen had strangled it almost. Owing to our internal situation it was impossible for our delegation to make a firm stand with well-planted feet. The regions to be restored to Italy were in such a state of restlessness that many of us were becoming anxious.

The Italian Fighting Fascisti

WHAT a grave moment! An action of a handful of us on the public square was not sufficient; there were so many different fronts where one had to fight. We who were to defend Italy from within had to create one more unbreakable unity of strength, a common denominator of all the old prowar partisans and loyalists, of all those that felt, like myself, desperately Italian. Then it was that I decided, after days and nights of reflection, to make a call through the medium of my newspaper for a full stop in the stumbling career toward chaos.

And on the twenty-third of March, 1919, I laid down the fundamental basis, at Milan, of the Italian Fasci di Combattimento—the fighting Fascist program.

The first meeting of the Italian battle Fascists took place in a hall offered to us by the Milan Association of Merchants and Shopkeepers. The permission was granted after a long discussion among the managers of the association. Common sense prevailed in the end; a guaranty was given that no noise or disorder would occur. On that condition we got what we wanted.

PHOTO. BY G. CASSIANO, MILAN

As a Member of the Arditi

The meeting was of a purely political character. I had advertised in the Popolo d'Italia that it would have for its object the foundation of a new movement and the establishment of a program and of methods of action for the success of the battle I was intending to fight against the forces dissolving victory and nation.

I prepared the atmosphere of that memorable meeting by editorials and summonses published in the Popolo d'Italia. Anyhow, the ones that came were not numerous. One of my fighting friends of good will was in the hall and he took the names of those who were willing to sign on. After two days of discussion, fifty-four persons signed our program and took the pledge to be faithful to the fundamental basis of our movement.

I speak of movement and not of party, because my conception always was that Fasciamo must assume the characteristics of being antiparty. It was not to be tied to old or new schools of any kind. The name Italian Fighting Fascisti was lucky. It was most appropriate to a political action that had to face all the old parasites and programs that had tried to deprave Italy. I felt that it was not only the antisocialist battle we had to fight; this was only a battle on the way. There was a lot more to do. All the conceptions of the so-called historical parties seemed to be dresses out of measure, shape, style, usefulness. They had grown tawdry and insufficient—unable to keep pace with the rising tide of unexpected political exigencies, unable to adjust the formation of new history and new conditions of modern life.

The old parties clung in vain to the rattling programs. These parties had to make pitiful repairs and tinkerings in an attempt to adapt their theories as best they could to the

new days. It was therefore not sufficient to create—as some have said superficially—an antialtar to the altar of socialism. It was necessary to imagine a wholly new political conception, adequate to the living reality of the twentieth century, overcoming at the same time the ideological worship of liberalism, the limited horizons of various spent and exhausted democracies, and finally the violently Utopian spirit of Bolshevism.

In a word, I felt the deep necessity of an original conception capable of placing in a new period of history a more fruitful rhythm of human life.

It was necessary to lay the foundation of a new civilization.

To this end—through every day's observation of events and change, in morning and in evening, in vigor and in weariness—I aimed all my strength. I had a perfect and sure consciousness of the end I was driving at. This was my problem—to find the way, to find the moment, to find the form.

Those discussions over which I presided and dominated strengthened some of my conceptions that still conserve today the freshness of the original idea. Later, in this review of my life until now, I shall take up some of the details of the evolution of our plans. At our meetings there were present various elements—syndicalists, old interventionists, demobilized officers still in uniform, and many *arditi*, those brave grenade-and-knife shock troops of the war.

The Italian *arditi* were a creation of the war. The idea was born in Garibaldi's impetuous fighting vigor and dash, and finds its remote origin in the heroic city militias that flourished in many parts of Italy at the happy time of the townships—the communes. The *arditi* rendered first-class service during the war. They were our troops of assault, of the first rush. They threw themselves into the battle with bombs in hands, with daggers in the teeth, with a supreme contempt for death, singing their magnificent war hymns. There was in them not only the sense of heroism but an indomitable will.

Three Planks in the Platform

THIS typically Italian formation lived on after the war. The first fighting Fascisti were formed mostly of decided men. They were full of will and courage. In the first years of the antisocialist, anticommunist struggle, the *arditi* war veterans played an important rôle. I was nominated several times their chief and still now hold the title of honorary president of the Arditi Association, which has assumed now a purely relief character, with the idea of maintaining intact its spirit of civic and military virtues.

Those who came to the meeting for the constitution of the Italian Fascisti of Combat used few words. They did not exhaust themselves by laying out dreams. Their aim seemed clear and straight-lined. It was to defend the victory at any price, to maintain intact the sacred memory of the dead, and the admiration not only for those who fell and for the families of those who were dead but for the mutilated, for the invalids, for all those who had fought. The prevalent note, however, was of antisocialist character, and as a political aspiration, it was hoped a new Italy would be created that would know how to value the victory and to fight with all its strength against treason and corruption, against decay within and intrigue and avarice from without.

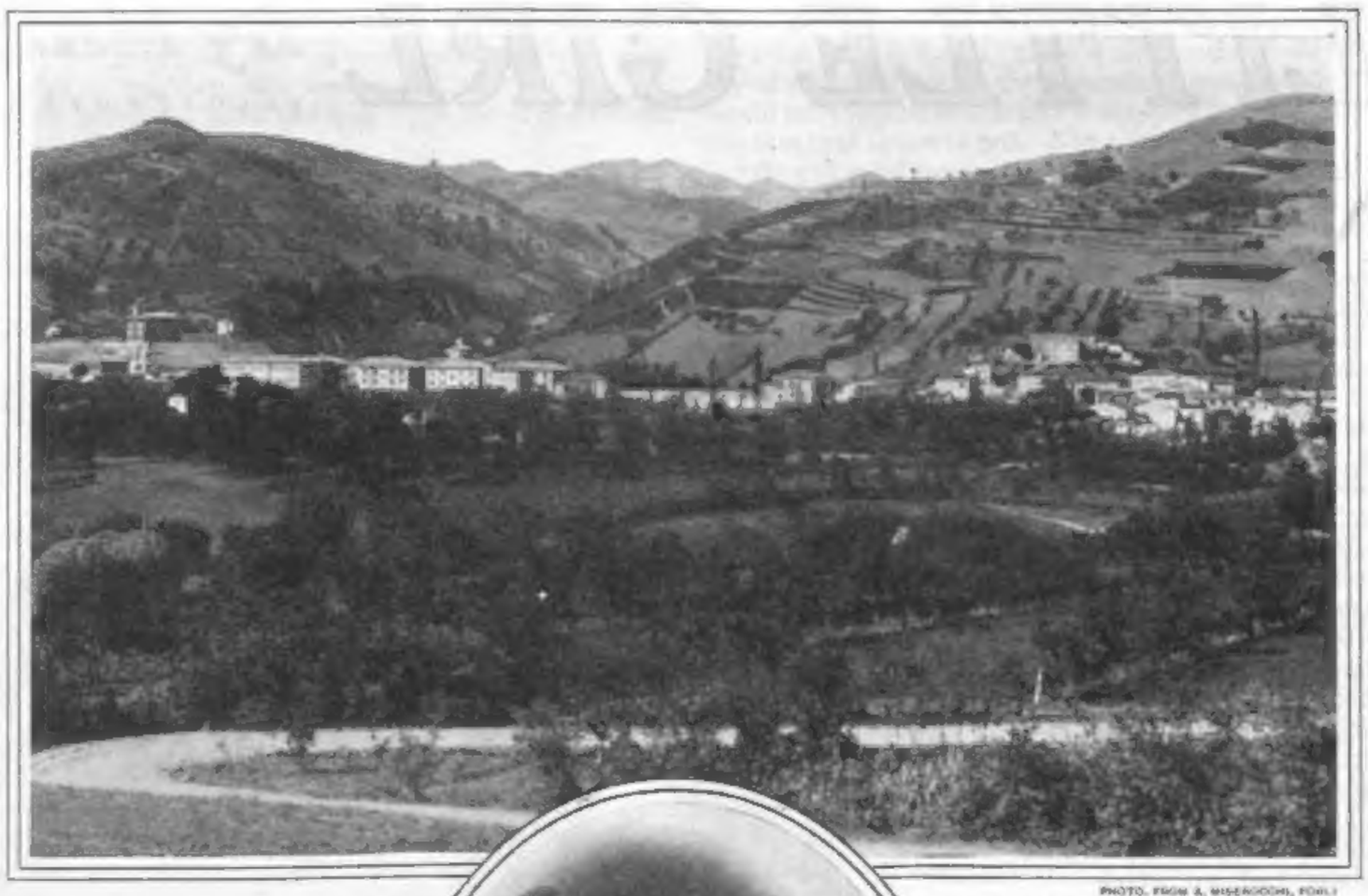


PHOTO. FROM A. BISERCOOM, PARIS

A View of Predappio. In Oval—Mussolini in the Uniform of the Bersaglieri

There are some who profess not to understand what Fascismo had as its intent, and some who believe that it grew without a gardener. I was certain at the time that it was necessary to fix, without any possibility of equivocation, the essential brand of the new movement. For this reason I made three planks for our platform. The first was the following:

> The meeting of the twenty-third of March sends its first greeting and reverent thought to the sons of Italy who died for the greatness of their country and for the freedom of the world; to the mutilated and to the invalids, to all those who fought, to the ex-prisoners who fulfilled their duty. It declares itself ready to uphold with all its energy the material and moral claims that will be put forward by the associations of those who fought.

The second declaration pledged the Fascisti of Combat to oppose themselves to the imperialism of any other countries damaging to Italy. It accepted the supreme postulates of the Society of Nations regarding Italy. It affirmed the necessity to complete the stability of our frontiers between the Alps and the Adriatic with the claim of annexation of Fiume and of Dalmatia.

The third declaration spoke of the elections that were announced for a near future. In this motion the Fasci di Combattimento obligated themselves to fight with all their means the candidates that were milk-and-water Italians, to whatever party they belonged.

Finally we talked of organization—the organization that would be adapted to the new movement. I did not favor any bureaucratic cut-and-dried organization. It was thought wise that in every big town the correspondent of the Popolo d'Italia should be the organizer of a section of the Fasci di Combattimento, with the idea that each group should become a center of Fascisti ideas, work and action. The first expenses—a few thousand lire—were covered by the feeble resources of the Popolo d'Italia. A central committee was formed to guide the whole movement.

It is amusing for me to recall that this meeting remained almost unnoticed. The stupid irony of the socialists and the narrow-minded incomprehension of the Italian Liberal Party could not grasp its significance.

The Corriere della Sera, that great liberal newspaper, dedicated to this news about twenty lines in its columns! The internal situation in Italian politics and Italian policy continued to be full of uncertainty and nebulous. Disillusion and the shattering of ideals could be noticed, even among those who had fought. A sense of weariness dominated all classes—everyone. The church now started activity in order to have her voice listened to at the peace negotiations and to have a say about all the questions that interested the nations that had taken part in the war.

As far as our national life was concerned, the church limited her action to the creation of the Partito Popolare—the so-called Popular, or Catholic, Party. It was faithful to some important program points regarding the family and religion and the nation. It represented at that time an attempt to stop the preoccupying diffusion of those Bolshevist ideas of socialistic parliamentary systems that were then disintegrating Rome and the provinces. But the Partito Popolare itself ran off the rails and jumped the fences. It ran square against the Fascisti and the *interventisti*. The Popular Party, along with the others, was too much in a hurry to close the parenthesis of the war.

A Dubious Situation

POLITICAL riots, disturbances and strikes took place alternately in a kind of sickly rotation in every Italian city. It is necessary for me to review the conditions which we faced.

Orlando, president of the council, was incapacitated by temperament to dominate the internal situation, just as he was unable to be a master in foreign affairs. His work was contradictory, full of false sentimentality and failures to comprehend the real interests of Italy. Not knowing French and ignorant of the treaties concluded with the Allied nations, Orlando, in spite of the presence of Sonnino, was a disastrous influence during the peace negotiations at Versailles. Wilson, as far as Italy was concerned, was ambiguous—so much so that on the twenty-third of April the Italian delegation had to leave Paris. It returned on the fifth of May—a dubious situation. In June, after a vote of the chamber, the Orlando cabinet retired. In the meantime—also in June—serious clashes took place at Fiume between French sailors and Italian soldiers.

Never did Italy have a man so damaging to the Italian interests and programs as he who came next—Nitti.

He has a fairly good knowledge of finances. He is impudent in his assertions. He is intensely egocentric. He always wants to play the most important parts in cabinets,

(Continued on Page 101)

Benito Mussolini

LITTLE GIRL

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE
ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

He Put Her in a Little Screened Recess Where the Lights Were Bright, and Outlined Her Mouth, Making a Red Tent of Her Upper Lip

NORTH pushed aside the morning's signed letters. A bar of sunshine cut across his First Empire desk. Fluttering down through the bar of light came little flakes of whiter light—some trick of light and shadow, the light and shadow he worked with, creating ceaselessly from shine to shade. The white petals of light floating across his desk became white petals drifting down from crooked boughs; tiny shining leaves not yet unfolded added the softest splash of green to the satin-white petals.

Straight up in his chair, that Napoleon had once used, sat North. He had not thought of apple blossoms for twenty years. And between his perfect eyesight and his morning mail alien visions had no place whatever. Yet there they were and there they stayed. Under the apple blossoms there was a swing of hemp rope with a notched board. It was the swinging of the rope and the burden it carried to and fro that made the apple blossoms fall in a shower of white gleams on the sun-flecked grass. A little girl pushed the spot where the grass was worn off under the swing, with funny little sandaled feet. She was not swinging very high because she could not push hard enough. Her feet were too small for hard pushing. As she swung, brown curls, laboriously dampened around her mother's finger that they might hang in long regular quirks, fluttered out behind her head.

North looked askance at his signed letters. This picture had certainly not come from any of them. They had been carefully sifted by Blaise, his secretary. Every morning they dropped entirely from his mind as soon as they were signed. Nobody could close the doors of his mind more tightly than he, as he went from one room of his brain to the next. But somewhere in his usual orderly process he must have left a door ajar.

North sat back until his shoulders felt the gilded bees on his chair. It was the little girl's mother. She had come on him one morning standing on his head before the swing, and she had said, watching the little girl's troubled attention, "You have a great eye for publicity, Napoleon; even if it is upside down." After that she often called him Nap, stopping her busy housework to watch his maneuvers with the neighborhood gang that Spud, the little girl's brother, could not lead. They called her brother Spud, because he had eyes like a potato.

Deliberately North yielded to the picture. There was a red raspberry patch beyond the apple tree. He had not thought of it for years; nor of the grape arbor with the cabbage roses climbing over it where the grapes stopped. His own yard was a little one with paved bricks and a woodshed with a slanting roof for its only adventure. But the little girl's yard had seventy-four bushes in it, planted so that there was something blooming all the time.

Where, in all this blooming, would the apple blossoms come? Somewhere near the time that the lilacs bloomed and near the time the vegetables began to sprout up from the garden at the back of the house. The apple tree was behind the little girl's own vegetable garden. All she could grow was radishes, and they used to tease her, calling them turnips as they plucked them from the ground and washed the dirt off under the hydrant. Her mother said they could not eat them without her permission, because they were hers, and this was why they teased her, even when she said they could eat them, making them doubtful things because they were not theirs and she was a girl.

And now, as he yielded to the picture, it completed itself. Spud had left off tomahawking Indians to show the little girl how to stand up in the swing and pump. Spud got in the swing with her and bade her place her feet between his and stoop as the swing came low and rise as it rose.

Where, a moment ago, North had been captain of a rescue troop of American soldiers that were about to seize the tomahawker, he was now only an audience, while Spud and this wispy thing in starch petticoats swung high among the apple blossoms and low among the white petals on the grass. That was the way with Spud; he quit when capture was near. Beside the raspberry bushes the little girl's mother stood.

The grown man in Napoleon's chair, looking at the picture, saw the boy he once was suddenly invert himself; standing nonchalantly, not on his feet but on his head, his inverted eyes watching the little girl scrunch down in the swing and slide out from her voyage among the blossoms with another pilot. She came to anchor in the grass that tickled his ears. She bent toward him amazedly, with woman trouble in her eyes, cherishing trouble. His neck! Not very much of a neck, and holding up all that lifted body. She clutched her starched skirts. She did not speak.

He seemed to remember that she did not talk much, getting her few words with difficulty. And he remembered that he liked it. Was he even then making ready to photograph action where words were an impediment to movement? So many useless words, so many useless people using them, taking your morning hours; wanting to act, without knowing the first law of acting; asking to write, because it was done with the right hand.

The little girl did not say: "Stop standing on your head!" She just moved closer in case he should topple over and need her. He could see the empty swing, denuded of its notched board, that fell out when she left it. Then, because the suspense was too long maintained, she seized his leg and toppled him over. Wordless action! How rare it was. How hard he worked for it, trying to decide how long the suspense could be maintained.

North picked up his engagement schedule. Perhaps there was some name there that had opened the door of his subconscious memories. Not his luncheon engagement. It was with Virginia Lowndes. The brilliant woman dramatist knew nothing about wordless action. Words were her gift and she used them. Silence and the straight look that spoke for itself were impossible for her. The slanting look that observed the effect of her words, and added more if they were not enough, belonged to her. Sly eyes! But she was brilliant, slyboots though she was. No apple blossoms there.

North ran down the list for the afternoon. There was nothing. He picked up the little pile of letters Blaise was doubtful about answering for him; letters on the edge of importance; letters he might like to read, but not care to answer. He had only glanced at their beginnings this morning, he was tired of importunities. But somewhere among them might be one that had subconsciously set him thinking of these long-forgotten things. If there were, it was important.

He ran through the letters and came to a stop at a gray one, his attention arrested by a fanciful name that stood out among its few paragraphs. It was evidently that name, Aladdin, that had made Blaise let the letter through. The letter had a formal enough opening. Another girl was coming to Hollywood, claiming to have known him in Kentucky, years ago. Ordinarily Blaise would have attended to that. But this letter ended: "And so good-by, Holder of the Lamp."

North looked at the signature which, at his casual glance an hour before, had meant nothing, as he slipped from one letter to another. Constance Gray. His subconscious mind must have been stimulated by that name while his conscious mind was busy concentrating elsewhere; and then presently a whole layer of memories had forced its way through. He lifted the gray letter from the other futile ones and read it carefully. It was evidently a second letter. Blaise had answered the first one, that had not been important enough to offer him; a letter that must have asked to be remembered; and she had concluded, from Blaise's answer, that she had never been forgotten. Silly Blaise,

incurably romantic! The girl was coming to Hollywood because she had never been forgotten. He read her first sentence again: "I will come even if this radish proves to be a turnip."

North caught himself smiling. This must have puzzled Blaise. But wait—she was in deadly earnest. She was leaving next day; she would arrive—he frowned as he examined the date of her letter—she would arrive today—not on the extra-fare train, but at one; Constance Gray, twenty-four—too old—trained to act only in her college dramatic club; no photograph inclosed. Gad! The same old thing.

Yet how easily this door had swung open in his mind that knew how to keep doors shut. A man got superstitious in this picture game where so much hard work ended in cold-shouldered criticism and so much success was pure luck. North pressed one of the six buttons on his desk.

"Blaise, Miss Constance Gray will arrive on today's one o'clock train. Have her met." His darting eyes met his secretary's astonished look and resented it. "Bring her here to luncheon."

"Sir, you are having Mrs. Lowndes for luncheon today, at 1:30."

"I know. Have another place put on for Miss Gray and try to get her here by that time. Wait a moment, Blaise. Get me that last letter of Mrs. Lowndes'—the one full of language."

This letter was also on gray paper, but it was written with purple ink in Virginia Lowndes' own pointed handwriting. And it bore a purple crest. "You get so much work done," she wrote about him, "because of your concentration that swings vibrating on people as well as things with an impact of the sifting will that lets unessentials drop through and fixes itself implacably on the residuum."

She was a picture maker for all her word slinging, and when she wrote to him she was suave enough to talk about him and not herself. Had she been able to hide the calculation in her eyes as she talked to him, or in her letters as she wrote to him, he would have made her fortune for her. But that slanting look! He was a maker of pictures. Better than most men he knew the significance of the turned head and the veiled look. He photographed eyes for a purpose, not just to photograph them. They must tell the story; brilliant eyes, clouded eyes, eyes wide with pain, crinkled in laughter. She was perfectly turned out, this woman dramatist, mind and body, but her eyes were sly.

II

SO MANY people came to Hollywood. Blaise thought it was becoming the highway of the world. He was so used to seeing them come and go he forgot the fatigue of the long ride on the train and the effort they made to get there. The mark of this fatigue lay in shadows under Constance Gray's sun-brown eyes and took the delicate bloom from her face as handling does from a flower.

Blaise, who got on the train at Pasadena and had Miss Constance Gray paged, had expected something so different that he could not hide it when he was stopped by this little shabby girl with the shadowed eyes.

Blaise had himself gone on this mission, but of course she could not know the significance of this or guess his alarm over not having shown her first letter to the chief. It had been a mercy that he had let her down easy in his answer to that first letter. There had been something in her letter that made it impossible for him to be hard on her. If he had answered her with his usual formula she never would have come.

He explained to her that he had been sent by Mr. North himself to bring her to the studio for luncheon. It gave him pause that this did not seem the astonishing thing to her that it really was. If she had been one of the girls he had seen in the compartments he passed, and in which he expected to find her, she would have probably have understood it better. But a girl in shabby blue, in a sleeper!

"Have I time to change my dress?" was all she asked.

He found himself explaining, with a note of apology: "I would take you to your hotel first, Miss Gray, but there really isn't time. We will be in Los Angeles in ten minutes and it will take a half hour of the fastest driving to get you to luncheon in time."

"Oh, I can change my dress in the ten minutes before we leave the train."

Blaise was accustomed to the careful make-up and the lengthy dressing of the studio. He could not believe his eyes as she returned to him from the dressing room in a gray dress with white collar and cuffs, two minutes before the train came to a stop. She did look better; little feet—the chief would notice that—exquisite small hands that would have looked useless had it not been for something in the face that spoke of grit. Not a trace of make-up.

"Do you mind my saying that the gray dress brings out all the gray in your face? A little of our California sunshine will take that gray look away, but meantime, a little rouge, eh?"

"Oh, do you think so? But I haven't any. Usually I have plenty of color, so I have never used it, except in our college plays."

He surveyed the pallor of her magnolia skin doubtfully. "I think I could get you some. I saw Guarda Daran as I came through."

"Did you? Where?" She was far more interested in Guarda than in her own face.

Well, the chief knew what he was about; none better. It was not Blaise's affair. But her face was grayer after the ride to the studio, and it worried him.

"Look here, Miss Gray; did you have much breakfast?"

"Not much."

"Well, you can't tell how long you may have to wait for luncheon. Even if the time is set, the chief may be in a conference that will hold luncheon back. Look here—see this drug store? It's the place the extras get fed in three minutes for mighty little money and there is always hot coffee. Let me pour a half pint into you before you are introduced to the second greatest sentence in Hollywood: 'Ask Miss Gray to wait.'"

Her eyes, like the bottom of a sun-flecked brook, warmed into gold.

"You know"—her voice lowered—"I am so excited that my throat is all dry. I would love coffee. What's the first greatest sentence in Hollywood?"

"'Sign here.'" He surveyed her as she climbed her stool before the counter. "You don't look excited."

"It ties me up in knots inside. I can't seem to talk."

"You'd better be glad. It makes some people babble all over the place, and the chief hates it. You look better already. How about a sandwich?"

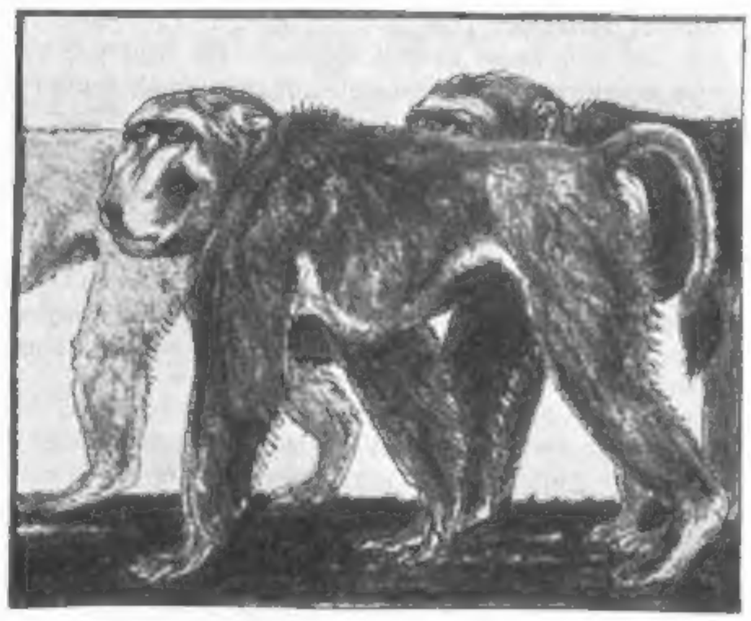
"But didn't you say I was going to lunch with Mr. North?" *(Continued on Page 112)*

She Stepped Carefully Over the Head of an Animal Skin and Moved Toward Napoleon's Desk, Looking at the Man Behind It

HOT DOG

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, a moving-picture company went to Central Africa to film one of those elaborate things they call a super feature. They hired an appropriate outfit of black men, together with two experienced white men to act as guides. One of these white men took his wife along. As the moving-picture company consisted of a director, a cameraman, male and female leads and a valet, it may readily be seen that the expedition was rather more cumbersome than is usual with the ordinary hunting parties. Forrester, the white hunter, used a combination of flivvers and foot *safari* to get them all down country, and quite a job it was. Incidentally, the other white guide's name was Maclyn Keough, and his wife was Kits, and the members of the troupe have appropriate cognomens which will appear in due course.

But these things are of minor importance. This story concerns Miss Velda Vollmer's pet dog, a white wolfhound of sentimental disposition, camera training and a single-track mind. The latter was wholly occupied with the job of being a movie dog. His duties consisted in being beautiful, in providing a head on which Velda could always rest a lily-white hand when picturesqueness demanded, and in looking as much like Lord Byron as Lord Byron could have looked had he been a dog.

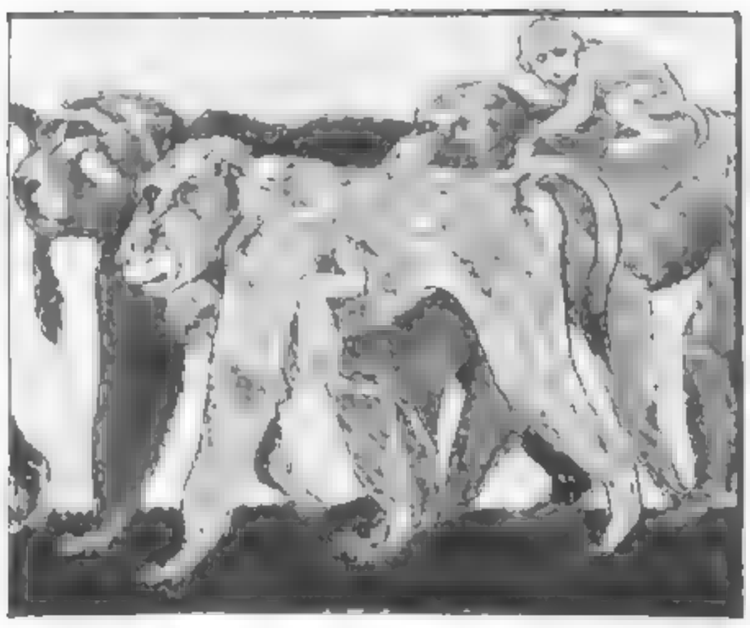
As may be imagined, the performance of these duties did not make toward the robuster virtues. Fidelo would have been considerable of a nuisance anywhere. But he was especially much of a nuisance in a country full of ticks, of leopards that consider dogs delicious, and of limited transportation. His idea of Africa seemed to consist of blood-curdling growls, which he distributed all night long, to the disturbance of everybody within hearing. There was absolutely nothing to growl at until the game country was reached, but it came to be generally understood that Fidelo was going to be a bold bad dog down where they grew the big ones. Velda worried a good deal as to the dangers. Nobody else worried. Fidelo's general softness of character aroused in the breasts of all but his mistress a reprehensible longing to deliver swift kicks.

II

THE camp finally established in the game country was among scattered flat-topped thorn trees on a gentle slope which rose from a small stream. The stream was bordered by a narrow strip of jungle. All the earth beneath and between the thorn trees was brilliant green with grass already nearly a foot high, and scattered with the stars of flowers. Shortly beyond the camp the thin forest ceased, to give place to long low billows of grass plains which rolled away and away to horizons so remote that great fleecy clouds could only just peer over their edges by standing atiptoe. The grass here was shorter and more compact and bunchy.

We must be thus minute in our particularization of these things, are we to understand later the extraordinary case of Fidelo.

It was late in the afternoon when the party at last arrived at this spot, and Forrester drove the men fast in order to complete the establishment before sundown. Some carried water atop their heads in gasoline tins; some, with their *pangas*, cleared the high grass in a circle about the camp; others dug ditches above the tents; but the majority brought in firewood, and more firewood, and yet more firewood. In the center of the circle they laid a huge bonfire; but even after its construction, they continued to bring more fuel, heaping it down just outside the line of the tents. P. A. Tinkler, who was the director of the company, remarked on the excess of this provision, inquiring if it got especially cold here nights; but Forrester merely smiled. The men worked cheerfully, with much singing and chattering and shouted repartee, for they were temporarily at the end of a journey and in a country of much game.



It was sundown when the last chore was finished. On the kitchen side of the circle, and here and there before the men's pup tents, small fires began to twinkle in the half twilight. The light of the western sky was as green as though it shone through water; and the darkness had risen with tropical suddenness, as if a sluiceway of it had been opened. Some sort of silence, or perhaps a release of hearing, seemed to accompany it. Just as increasing daylight makes objects clearer to the sight, so the increasing darkness made clearer to the hearing hitherto muffled sounds. Astonishingly, the whole cup of the world was filled with them. They must have been there all the time, but now they surged forward into the field of perception, a vast multitudinous background of pulsing murmur from which flashed as sharply as wave points on dark waters single cries, ululations, strange watchwords of night. It was like the slow, almost menacing nearing of the flooding sea across wide tide lands; a drawing closer and closer under cover of darkness of strange subtle forces that man's day activities had held horizon-far.

In the little human oasis none of the Africanders, native or white, seemed to be aware of this; or if aware, they sat quite cheerfully content, secure in the accustomedness and efficacy of the contracted insulation which they had drawn close about themselves as one draws a cloak against the weather. But to the strangers, especially the imaginative Tinkler and the sensitive Velda, the reality, even the existence of this insulation, was untried. They were uneasy without exactly knowing why. With the murmurous long roll of unidentified and blended sound, strange forces were arousing, expanding, filling the velvet dark bowl of earth, creeping to the camp's edge, hovering over the bell of light thrown by the fire. At any moment, it seemed, they might overflow, break down through the thin small vault of immunity, and beneath the meeting of their waters would pass the last vestiges of this audacious venturing of the alien souls of men.

A tension, a portent, quivered in the air, the more disturbing in that it was unidentified and unidentifiable. Forrester and Kits and Maclyn made remarks from time to time, laughed, bandied small jokes. Their voices sounded loud, profane, dangerously challenging.

And suddenly this vague menace assumed tangible form. The unseen took on a body. The invisible portent flashed into solid being. Velda screamed and pointed a trembling arm. Just the other side of the tents, in the outer darkness, beyond the uncertain light of the fire, shone a pair of eyes. For an instant they gleamed steadily, like opals of fire, and vanished. At another point two more appeared, and yet a third pair, and others, until the camp seemed ringed by them, appearing and disappearing again as though lighted and obscured by some master of night's magic. And as if in answer to Velda's cry, the multitudinous murmur that filled the dark was ripped apart by wild insane shrieks of laughter, by deep moanings, by shrill wailings.

Velda cast herself bodily on Tinkler. Keegan, the cameraman, and Roy Capello, the male lead, leaped to their feet. Roberts, the valet, appeared white-faced at the tent door.

The three Africanders remained calm. Around the small fires the men did not even look up. Forrester hastened to reassure his charges.

"Hyenas," he explained. "They're perfectly harmless. They won't come near the fires. Nothing to be afraid of—not a thing."

"I don't like it! I don't like it!" Velda repeated half hysterically.

Forrester laughed in comfortable reassurance. "They're abject cowards," said he. "They smell our meat. They're a horrible nuisance, I admit; but you'll get used to them. They won't come any nearer as long as we keep up the fire."

Velda started up again in a new alarm. "Fidelo!" she cried. "Why didn't somebody hold him! Oh, what shall I do? They're killing him! Fidelo! Fidelo!"

The others looked grave. It did sound like a pretty extensive dog fight out there in the darkness; and although nobody cared much for Fidelo *per se*, they were capable of feeling sorry on Velda's account.

But Roberts spoke up from the opening of the tent. "It is all right, madam. Fidelo is here," said he.

"What is he doing? Get hold of his collar!" commanded Velda.

"He is sleeping, madam," replied Roberts.

III

AT A LITTLE after eight Forrester arose and stretched, yawning. Maclyn and Kits also got to their feet. It had been a long hard day, and on *safari* in Africa half-past eight or thereabouts is the usual bedtime.

(Continued on Page 44)

This Upheaval of His Long-Suppressed Instincts Found It More Satisfactory to Chase the Whole of Animated Creation Right Off the Map—a Drunkenness of Power

More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, White House—with new roof and everything: Well, Dwight and I are still playing a series of one-day stands around the Dams and Irrigation projects and Schools. But yesterday we had the time of the trip. We spent the day at a big Ranch, or Hacienda, with some friends of the President. I think it was just above a town called Aguas Calientes—that means Hot Water. Well, you could name pretty near any place in Mexico Hot Water if things wasent breaking right with you.

Well, the President just had the train moved up to a station right on these people's ranch, and we all got out and was driven down to the big Headquarters. Say, you talk about a place! You know, all these Guys and Committee's coming in there offering you places to go for the summer. So you have naturally seen the pictures of some pretty nice Châteaus. Now I don't want to knock my good friend old Governor Bulow, of South Dakota, and his Black Hills—where they incarcarated you for three months last summer for vetoing the Mary McHaughen Bill.

Did you know Bulow is a Democrat? That's the furtherest North a Democrat ever got, so they made him Governor. The Republicans up there are like they are most places—they are so jealous of each other that they would rather give it to some outsider than to give in to each other.

Did they ever tell you about how they loaded the Creek—Squaw Creek—for you? Well, Sir, he told me about that when I was up in his State relieving the Farmers last winter of $3 for the best seats and $1 where you couldent hear. So I am just as strong advocate of Farmers' Relief as Jim Watson or any of the big dirt Farmers.

But I must tell you about how they Salted the creek on you. The old Governor, being a Democrat, naturally would think of something funny—that's what keeps 'em Democrats. Well, he issued a secret decree all around the State that everybody that could find, search, discover and finally seize or capture a Fish, even if it was necessary to go out of the State to bring him in, that they wasent to eat it, no matter how hungry they were, but were to put it in a bucket and bring it to Squaw Creek and give it its temporary Liberty.

Well, they put a wire net at the upper and lower end of the creek, along above and below the Lodge, so the fish couldent get out of that territory, and then they started in feedin 'em liver, and the fellow that fed 'em liver they had him made up just like you, Cal. You see, it was to get the Fish used to you; and he would tie the liver on a string and they would eat it off. Then, of course, when you come and put a hook inside the piece of liver which was on the string, why, it just naturally made you look like one of Izaak Walton's original cast. 'Course it don't matter to you how the fish got there, and if you did catch 'em second-handed. But what I am getting at is you want to let the people know this summer where you are going so they will have time to load up the creek before you get there.

But I must get back to this old Mexican Ranch. It looked like a whole town, and had been in the family over 75 years. A Beautiful young married Lady was the heiress and hostess, she and her charming Husband.

Oh, there was some beautiful women there at the party that day, and how they could sing those Mexican songs and play the Guitar! You know, this President Calles is Cuckoo over that. I could take a Guitar and start playing and get him joining in, and I believe I could tole him right off into the Ocean. Well, it was wonderful, sitting around a big Patio full of congenial people. Not a Revenue officer in twenty miles—just like Chicago. We dident know the words to these wonderful tuneful songs, but the old agitated Grape juice a-turning somersets in the glass makes everybody speak the same language. The Americans in the party was a little shy on the words to the songs, but that's the only thing they was delinquent in. It was a real holiday. All the countryside gathered in, rich and poor, the President and the Peon—Real hospitality.

The main part of the house looked about like Westminster Abbey. It was of the old early Spanish type, with a big open court, or Patio, in the center. There is where they had the tables all set and just everybody all together having a great time. I made the speech for the Ambassador. I spoke a little more Spanish than he did.

Well, Morrow was a-chatting and sitting by the Hostess. She spoke splendid English—in fact better than Morrow. There was no Amherst twang to it. Out of all these beautiful Ladies that was looking after all our party, the best I could seem to land was a Peon Ranch Boss—Male—who took a particular shine to me, and right at the height of festivities wanted to escort me out and show me the stables.

And say, we had another American with us that is from up your way some place. His name was Rupee—I think that's the way you spell it. I know that's the way you say it. He was a Guest and an old friend of the Morrows, and was on this trip with us—an awful nice fellow, very tall and very shrewd; dident say anything—worked a good deal along your line. In fact I could never get just what he was doing down there, but of course you know. Well, I just want to tell you, he was on the job. If you sent him there to keep quiet and look, he sure did it. I thought for a while you had sent him down mebbe to watch Dwight. Then sometimes I would think mebbe he was watching me. Well, anyhow, before the day was over at this ranch we had him singing Mexican with a New Hampshire accent.

You know, all these old ranch buildings are all inside one big incloseed wall, and in connection with the House there was a great big Church, with two high towers, or steeples, and all up on there were Soldiers, Guarding against anything that might show up. This was up in kinder the Bandit Country. It sure did look like what the story books called Mid-evil times with these Soldier lads parked on those high points.

There must have been three hundred people eat there. There was about a hundred from our train. They brought everybody on it—train crew, Soldiers and all. They had two Orchestras playing. That's one thing you never run short on in Mexico is Orchestras or bands. You just can't hardly do anything at all without being accompanied by an Orchestra. And most all I heard could play good too. Well, we had Spanish Dances and songs. The Orchestra

But, Boss, When This Male Tore Hit That Arena He Emptied It With Nothing But a Glance

Leader dident know how to lead one song and the President took the Baton and really led it. If he had moved his knee like him, I would have thought it was Whiteman doing it.

After lunch everybody piled in cars and on horseback, and out to the Bull ring. This ranch raises fine bulls that they use for the big fights. They have their own ring to try them in. It's the most unique thing, all built out of 'Dobie—mud—walls, and all the corrals are all the same. They had a dandy Grand Stand made up over it, and used a lot of the young bulls, about two-year-olds.

Well, this was a bullfight that I really enjoyed, for there was no bulls to be killed, or horses. And say, what a bunch of amateur Bullfighters we had in our Gang! I thought we had officers and Diplomats and Politicians, but everybody that could grab a cape and get in the ring did so. The first thing I know, I look, and there is the President himself in the ring with the cape, making passes and the bull sailing by him. Can you imagine that? The President, right down there taking a chance! You know, these Bulls dident know that they wasent to be killed and that this wasent a real Bullfight. I thought of you when I saw him down in that ring. I was trying to picture you down in there with that old Bull a-coming head on; a speech on economy wouldent have done much good then.

The Orchestra Leader Dident Know How to Lead One Song and the President Took the Baton and Really Led It

But say, listen! Don't think I am laughing at what you or anyone else might have done. They all kept hollering, "Where is your American Comedian?" Well, to be perfectly frank and honest, the American Comedian was up in one of the most comfortable and highest seats that the arena afforded. That's why he was still a Comedian, because he had never become quite half-witted enough to enter the arena with any man's male Ox. Even if they took the horns off and made a muley out of 'em, that wouldent even tempt me. I'll bet if a bull was charging down on you, Calvin, you could name at least a dozen Senators that you would like to have between you and him.

I tried to get Morrow to go down there. I told him that it dident show the proper respect for an American Ambassador when he was out with the President to not accompany him on all various social pilgrimages.

Morrow said, "Everything in the world is in your contract when you become Ambassador to Mexico but to fight a Bull."

I moved over and entertained the Ladies while the boys was displaying their prowess with these Bovines.

The fighters hollered, "Come on in, Señor Rogers, we are not going to kill the bull."

I said, "That's the reason I am not going in there. If I was in there I would want you to kill him, but on account of my Operation I am not allowed. If it wasent for that ——"

No, Sir, I had been butted enough in a branding corral by snorty old calves to know that Clem Rogers' boy Willie of Oologah, Oklahoma, wasent carved out to meet any Bull in combat.

The President slipped and fell once, just as he made a pass and let the Bull go by, and the Bull turned and was on him; but his Chouffer, who out of all our bunch was really the best one, was right there with his cape and led the Bull away. Now this President evidently hadent been in a ring in years. But it's just kinder like our baseball. I guess we never entirely forget it. I think all Boys that are raised in the Country had learned the first rudiments of it. Of course, not the skilled part of the Killing, but they could all take care of themselves with a cape.

Oh, but I must tell you this: You know they had been kidding me about not associating with their Bull. All at once, when they was all waiting for a new Bull to come out—from the ring you can't see what is coming out—well, out comes the real thing—the Stud Bull, a magnificient animal that they had imported from Spain to breed from. Oh, a great big black powerful animal!

Well, when that door opened and he come charging out there, you never saw as many capes, hats and even shoes left in one arena in your life. A raid on Mellon's Treasury by Congress was nothing to the way Presidents, Generals, privates, Secretarys of State, personal Physicians, vallets, Chapultepec Castle cooks and just Mexicans made for those boards and walls. Men scaled walls that had come to the ring leaning on a cane and went over them like they had been one of these Zuave troops. You see, the ring had got so full, everybody was wanting to fight these smaller Bulls. Some were fighting 'em with their coats and vests, and even red undershirts. There wasent enough capes to go round.

But, Boss, when this Male Toro hit that arena he emptied it with nothing but a glance. No Revolutionist ever cleaned out a place as thoroughly as that Baby did. He emptied it like a speech on the tariff will the Senate Gallery. They dident stop to sit on the top of this wall they had scaled—they just fell on over; and those boards that they are supposed to hide behind, why, there looked like there was half of Mexico tromping on each other behind them. The President was down and two Peons was standing on him. A Skunk in a parlor couldent have more thoroughly disrupted a party than this lone Bull did.

Well, that's when little Willie had his laugh. I had seen this animal in the corrals as we come up, and had admired him, and as I had slipped down to the corral unnoticed during the hilarity, a few Five-Peso Notes scattered around judiciously among the foreman and the Cowboys that was doing the Turning of the Bulls in the Arena had sure bore juicy fruit, and I was a-sitting there enjoying the returns of a splendid investment.

(Continued on Page 169)

Letters of an Igorote Schoolboy to His American Benefactress

A First-Grade Class in Conversational English, San Andres School, Manila

From the Collection of Virginia Granville Dickson

MISSION SCHOOL,
KABAYAN, MT PROV.,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS: Have the Goodness to Receive this unworthy letter From your absent houseboy; wrote from school Where I am Attending for Reason of getting American edducation Like the one You possess and my Master. All very good. but I am very Stupid ma'm; I learn only by various degrees and am Reluctant to admit.

I arives here in the evening tide of the fourth Day journey from your house you call Home; walk all day, sleep at night under a tree by roadway with companions met on travel. I carry with happiness the two tan sooze [shoes] given to me by the kindness of Master all the way on journey, because of fear of getting Them soiled with the Dust and scrattached with the rocks and stones of the roadway. But when a very little distance from the barrio where Schoolhouse of Edducation is placed I did set down by the roadway and did put on my bare feet the said sooze [shoes] with great care and Gentleness; and then I put on my body the Red Sweatter and the Red Neck Tie which I did receive from You. Then did walk pridefully and with swift action of Feet up to the barrio. There come mutch Supprise and Excitement; all the peoples and the Teacher of the barrio came hastily out to look Upon and some of the dogs jump back and forth and make many and loud Noises with their mouth. They believed me to be another Teacher coming for reason to teach school because I wear sooze [shoes] and nice American clothe.

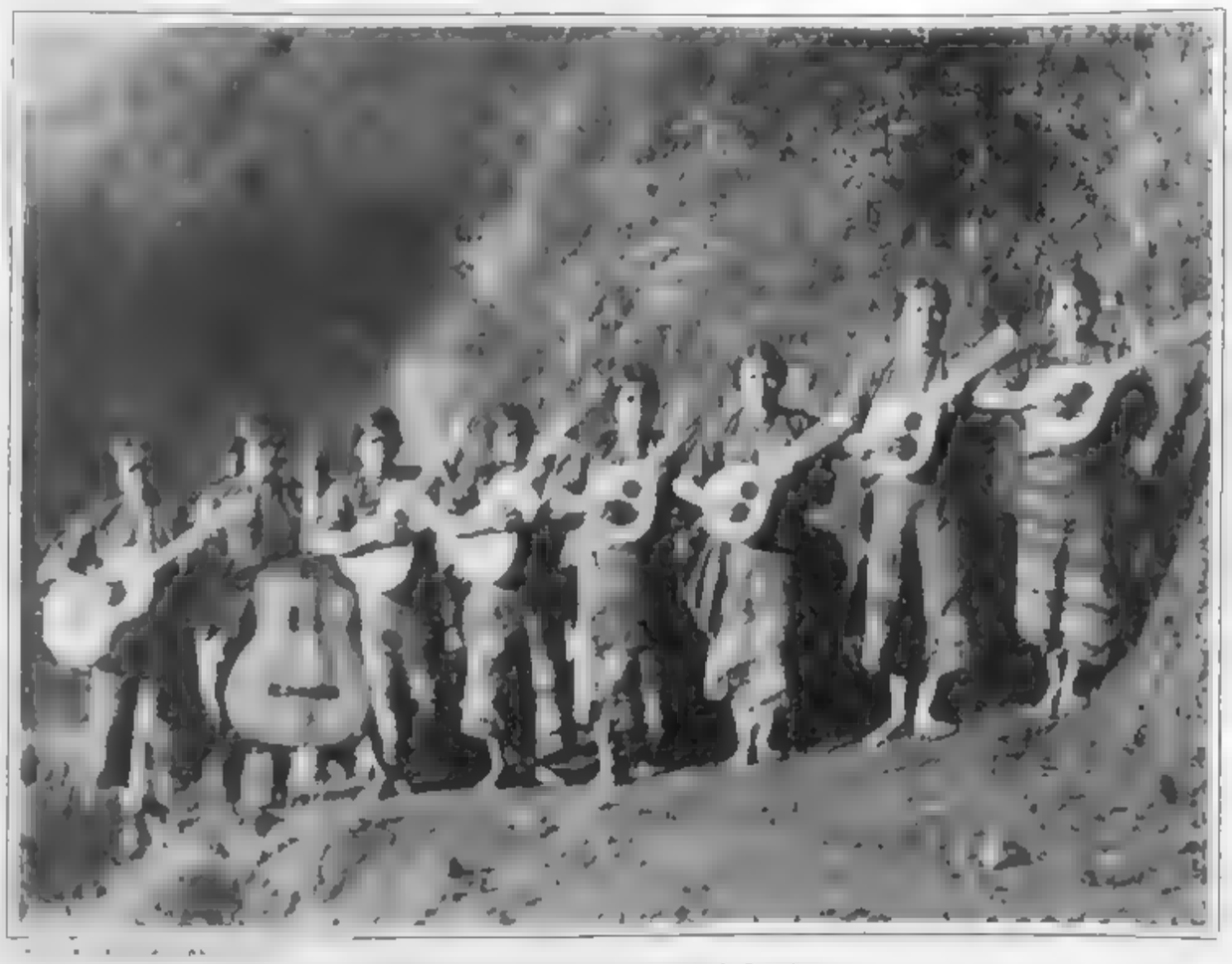
But following closer Examination very largely Supprised find I am only a student from kind American home come to get mutch edducation from books and by word of mouth from teacher.

My teacher is an Ilocano man; male sex aged 26. But he is very energetic because of this. I must admit gravely that I do not mutch like the Ilocano peoples because they do not have love in their heart for Igorot peoples.

He say to me with mutch graveness in his voice your Master and Mistress are very kind to you by paying mutch money to send You to school where can get American edducation. It is very dear to buy edducation. They are now your Loyal Benefactor and Benefactoress of you according to the American Language. you have mutch Good Fortune.

Then I say Oh yes; Americans very kind peoples and have many money and many cloths to wear and big houses to cover them; but my Mistress is kinder than any of them all. She give me good food and salaree for way of being her house boy and when work done she teached me on back porch of Kitchen on little table to read and write American language with pencil and by books; but with many Society and visitors have not mutch time to teached further. So say to Me because of learning with haste I wish that you must go to school for which I will pay, because you bright boy and grow up to manhood to become leader of the Igorots peoples to show them to live in the way of right and lift up their Pride because of the fact that they are now American subjects and must Learn to come into good citizens. I become very happy with joy because Igorot peoples are American subjects and for reason of going to school to get American Edducation. For Igorot Peoples are very stupid race and sleeping in igneranse. They eat dogs and live in houses with no soft beds and no floors than the earth and do not wear cloths like American peoples. But I would prefer to return to your home and be your humbel and honest houseboy than continue here with studying for edducation to become great man and leader of Igorot Peoples. Because of reason it very lonesome here.

I crave your dignified symphathy and gracious success in giving Attention to this kindly pitition from your Faithful Houseboy, DUMAGIN.



An Igorote School Stringed Orchestra

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV.,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS: Please admit this sad letter from Dumagin because of grief in heart. Oh, yes, ma'm. I did receive your letter of consolement and advise with box of cookeys and new shirt and trousers by Igorot boy named Anote. I am all the time very supprised and joyful. But am angry because I must state a solem fact that Teacher say to me. Must not wear sooze [shoes] and trousers to cover body, because it make other Igorot students unsatisfied with lot and station for reason they got no sooze [shoes] and trousers to cover the naked condition of their legs. No can Wear sooze [shoes] and trousers now. Wait till return to American house of the kind Benefactoress. So, oh, yes ma'm a thousand times I am very sad and heartbroken because I must wear only the new shirt and a kobal with nothing to hide the bareness of my feet from the rain and broken glass.

And I am more sad because you give kind advise to remain studying in school of Edducation for whole term. For reason would mutch be gladder to return and resume same Occupation of your houseboy. Oh, Please I hear from the carrier that houseboy that take place of me not very good and honest boy for reason of not polishing your floors with Energy and Success and is very Stupid and remains long time when go to Market. Because of this state of fairs think best to come back and resume same Occupation. But you say No continue more with Edducation. So must stay and obey command.

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FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

By Donald E. Keyhoe

Aide to Colonel Lindbergh on the United States Tour

IMMACULATE in dinner attire, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh took his place at the speakers' table, his sun-bronzed face as free from weariness as though he had just arisen. Yet, a five-hour flight, a long parade, a speech, an interview, and other ceremonies had just been concluded and his official day was still unfinished.

As the five hundred guests seated themselves after a long cheer for the flying colonel, I glanced at Phil Love, our advance-plane pilot, who was seated two chairs from me.

"Tell Slim to look at all the cops at the ends of the table," Phil said with a grin. "They must be afraid he'll try to sneak out."

A committeeman between us, not acquainted with Phil's customary jocularity, hastened to explain to us:

"We heard that the colonel never has a minute when someone isn't asking for an autograph or to shake hands, so we decided that he'd have one meal in peace. This is a city where he won't be bothered."

He stopped suddenly, staring in the direction of Colonel Lindbergh. I turned curiously. A girl was leaning over Lindbergh's shoulder, a pad in one hand and a pencil in the other. Apparently she had come from under the table, for the colonel, as well as the near-by waiters, looked rather startled.

"Colonel, I want a personal statement about a story that was printed this afternoon," she began hurriedly. "Did you really tell ——"

That was the end of her personal interview, as a red-faced policeman, chagrined at this overthrowing of careful plans, led her away, struggling and indignant.

"That's not a very good start, colonel," apologized the toastmaster. "I never thought they'd try anything like that. I supposed those stories were a little exaggerated."

Phil Love, Colonel Lindbergh and Donald E. Keyhoe. In the Background is the Plane Piloted by Love and the Spirit of St. Louis is at the Right

Keeping Out Callers

LINDBERGH'S reassuring smile came as readily as it had the first time such an incident occurred, far back at the beginning of the tour.

Happenings like this and frequent interruptions of his dinner to meet numerous guests were not unusual, but we had still to learn the lengths to which the most ambitious of the colonel's admirers would go.

A few days later, as we were about to dress for dinner, Phil Love hastily came into the room where the rest of the party was assembled.

"Say, Slim, who are all the people in your room?" he demanded.

Lindbergh looked surprised.

"There wasn't anyone in there a minute ago," he responded. "What are they doing?"

"I think they've got out a search warrant," replied Phil. "They were looking in your hand bag when I saw them."

I followed him into the colonel's room while Lindbergh called for the hotel manager. Two women and a boy were engaged in a calm inventory of the colonel's toilet articles and personal effects as we entered.

"We're just looking around until Colonel Lindbergh comes in," one of the women announced. "We want to talk with him."

After a few inquiries we found that a side door to the suite had been left unlocked. Our unexpected guests had found it and walked in.

Colonel Lindbergh Attempting to Push Phil Love Into a Pool

"I'm afraid the colonel won't be able to see you," said Phil, retaining his politeness with an effort. "He has just twenty minutes to dress for the banquet."

"We'll only keep him a few minutes," replied one of the intruders calmly. "We just want to shake hands and get him to autograph some things and tell us a little about his flight to Paris."

It required the persuasion of the hotel staff to induce them to leave the suite.

Similar occurrences soon began to interfere seriously at the hotels, so that it often was difficult to get ready for the banquets on time. Lindbergh decided on a solution.

In Passing

"WE'LL keep each of our room doors locked and use a code signal," he explained one evening, after a particularly trying situation. "Listen to this."

He rapped out a four-letter word in Continental code, emphasizing the dashes peculiarly. This proved satisfactory and also the source of a rather amusing incident.

One afternoon Doc Maidment, the engineman who had taken Sorenson's place, came in late from the airport and used the signal at a side door to our rooms. He had just sat down with us to eat lunch when the code word was rapped out slowly and not altogether accurately on the same door.

We looked at one another in surprise, for all four of our party were now present. Then Lindbergh laughed, stood up quickly and went into the reception room, coming back with a policeman who had been placed at the main door. We stepped to one side and the officer opened the door. A slightly inebriated young man stood there, smiling in owlish satisfaction at the success of his trick, but his smile faded as he saw the uniform.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the policeman in his best hard-boiled manner.

The owlish one blinked for a second.

"Just tell Colonel Lindbergh I called," he said at last, in a confidential whisper, tipped his hat and meandered up the hall.

"I saw that bird hanging around in the corridor," said Maidment, "but I didn't think he was able to catch the signal."

Several other times this expedient was tried, but an almost imperceptible difference in sound gave us a warning.

Getting Lindbergh out of the hotels on rest days was another problem. Frequently the newspapers kept reporters in the corridors and automobiles waiting below to follow him wherever he went. An attempt to go for a quiet ride after a banquet almost always meant an involuntary parade. But on the few days when there was no flying it was necessary to relieve Lindbergh of the virtual imprisonment of the hotel; the rest of us naturally being able to come

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TERRIERS I HAVE MET

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

Inserts His Nose Under the Reading Matter on Which I am Engaged

THE dog, as every dog lover is willing to swear from his own personal experience or from hearsay evidence, is man's greatest friend, ever sensitive to his master's mood and subject to his lightest whim, ready to lay down his life for the one he loves, more intelligent than many humans, willing and even eager to endure burning heat, bitter cold and the greatest discomforts in order that he may not be separated from the object of his adoration, constantly on the alert to guard his master against danger, equally loyal through periods of wealth, poverty, health and sickness, ready to slumber quietly in a corner when his master wishes to be quiet and equally ready at a moment's notice to fling himself whole-heartedly into an endless round of gayety – a paragon, in short, of all the virtues and a blend of nearly all the good points of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Raoul d'Artagnan, Leatherstocking and the Admirable Crichton without the curse of speech.

There are, it is true, some dog lovers who express the deepest regret that their four-footed friends are obliged to talk with them in the sign language; but it is probable that they have not given careful consideration to the drawbacks that would go with a loquacious, not to say a garrulous, dog.

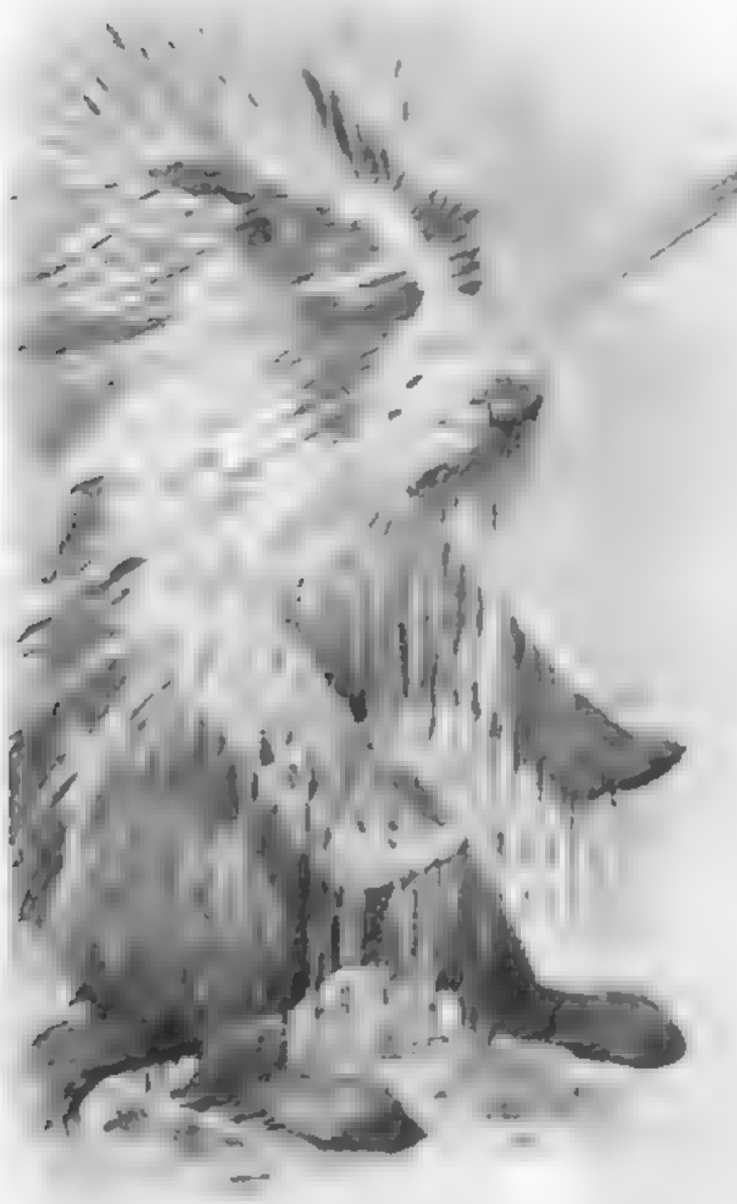
All the Discomforts of Home

SUPPOSE, for example, that a young dog with the affectionate attributes of Little Lord Fauntleroy should converse continually with his mother or his owner in the manner peculiar to Little Lord Fauntleroy, and that the cheery clatter of his toe nails on the floor should be accompanied by cries of "How are you feeling, dearest? Can we go out now, dearest? Whatever you would like to do, dearest, is all the same to me; but if it's all the same to you, dearest, I'd like to go out and smell around the front yard!"

It is safe to predict that if all dog owners had to listen to the breezy chatter of a loving dog, some 90 per cent of the dogs that now reach maturity would meet an untimely end. In my own case I am deeply and at times foolishly attached to a brisk, energetic and swashbuckling member of the supposedly highly intelligent wire-haired fox-terrier family. This dog, a few of whose many shortcomings have already been lightly touched on in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has moments of distressing unreasonableness and downright stupidity. These moments are not only beyond the understanding of persons who think that all dogs are like the excessively intelligent dogs of fiction; they even, at times, make me reluctant to claim ownership of him or to admit an affection for him. If, on top of his stupidities, he had the ability to become conversational about them, I am reasonably certain that I would be obliged to terminate our long and frequently enjoyable friendship by shooting either him or myself.

One of the many annoying features about this dog is his unwillingness to emulate the faithful canine of song and story by cheerfully enduring all sorts of discomforts in order to enjoy the pleasure of my company. It has long been his custom to enter my bedchamber late at night, while I am busily reading the day's accumulation of reading matter, and leap lightly on the bed. When he is ignored, as he generally is, he places his paws heavily on my chest, inserts his nose under the reading matter on which I am engaged at the moment and roots it out of the way so that he can stare blankly and unintelligently into my face. He is immediately hurled to the floor, where he is supposed to remain during the night in such a position that any marauder would be bound to fall over him.

Sleeping on the floor, however, is one of the discomforts that he refuses to accept. On being pushed from the bed, he stands three feet from it and eyes me so intently that I am unable to read with any comfort. When no attention is paid to him he moans faintly and moves around to a corresponding position on the other side of the bed, where he again distracts my attention by staring fixedly at me and making ingratiating movements with his tail. When he is finally looked at severely and told to lie down he stupidly misconstrues the order, crouches as though to spring up beside me, but hesitates for an invitation. The invitation being definitely withheld, he springs lightly onto the bed and settles down at its foot for a comfortable sleep.

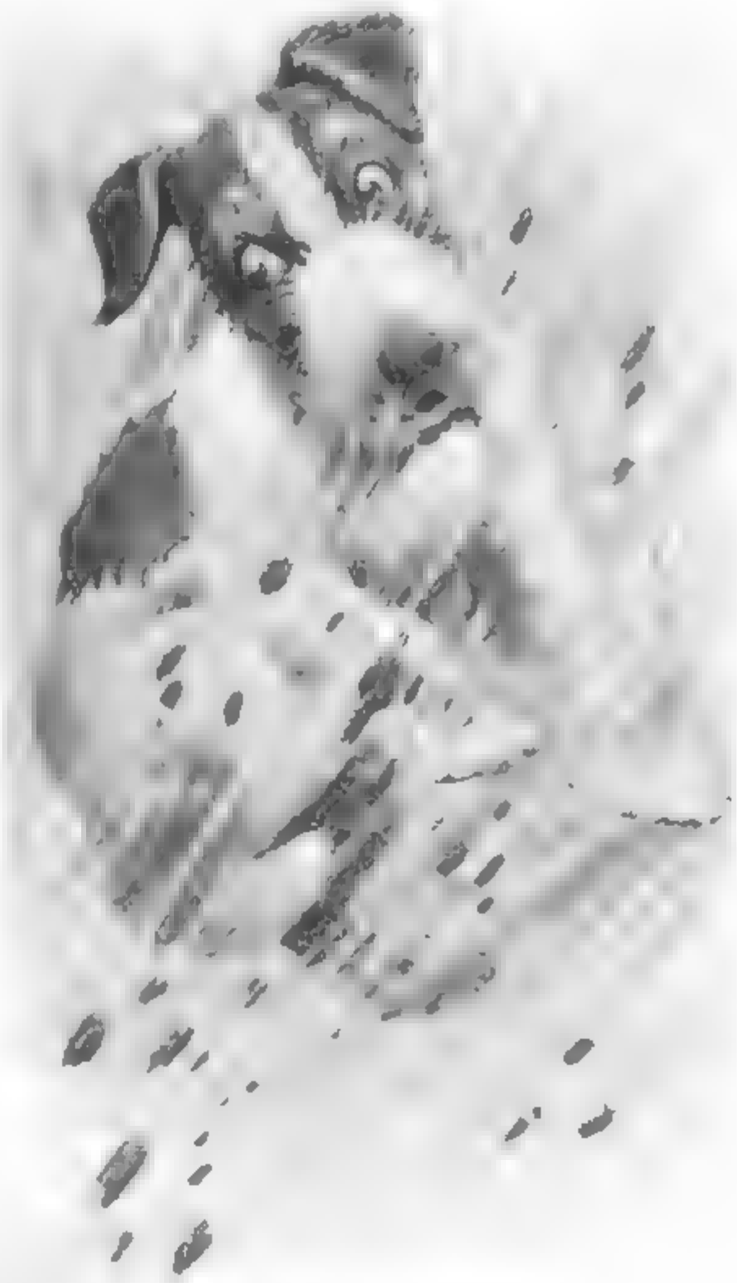


When the Stream Splatters With Some Force Against His Mud-Incrusted Face

An Animated Alarm Clock

WHEN the night's reading is over he is firmly and finally kicked off onto the floor, where he remains until heavy breathing apprises him that kicks are no longer to be feared. He then leaps again to the foot of the bed and remains quiescent, except for an occasional violent twitching of the limbs, until 5:30 in the morning.

Prior to the hour of 5:30, few noises have the power to disturb him. Two cats in mortal combat beneath the window fail to stir him, and the hurried footsteps of persons hastening to a fire or the hilarious shouts of several members of the younger set departing for their homes after a night of merrymaking merely cause him to open one eye speculatively and sigh heavily. At half-past five, however, the gentle and amiable night watchman from a near-by hotel goes off duty, and the sound of his sedate footsteps sends this dog into a frenzy of alarm and rage. His whiskers, which are very similar to those of a distinguished American statesman and jurist who is frequently mentioned in Republican circles as a possible President of the United States, bristle threateningly. A storm of protest rumbles in his throat, though his love of comfort—a love of comfort that should have laid him low long before this with a record-breaking case of bed sores—keeps him reclining on the bed.



"Did You Hear Anything?"

Admonitions to be quiet are disregarded, and his ferocious growls continue until he is violently kicked off onto the floor once more. He tiptoes to the window and peers out. He sees and recognizes the night watchman, but stupidly continues his growling to lead me to believe that the home has been threatened by an unseen danger. He remains at the window, gazing alertly in every direction; and eventually his sharp eye or his sensitive ear detects something of absorbing interest—the chirp of a chipmunk, the movement of a bird in the hedge, the early morning stroll of a neighbor's cat, the furtive passage of an alien dog—and there is an immediate and peremptory demand for action.

And this brings up another odd matter: When my dog is thus anxious to get out he runs briskly around the room, while I simulate sleep in the hope that he will quiet down and forget it. From time to time he stops suddenly and stares imploringly at me. He weighs some eighteen pounds and the house is solidly built; yet his tread, as he trots

imploringly from the window to the door and back again, shakes the house as effectually as could any Percheron or a full-grown elephant.

If dogs were able to talk it probably would be this early-morning desire for action and the conversation that it elicited that would cause the final rupture between my dog and myself. It would, I fear, take a sweeter nature than mine to endure him without violence if, instead of stopping and looking at me imploringly, he were able to tell me his thoughts—were able to babble, for example:

"Listen! It went under the barn; it was a white one with black spots; the same one that has been killing the young robins. . . . Aw, go ahead, will you? Listen! I won't go away. Honest, I'll hang around the yard and I won't go near a garbage pail. I won't get my feet wet, either. Get up, will you? It won't take you a minute to let me out. Go ahead, boss. It'll get away if you don't hurry! Don't you want me to have any fun, boss? Listen! I'll be good all day. I won't ask for anything else! It was a

His Forelegs Should be Straight and Without Excrescences, Like the Best Sheraton, Chippendale or Hepplewhite Legs

white one, and what I'll do to it will be a shame! Aw, boss! Please, boss! Hey, boss! Hey ——" And so on and so forth.

There are, I suppose, a great many dogs in the world that are, as the dog books claim, ever sensitive to their masters' moods; but my dog's sensitiveness is nothing to brag about. He is wholly uninterested in my desire to sleep beyond half-past five in the morning, and is also determined not to allow me to sleep until his own personal whims have been gratified.

Superior persons have told me that it is all my fault; that such things occur only because my dog is spoiled; that I should not allow him to enter my bedroom at night, but should incarcerate him in another room.

There may be something in this. I tried it twice. On the first occasion he jumped up on a table in order to look out of a window and investigate a noise that had attracted his attention. When I let him out in the morning I found that he had caught his foot in an electric-light cord and broken an expensive lamp, a fragile tobacco jar and an antique Chinese god made of porcelain. On the second occasion he barked for an hour and ten minutes, and on going downstairs to let him out I cut my foot on a piece of glass and had to wear a bandage for a week.

Dick's Heritage

I SHALL always be deeply touched by dog stories that emphasize the manner in which our four-footed friends are subject to our lightest whims, and a sentimental mist will cloud my eyes when they encounter a printed page that sets forth the pathetic patience with which Rover lies quietly and humbly in the corner, awaiting his master's pleasure.

If, however, I should ever build another house, I would build it with an eye to the marked impatience that has characterized all my dogs. Near the head of my bed there would be an entrance to a long chute, like a laundry chute, and the end of the chute would emerge behind a lilac bush on the front lawn. When, at half-past five in the morning, my dog began to curse and swear and flop around on the bed and make a general nuisance of himself because a downy woodpecker had carelessly rapped his beak against an adjacent telegraph pole, or for some equally trivial reason, I would take him brusquely and brutally by the scruff of the neck and drop him into the dog chute. Thus and thus only could I be free of his imperious demands on me.

In spite of the failure of my present wire-haired terrier to live up to the standards of mentality laid down by all standard works of dog fiction, I have always been and am still willing to admit that there must be a great deal in these reports of keen dog intelligence. Consequently, some three years ago, I provided my dog with a wife in the hope that the little ones would display some of the traits in which my dog appears to be deficient. I may as well confess at the outset that my efforts have not been crowned with success. Why this is so, I do not know. There should be a certain amount of mental ability hidden away somewhere in my dog—mental ability that might be expected to crop out in any of the children; for his grandfather was a French messenger dog in the late war and had enough intelligence to scuttle through heavy bombardments with messages from the French front-line trenches. He was picked up one day in a dazed condition by a German regiment that was advancing behind a barrage, and was later sent back to Germany, where he learned the German language and acquired great prestige as a winner of blue ribbons in German dog shows.

How he happened to be dazed by the shell fire during which he was captured is, of course, a blank page in his history. From a close study of the dog Dick, his grandson, however, I think I know what happened. I think he heard a shell fuse sputtering in the earth near him, suffered a temporary lapse of intelligence and stopped for a moment to investigate the fascinating sound. It was probably during this moment that the shell exploded. For all I know, he may have been so effectively dazed by the explosion that he transmitted the daze to his descendants.

He Never Will Learn

I BASE my reasoning on the fact that his grandson, known to his immediate circle of acquaintances as Dick and to his fellow club members in the American Kennel Club as Dick von München, is afflicted with similar lapses of intelligence. Near my home is a ditch whose bottom is filled with a deep layer of rich and slippery black muck, and in the high bank of the ditch there are holes in which reside woodchucks that have a bad habit of sputtering—somewhat in the manner of a shell fuse—at the dog Dick or at one another. On hearing one of

A Woodcock Rose Three Inches in Front of His Nose

these sputters the dog Dick hastens to the ditch and leaps briskly into the rich black muck, which covers his legs, his stomach, his sides and his whiskers, and spends from one to three hours in a futile attempt to get at the sputterer, though he has learned from experience that this is impossible.

Eventually he abandons the attempt for the moment and comes home in search of food, looking as foul, guilty and ashamed as though he had been tarred and feathered. Because of his mud-smeared state, he is received with a storm of vituperation and the muck is removed from him with a well-directed stream of water from a garden hose.

(Continued on Page 128

He Stares at the Carefree Young Whippersnapper With a Look in Which Weariness, Contempt and Malevolence are Equally Blended

To the Living and the Rest of Them

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"WE'RE getting close to Bourges," I said. "This interesting city, Walter, is famous for its cathedral. . . . You needn't spill sardines on my overcoat. . . . The cathedral was built in the fourteenth or fifteenth or sixteenth century. It has five doors."

"What for?"

"To go in and out of, Walter."

Big Walter wiped his mouth on a sleeve of my overcoat and said, "Don't see any sense in five doors. One front door an' one back door are plenty. I guess the French were crazy even when there wasn't no war. . . . When this train gets wherever we're goin', I'm goin' to get me a bath if I have to set fire to some French for hot water. 'N' you can hold your mouf shut. Goin' to write a letter to mamma, so's she'll know I'm livin', after that Armistice."

Scott said out of his corner: "You're the spoiledest kid ever came out of Georgia, buddy. Be thankful you're goin' home alive. A lot of good men won't. We're just a lot of headquarters rats. You and your bath! Is this Bourges? That man at the last station said we might get a stop there."

"I'll sell you my share of the rumor at cost," John Pierre drawled, opening his eyes. "Dreamed I had a corner on war monuments. My word! The defenseless dead will now be insulted by a lot of vile statuary!"

"They're not much deader than I feel," Scott said.

In this compartment our uniforms made tawny blotches on stale green cloth of the creaking seats. Sunlight was a kind of floating acid that etched grime on our faces. We were four untidy ruins done up for burial in stained whipcord and wool. I tried to think that, before this interminable trip began, we had been smart and well-appointed young staff officers. But the light hurt my eyes and the smell of sardines and chocolate hurt my throat. I sat and watched big Walter trying to write a note on my suitcase, and a shadow made him look like a classmate of mine who was killed at Cantigny. It was absorbing to study the resemblance contrived by this splash of shadow, but I was glad when John Pierre stretched his lean body and yawned until all his teeth flashed.

"Don't I remember that we started off for a war they were having last week? We did start for the Front, didn't we?"

"You low Chicago jackal," I told him, "shut up about the war! Yes, there was a war once. When we're all about fifty or eighty, it'll be funny to remember this episode."

"*Haec olim meminisse*," John Pierre began, "*juva* ——"

I threw a magazine more or less at him and it went out onto the platform of Bourges. The train halted in its lazy fashion, and the men of the troop and detachment raised a cheer.

They had become defiant in five days and cheered belligerently when approaching any town in which the natives might be expected to tell us that the war was finished. Numbers of officers on the platform drearily looked at us. A bugler had stolen a pail of whitewash in the drunken city of Thouars on November eleventh and our divisional number was written all along one coach. Scott blinked his gray eyes at the rising town and pulled his cap farther down.

"Too much sun to sleep peacefully," he said.

I Admit That Some Jaunty American Girls and a Few Officers Who Would Presently be Clever Stockbrokers Once More - These Few People Showed Animation

A very smart young transportation officer opened the door of the compartment and saluted Scott's bars, saying, "You gentlemen have four hours here, captain. This is the Headquarters Troop and Detachment of the Eighty S——"

"My word," John Pierre exclaimed, "we're famous! Someone told him we were coming. You're not deceiving a lot of poor orphans, lieutenant? . . . Listen! We left our pretty little trainin' area on a warm evening, years ago, and then the war stopped and they lost us out in a vineyard, and the engineer went home to his family, and a cow pulled us into Thouars, and it wasn't an interestin' town, and everybody was drunk. But we've been goin' on ever since then. Months have passed—aeons, centuries and epochs—glacial epochs. But we're still going on. We've used up ten packs of cards and ——"

Scott broke in, speaking oddly, as if he was talking to an old frail lady at a ball in Greenville or Natchez:

"So we honestly have four hours here, lieutenant?"

"Honestly. . . . I suppose your division was to have been part of the big shove through Lorraine. Well, thank God, you're out of that."

He smiled and backed from the door. Gold chevrons sparkled on both sleeves of his coat and his left hand was just a glove. I thought, in a queer, petty silence, that he must be twenty-two or three.

"I know a man from Lake Forest," said John Pierre, "on duty here. Perhaps he knows a bartender who knows what a dry Martini is. Who can say?"

"Goin' to get me a bath," Walter murmured, tugging all the overcoats and tins down from the rack with his bag.

Sun was draped in pale ribbons from many clouds on the slope of Bourges. Scott and I tramped together, blinking, up a tedious street without saying anything. My head was a cylinder through which a kind of hash kept stirring. It was one of those machines you find clamped on the edge of the kitchen table. The cook drops in bits of steak and what not, and long strings of hash emerge prettily, making designs as they fall into the white bowl set to catch them. Moments of Texas were mingled with a game of bridge in the barracks of the monstrous, echoing hospital outside Bordeaux. Everything happened at the same time, in a twisting of materials. A major general talked over his shoulder to me about something, and the voice of a savage drill sergeant at Fort Slocum came in the other ear. I was in Arkansas, and on East Houston Street in San Antonio, and in Memphis and Paris, with glass twinkling all over a street's gray levels, and on the piers at Hoboken, and hunting a match in my soiled coat in this avenue of Bourges, all at the same moment. There was no time.

"This time next year," I said, "you'll be rolling all over the Delta, counting your cotton fields."

"I don't like dry Martinis," Scott told me.

That pair of speeches does not make much sense, does it? Well, go and lose the immediate purpose of your life on, say, Monday evening, and spend the next four days eating sardines and canned beef and chocolate in a French railway carriage and see how coherent you are at the end of the adventure.

"There ought," I said to Scott, "to be a—an ornament and a *finis* on the clouds up there. This film goes no farther. Passengers please change."

"Shut it off," Scott said. "We need some hot chow an' a lot of coffee."

"A lot of mixed salad," I thought, "and one simple little fish, broiled, would be a dose of manna. Let us move on."

But we both lagged. Scott's very fine steel eyes kept watching the clouds above Bourges. He lounged along, answering salutes of idle soldiers, and once stopping to speak to another man from Mississippi who had a job here at the bureau where the records of the American Expeditionary Force were filed. Bourges is not much of a show—just the usual French city—apart from its cathedral and a few noble buildings. On November 15, 1918, it was still littered with results of a fantastic celebration. An old glazier was wearily mending a window one place and there were bits of green glass in the deep gutters. Everything answered my gloom and seemed useless, stunned and soiled.

"Well," Scott said, "the live boys'll march in parades and the rest of 'em won't give a damn. But if some lousy speaker gets up at a banquet, any time I'm there, and says 'To our dead, gentlemen,' he'll get a couple of forks in his face."

"We'll hear worse than that, Scotty."

"I'm afraid so, son. . . . Who's the kid lookin' at you?"

"His name," I said, "is Jeroboam Todd, Jr., and he ought to be playing football, right now, in New Rochelle."

Jeroboam grinned at me across the street. He was eating some chocolate covertly as he sat on the saddle of a side car. A colonel of the most savage type was cradled in the little machine, chatting with a man on the sidewalk. Jeroboam

was a proper soldier. His helmet slanted correctly on his red hair and war had improved his freckles so that they were orange stamps on his face

"Bright lookin' pup. How old's he?"

"He's eighteen. His dad went back into the service, I suppose. Our fathers were friends at West Point. Major Todd resigned in 19 -1902, I think. His wife couldn't stand the service. Todd's the New York agent for some lumber companies. Nice man. I'm glad Jero's all right. He's an only child."

This was one of the things that happened after the Armistice. You saw a man across the street or in a crowd in Paris and thought "He's all right," or, now and then, you thought, "Why did that sort of ass get through when so many real ones didn't?" The cinema had not yet made that speckling of white crosses a platitude. The rest of them—the people who did not get through—were an impalpable drift of names in our tired heads. This was the sentiment of that odd month or so. . . . But I was pleased about Jeroboam. I liked Major Todd, and when I was twelve I had an honorable passion for Jero's languid pretty mother, and taught him to swim because she told me to. She sat under a parasol on the sand and smiled at me, and Jeroboam often kicked me in the stomach. So Jeroboam had been to the wars and would go home to his family's neat house in New Rochelle. It was emptily pleasant to know that. But we had dropped out of time here in this ascending street spattered with uniforms as it widened past some cafés and pretentious shops.

"They have a factory for makin' handsome old folks in this country!" Scott said. "Tell me how a lot of people as homely as the French get to be handsome when they're old? Look at that old major in the black cap! That's a soldier!"

It was so. His hair was white as cotton under his black cap with the golden bindings, and he was straight in his azure coat as the cane in his hand. He stood chatting with an English officer before a window, moving one miraculous boot on the pavement, and was idly superb, slim and tall.

"He is picturesque," I said, and then I added: "He looks like a gaudy old millionaire I met in Paris in 1918 - a big silk man. His family's been making silk a million years - Charles Louis Gran. But he'd be too old to be in—in service."

The beautiful major had turned and was looking at us with a single glass afire in his face. His chest sweated decorations and ribbons, and his left sleeve was pinned up in the armpit.

He was silently and politely formidable, across the street. Then he smiled and came walking at us.

"*V'là du chic! Le romancier en soldat!* How are you?"

Scott just ran away. I don't blame him. It was like having a parade of marshals of all armies aimed at your head. I wanted to run, and could not. This was Philibert Gran, with his hair white and his face made over out of some strange metallic flesh. When the Sicilian police found his body and that of his father on the coast where their yacht sank in 1920 they reported the finding of two old gentlemen, seemingly brothers. In November of 1918 Philibert Gran was twenty-six years old.

"Curious," he said; "I just saw that child of your friend—the amiable man who sells lumber—Major Todd, was it not? Yes? I saw him driving one of your officers in a side car, and just now."

"I saw him, too. . . . Well, you've been in the papers a good deal since 1914, Philibert."

"So I have," he said. "Notice the tin plates and millinery. The Ministry sends me around, you see, in full costume. I go to London to make serious representations to the War Office. Yesterday I was at Chaumont and today I am imploring your Central Records Office here to do something about something. I am a kind of traveling salesman of complaints."

I wanted to run worse than ever. Several eminent writers have done what they could to describe the voices of dead men, hypnotized into life for a moment or speaking out of graves. Philibert Auguste Gran had the voice of a dead man who was still lightly civil and unwilling to offend.

"Where did you happen to be at the Armistice, Philibert?"

"In London. My father says that Paris was frantic. London—how should one say? It was a sort of generalized daze. People walked about and some of them got drunk. An old lady fell down and died on the steps of my hotel. . . . Let us go have some champagne. A woman who used to be my mother's maid has a shop here and there will be no one there."

"You used to hate champagne in New York," I said.

Philibert drawled in English, "It knocks you out cold," and there was no answer to that. But I knew two things now: His mother was dead, because it came through his voice, and he was already drunk.

"Coffee is what I really need."

"You can have it. . . . In this way."

It might once have surprised me to go into a milliner's shop to drink champagne, but I was not interested in any freak of this period. When the train finally dumped us out at a village named Foulain we found a zebra hitched to a small cart at the station—a stray from a dispersed menagerie—and that did not surprise me for months afterward. I just looked wretchedly at a thick woman who got up from behind a table sprinkled with bits of gay velvet and silks.

"A bottle of champagne, Julie, and some coffee for monsieur." *(Continued on Page 134)*

"I Said, 'Ah! I Also Had Four Brothers. . . .' He Fell Down Among the Cabbages and Began to Cry Like a Child of Ten"

Hoover of Iowa and California

By GARET GARRETT

Hoover's Birthplace at West Branch, Iowa

His name was a word in every civilized language in the world; to millions of people it signified food-bringer. Yet he was as a stranger in the capital. Washington, in fact, was full of strangers. He was Hoover. Everybody knew that sound. He was Belgian relief. Everybody knew something about that. What had begun as relief of the Belgians specifically had become Belgian relief in a generic sense—had become, in fact, a state, with its own flag, its own passports, its own laws, its own ships, its own finance and industry, its own ambassadors, making its own treaties with the nations at war, performing a function above military necessity, under a mandate from humanity. All that was Hoover.

Still, who was he? You may know a great deal about what a man is and at the same time little about who he is. There were many who understood that before the war he had been an engineer, pursuing his career in far parts of the earth. He was from San Francisco; his home address was Stanford University, California. Few in Washington at the beginning of our participation in the war knew more about him than this, and at that time intimate facts were in any case of small account. People asked only what a man was and what he was good for.

He saw the President, members of the cabinet and others. He told them what he knew about Europe from the point of view of Belgian relief—the state he had created *à travers* military frontiers to feed noncombatant people—and then explained to them the importance of organizing at once an American system of wartime food control. He spoke with authority, not only as one who knew more than anyone else about food and famine and the total vital resources of the earth; he had worked out a strategy of artificial food distribution under conditions of a World War.

Then he went and sat in a Washington hotel room, waiting for the Government to act. We had declared war. Nominally, we were in it; actually, we were not. The weeks passed and nothing happened. He said, "I'll go back to Europe. There's plenty to do there." He was leaving Washington when Justice Brandeis found him. It was Brandeis who went to President Wilson, saying, "We must not let this man get away. He is too important."

Presently the office of United States Food Administration was created and that was Hoover's job.

He has been in Washington ever since. His work there belongs to the war and postwar history of the country. There is no want of information concerning its importance, extent and swift simplicity. His mark upon American life is indelible. People know the sound of his voice from hearing it on the radio, and what he is like to look at from seeing him in the movie news reels. Nevertheless, the singularity persists, almost as it was in 1917, that one takes him rather as the embodiment of intelligent energy acting upon the American scene than as a personality that has unfolded out of it.

Try asking yourself that question: Who is Hoover?

An Engineer

YOU will see that you think of him first in the midst of career. That is to say, you pick him up as a figure. You do not think of him as the son of a blacksmith; yet that fact, when you know it, begins to explain him. You do not think of him as having grown out of the soil of Iowa, with Senator Jim Reed in one county and Frank O. Lowden in another—all three now presidential candidates. You do not think of him at the age of ten disappearing from the eyes of his brother and sister, from the view of his childhood world, down the Burlington railroad tracks, toward Oregon, where an uncle had settled who was willing to take one of three dispersed Quaker orphans.

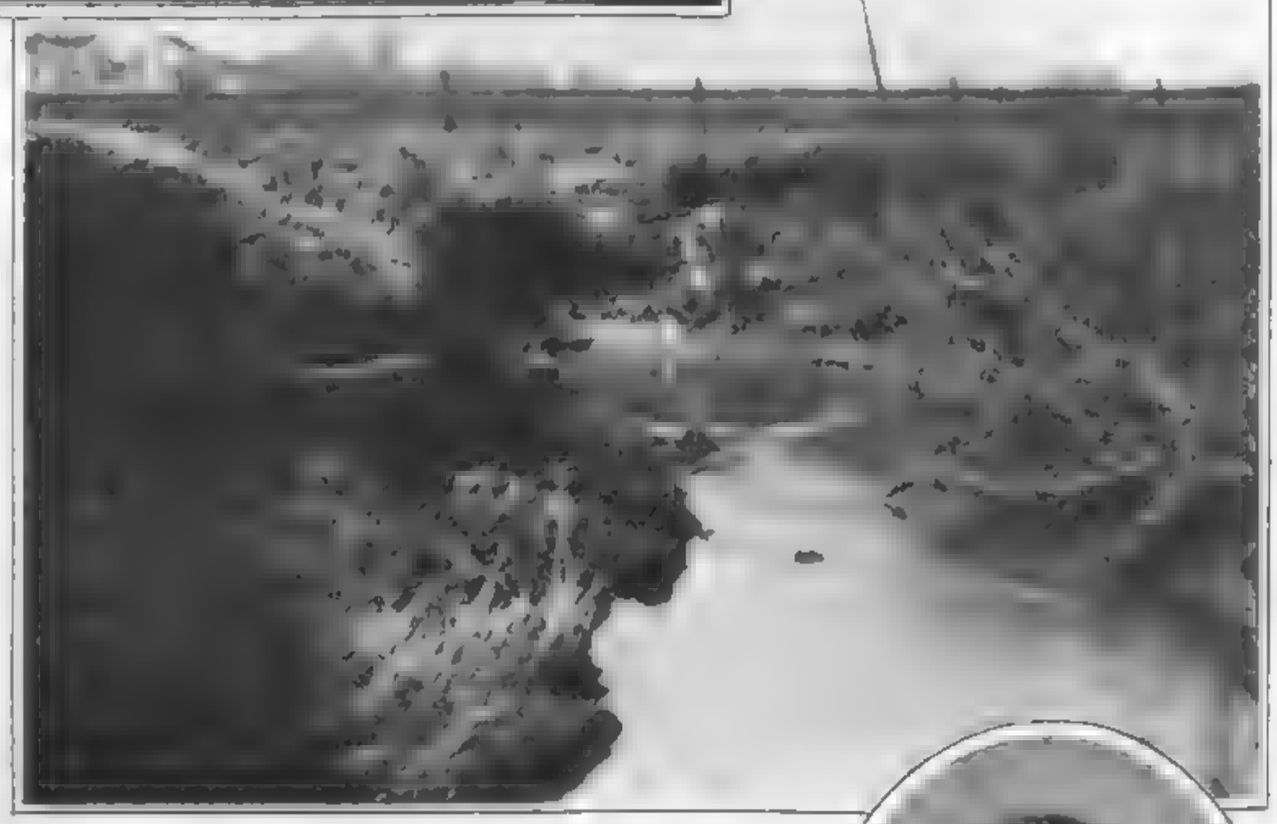
Besides the fact to begin with that he appeared as a figure, with no intimate background, there is the fact that he has a strong distaste for romantic publicity and has deliberately killed a great deal of it. A book about him by a California woman, a writer of some excellence, was so displeasing to his sense of values that he bought it up, together with the plates, and destroyed it. This he did not do so much because the facts were wrong; they were treated in a glamorous manner, and that he hated.

There is a difficulty here. It is the rule that those who write about him cannot help seeing his life in the light of high adventure, whereas he will not see it in that light at all.

He says: "That doesn't make sense. Adventure is the last thing in my line or in the line of the engineering profession. What do they think an engineer is?" As he sees his life, it has consisted in a series of jobs; and if they have turned out well, that is nothing to be said for a star of adventure; it is from a competent way anybody might have with scientific knowledge of fact. A displeasure against the friendly exaggerations of publicity is strange in the nature of politics, and may, as his friends tell him, be carried to a point of unreasonableness. He is not a politician; he came to politics by an unpolitical road wherein all the amenities were different.

All his professional life he had lived by the strength of his independent mentality. All his success was by reason of what he was and what he could do—not who he was. At the end of a sea voyage an Englishwoman who had enjoyed his conversation at the ship's table asked him who he was.

"I am an engineer," he replied.



The Old Swimming Hole of His Boyhood Days. In Oval—The Boy, Herbert Hoover

WHO is Hoover? At a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington that question seized the mind of a certain United States senator who loves his democracy raw. He had never seen the Secretary of Commerce, but he had looked at the name by his neighbor's plate and went headlong to it.

"So you are that white-collar man of big business I hear them all talking about?"

"What does that mean?" said Hoover.

"You wouldn't know what I mean," said the senator. "You've never done any work. I mean work." He made a gesture with his hands to suggest physical exertion.

"I've worked with my hands," said Hoover.

"Some nice soft work, maybe. You call yourself an engineer. Did you ever run an engine?"

Hoover smiled. "I've done that, too," he said.

"It must have been a clean engine," said the senator. "Tell me, where did you ever run an engine?"

"In a mine," said Hoover, "and it was a very dirty engine, as I remember it."

"You'd think so," said the senator. "That's what I mean. You never had to make your living at work you couldn't wear a white collar to. You never did, now did you?"

"Pushing ore cars underground, pounding a drill, handling a pick and shovel—I've done that kind of work for a living," said Hoover. "Now you tell me something, senator. I notice you are wearing a white collar yourself. Why do you do it?"

"Politics," the senator explained. "When you get into politics and come down here to Washington you've got to do it."

"I see," said Hoover. "It appears, senator, that we both started in flannel shirts. Are you calling attention to the fact that I got to a white collar twenty years before you did?"

In the Fullness of a Career

IT WOULD have surprised the senator, at the same time perhaps it would somewhat have cleared his mind, to know that he was talking to the son of a Quaker blacksmith.

There was nobody to tell him. Scarcely anyone in Washington knew it. Not because the fact was a secret; the explanation was that Hoover had appeared in political life all at once as a figure, with no folk-made background. That is to say, he had not evolved as a familiar personality.

When, in 1917, he came to Washington, thinking he should be more needed there than in Europe—his country having entered the war—he was already founded on achievement.

"Oh," said the Englishwoman, surprised out of her tact, "I thought you were a gentleman."

The incident interested him deeply, for it illustrated a social difference on which the greatness of America was founded, and he had been thinking a great deal about it. Why were American engineers, himself included, employed by European capital to introduce American engineering methods and American machinery in Asia, Africa, Australia, Europe and South America? American methods and American machinery were the best, of course, but that was not the answer. Why were they best? Because in America engineering was a profession, as was the case nowhere else in the world, and it was a profession in America for the reason that in the American social philosophy there was no principle of caste. What a man could do well, for that he was esteemed, and no one was born to be anything. What he was, not who he was. This is perhaps Hoover's most jealous idea. You will find it running all through his public utterances, especially those touching American education, the glory of which is that no part of it is reserved for gentlemen as such.

And besides that, a man shall be weighed by his works, the idea of what-above-who implies that a man's personal history is a private possession, belonging to himself and his household. One who had deeply developed that idea and who, moreover, was from Quaker birth and tradition emotionally disinclined to self-revelation, would be ill prepared for a kind of experience with which we associate politics. There is no caste in American politics, either; nevertheless, it is true that in American politics a kind of artless, little-minded curiosity is more privileged than in countries where who is socially more important than what. No personal detail is too trivial to be seized; no reticence is respected. The press clamors for the human stuff. To a man of Hoover's temperament, this becomes very distressing.

Through a Small Boy's Eyes

"PEOPLE," he says, "have a right to all the information there is about how a man has lived his life. I don't object to that. What I do object to is this notion about publicity that people must read about my clothes, that my wife must be interviewed with a lot of silly questions, that my two boys must be brought into the picture and that we are all to behave as actors in the eye of a movie camera."

The point has been much argued between Hoover alone on one side and those of his friends on the other side who think he cannot understand the popular mind. In a fine sense he is right, they tell him; nevertheless, to the image of Hoover the mentality that people already have, it now becomes necessary for human and political purposes to add what is true of him also as a personality. They have tried to show him how the thing is done, but when he sees the result in writing a struggle begins. He rubs out the color, writes in the names of associate men, systematically deletes the too-admiring inference.

They may say: "But you are not the source of this information. It is nothing you are saying about yourself These things are declared about you by persons who are sufficiently responsible."

His answer is: "But it isn't so"

When from their point of view he has fairly ruined the copy by improving it as a document, he consents to have it printed. Such was the fate of a biography written by a lifetime friend, just published in book form. He cut it until he had not the heart to do any more to the work of a friend: it still contained many things he wished were not there. First it appeared as a serial feature in a string of newspapers. The editors were all disappointed—not that it wasn't good stuff, what was left of it, but because it might have been so much more humanly vivid if his pencil had not passed through it. Last November, several days before he was to address the Iowa Society of Washington, he appeared one morning with some typewritten sheets which he threw down on the desk, saying, "I wonder if that's the kind of thing they want me to say"

It was perhaps because they were Iowa people that he could do it. In any case, he had never done it before.

Hoover, When He Was Attending Stanford University

Mr. and Mrs. Curran, Hoover's Teachers at School

Ted, Bert and May Hoover in 1888

After the first paragraph, which was a heavy wooden lid, this is what he had written:

"But I prefer to think of Iowa as I saw it through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy—and the eyes of all ten-year-old Iowa boys are, or should be, filled with the wonders of Iowa's streams and woods, of the mystery of growing crops. Their days should be filled with adventure and great undertakings, with participation in good and comforting things."

There you see where and how he places the spirit of adventure—in the life of childhood.

"I was taken farther west from Iowa when I was ten," he wrote—"to Oregon and thence to that final haven of Iowans, California, where I have clung ever since. Someone may say that my recollections of Iowa are only the illusions of forty years after, but I know better, for I have been back and checked them up. I was told that when I went back everything would have shrunk and become small and ordinary. For instance, there was Cook's Hill that great long hill where on winter nights we slid down at terrific speeds with our tummies tight to the homemade sleds. I've seen it several times since. It's a good hill; and except for the older method of thawing out frozen toes with ice water, the operation needs no modern improvement."

Coasting belly-buster, therefore, was a finished art in its right environment. No improvement possible in the light of modern science. But as an eminent engineer, he could imagine adding maybe two feet to the depth of the swimming hole.

The Cracker-Box Trappers

"THE swimming hole under the willows down by the railroad bridge is still operating efficiently," he said, "albeit mothers probably compel their youngsters to take a bath to get rid of the clean and healthy mud when they come home. The hole still needs to be deepened, however. It is hard to keep from pounding the mud with your hands and feet when you shove off for the thirty feet of cross-channel swim.

"And there were the woods," he remembered, "down the Burlington track. The denudation of our forests hasn't reached them even yet, and I know there are rabbits still being trapped in cracker boxes held open by the figure-four at the behest of small boys at this very time. I suspect, however, that the conservationists have invented some kind of close season before now.

"One of the bitterest days of my life was in connection with a rabbit. Rabbits fresh from a figure-four trap early on a cold morning are wiggly rabbits. However, in the lore of boys of my time it was thought better to bring them home alive. My brother, being older, had read surreptitiously behind the blacksmith shop, in the Youth's Companion, full directions for rendering live rabbits secure. I say surreptitiously, for mine was a Quaker family, unwilling in those days to have youth corrupted with stronger reading than the encyclopedia

(Continued on Page 158)

The Geological Class in 1894. Standing—Newton B. Nox, Herbert Hoover, E. B. Kimball, J. A. Diggles, Dean Mitchell and J. J. Hollister. Seated—Prof. J. P. Smith, Prof. J. C. Brame, Rufus Buck and Thomas H. Cole

The Private Life of the Dixie Flash

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHEN the team was at the stadium and he was going good, rapping out his one, two, sometimes three, day after day, Eddie O'Neil's 6:30 homecoming was an event distinguished by its utter lack of variety. His wife was always in the kitchen preparing dinner. Tossing his cap to the top of the mechanical piano, he announced his arrival with a casual hello from the living room and sank into an easy-chair with a final sporting edition.

Then, as soon as she could arrange her heated pans and oven, Mrs. O'Neil appeared at the door peeling a boiled potato speared on a long kitchen fork.

"Well?" she asked.

"We win—6 to 4. Them Bostons, they ain't got a thing in the world. You'd think they'd resign from the league."

"Who pitched?"

"Wallace."

"Wallace!" she exclaimed. "I thought that old Methuslem was dead!"

"McNulty Ought To've Give Him a Rap in the Jaw"

"He is," Eddie said; "he just won't lay down. He's thirty-six if he's a day. It seems to me if McNulty was goin' to sign up ol' men like that, why—why don't he go on out and try and sign up Horace Greeley or General Grant or Mordecai Brown or somebody."

"Mordecai Brown didn't have but three fingers," Mrs. O'Neil reflected illuminatingly.

"You'd think this Wallace throwed with three toes, the way we got into him," Eddie chuckled. "It got so every time he pitched, all his infielders laid down quick so's they wouldn't get killed."

"What did daddy do?"

"I got a couple—singles. I'd of got a double too, if that lucky guinea, Riscato, hadn't been playin' way out of position. You'd think if he had any sense at all he'd have sense enough to know I don't pull 'em, and he wouldn't of been playin' so far over to the left. That's the way with a guinea, though—just in accident I pulled one, and smack into his mitts it goes. McNulty ought to've give him a call for playin' me like that."

"McNulty ought to've give him a rap in the jaw," his wife agreed warmly.

Eddie studied the afternoon's results in his paper. "The Phillies win," he commented in some amusement. "The Detroits must of all falled in faints. The last time them Phillies was here, we played with our eyes shut, just to make it look even."

"Yes, 8 to 1, 7 to 3, 5 to 3, 5 to 1," she recollected, stripping the last bit of peel from the potato. "They ain't got a thing, them Phillies."

"That Burns ain't bad," he allowed.

"Bunts gets him," she said firmly. "He never played one clean since he got out of Covington."

"When do we eat?"

This was a conversation that differed only in minor details. After dinner they went to the movies or met the Bradleys. Usually they attended the Lyric, around the corner. At the Hartley, a block away, they could have had vaudeville too. Mrs. O'Neil liked vaudeville, but the Hartley charged fifty cents, and Eddie hoped he'd die before he'd be sucker enough to pay fifty cents. It looked as if he would.

The Bradleys lived in the next apartment house. Charlie Bradley covered second and roomed with Eddie on the road. Lila and Ruth Bradley had struck up quite a friendship, and they all saw a great deal of one another. Privately Eddie felt that Charlie was a little slow in covering the bag on steals, but he'd agreed with Lila that they might as well not mention the fact as long as they were friends.

"Outside that," she explained, "he ain't a bad fellow."

"Oh, he's a great guy," Eddie agreed, "outside that."

Their discussions with the Bradleys were mainly confined to baseball, and so far as Eddie could make it, to his achievements at bat. He received a bigger salary than Charlie and he was more highly regarded; in fact, he was the Dixie Flash, because he was from Alabama and because he was a fast man. He saw no reason why what he did, including the minutiæ of these heroic feats, should not have priority in any conversation.

"You seen that one I socked for two bags today, Charlie? Well, sir, this Perry ain't got no sense but to hook one waist high and on the outside. If he wasn't nothing but a rookie, he ought to've had more sense than that."

"Right down your groove!" Mrs. O'Neil said.

"Well, sir, I seen it was breakin' early and all I had to do was get set. I never seen a ball go like that one. If it wasn't for that there high wind, it'd been in the bleachers sure. All I had to do was get set. There it was, right down my groove! That Perry mustn't have no sense at all. You take that one he dishes up in the fourth. It didn't have a thing on it—not a thing!"

"Did You Ever Stop to Think," She Asked, "That Maybe You're Crowdin' the Plate?"

It was toward the end of August that the shadow came into his life. His hitting began to fall off. On a late afternoon when Lila went about her daily preparation of dinner with a look of deep concentration on her face, he had collected but one lonely single in five days. This was really unprecedented. The Dixie Flash had slumped rarely and but slightly. He was a steady, dependable hitter.

But a hit or two today, she reflected, and it would all be over. That was the way slumps ended. Just psychological depressions that disappeared when confidence was regained—that was all. But she was concerned, nevertheless.

He entered the flat wrapped in gloom, and she knew that the heavy hand of misfortune still held his bat. There had been no hit this day. Wearily he tossed his cap to the top of the mechanical piano and sank into his favorite chair. She came to the door with the speared potato held like a lance at rest.

"Well?"

"We took 'em—4 to 1."

"I'd have guessed from that great big jolly look on your pan that they win by about 104 to 0," she suggested.

"I ain't in no mode for comical wise cracks," he grumbled.

She sat down, sympathetic now, and the fork and the potato stood upright on her knee.

"Nothing doing, eh?"

"I hit one," he said grimly. "Three more yards and it would of got clean to the pitcher's slab."

"It must have been a wow."

"It broke quicker'n I thought."

She studied him thoughtfully, concern in her eyes, and then she said "I got a idea, kiddo." She sat back in the straight chair and waved the potato absently. "Did you ever stop to think," she asked, "that maybe you're crowdin' the plate?"

For a moment he did not answer; he merely stared at her as the full significance of this golden-hearted remark pervaded his consciousness. The fact was that for five days he had been simmering helplessly inside. He loved his hits. A great throb of joy came with each and every one of them. And without them he wilted; his spirits sank until they reached the low level of baffled fury, and then he smoldered until an excuse—any excuse—offered means of exhaust.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "Are you settin' out to tell me how to stand to bat?"

There was so little courtesy in this question, so little appreciation of the thought and feeling that had gone into it, that Mrs. O'Neil, who prior to her marriage had been a Murphy, rose like a trout to the fly.

"Say!" she yelled. "And who do you think you're yelling at?"

"Well!"—the exclamation of a man almost beyond words. "If this ain't a fine one, then I never seen a fine one. Next thing you'll prob'ly be tryin' to put on my unie and goin' out and battin' for me."

"It might be a break for the team, at that," she snapped. "But don't tell me—I seen you in that Sox series last week and if you wasn't crowdin' the plate, then the plate ain't where it used to be. Two more inches and you'll be standin' flat on the pan and spitballs will be sailin' clean through you. But don't you come around here shoutin' at me!"

"Yes, sir!" He spoke out of an amazement clearly too profound for coherent thought. "This certainly is a fine one, this is! I guess that maybe when Ty Cobb comes to bat these days he telephones home to his wife to see if maybe she ain't got some new ideas on how he ought to swing. Or this Hornsby, I don't guess he ever thinks of th'owin' out anybody until he's wrote to Mrs. Hornsby to see what any notions she's got on the subject is. I reckon you heard that Robbie wouldn't think of swappin' pitchers if he ain't conferred with his wife."

"That'll Give Anybody Smallpox"

Lila rose. "I said all I got to say," she declared. "I said you was crowdin' the plate, and crowdin' the plate was what you was doin'—that's all."

He had no intention, however, of allowing the subject to drop. Suddenly, he felt, he saw it all very clearly. He rose too and followed her back to the kitchen, where he stood in the door.

"That's prob'ly the way all these big companies growed up to be as big as they are," he continued. "Whenever Jay Gould got a proposition he just said 'Wait a minute until I call my wife.' I guess the men that owns the telegraph companies don't even count the words in a night letter unless their wife says so. If a big lawyer was to be tryin' a case he wouldn't even ast the witnesses no questions until his little woman ——"

"You ain't goin' to get any row out of me."

He glowered at her. "All right now," he said, as one finding himself forced to a painful truth. "Now I'm goin' to tell you the truth. I ain't one to blame things on my wife, but now you horned in, you're goin' to hear the truth."

"I ain't rowing," Mrs. O'Neil said evenly.

"The truth is," he declared, "it's just this hornin' in of yours that's got me the way I am."

"What?" She stared at him in honest amazement.

"That's exactly what's the matter with me, just your hornin' in and tryin' to play the game in my place. Just a sucker like I was to ever listen to you, I got myself the way I am—nerves all shot to hell."

"Listen to me! You never listened to me ——"

"No? And what about you tellin' me to hop on Vance's first pitch? What about that? You tellin' me you didn't tell me to hop on Vance's first one?"

"And why?" she shouted back at him. "And why? Because he seen you was looking 'em over and was groovin' the first one on you regular as clockwork, that's why. All I told you to do was step into one of them cripples and lose it. And didn't you?"

"Twice—yes," he retorted. "And what happens yesterday? I step into every first one he throwed, and where was they? Over my head, in the dirt, up in the stands, everywhere but over the plate. I never swang at so many bad ones in my life—and that's what you done."

She looked at him in disgust. "Maybe you think Vance is goin' to keep groovin' 'em when he sees you're swingin' anyway," she said. "If you wasn't a dope, you wouldn't make any regular habit out of bein' a sucker on the first pitch."

"The minute a man finds his wife hornin' into his business"—he voiced a great philosophical truth—"he's sunk, that's all, he's sunk. If that was the way things ought to be, they wouldn't go to no trouble signin' up a lot of cripples like Hornsby and Alex and Ruth and Simmons. They'd just sign up their wives to begin with, and not have to wait for their wives to come out to the field and tell their husbands what to do. That'd be fine, wouldn't it?—a lot of wives playin' on the team. But that's what you'd want!"

"You're crowdin'," she said, "the plate."

He took a deep breath, got his temper under control, and then said with incomparable dignity: "You needn't bother about settin' no place for me. I'm goin' out and eat, where they ain't no she baseball players to tell me how to bat when I was battin' over .300 before I ever seen you, much less married you."

He got his cap and went out, and his anger and indignation melted away, leaving in their place an utter melancholia. For a while he roamed the streets like a homeless hungry dog. Once he thought of calling Chip Ames, the first-string catcher, and then decided that Chip was not exactly the man to appreciate the extent and depth of his misfortune. Finally he turned into a speak-easy which passed, rather poorly, as a table-d'hôte restaurant, and went into the bar.

"A beer," he ordered—"a short one."

"Yes, sir."

Drinking it slowly, he stared at his reflection in the mirror behind the bar and plunged into horribly forlorn thoughts. Ruth Bradley, he ruminated, never pulled any of that kind of stuff on Charlie; if she did, he added to himself, she certainly should call his attention to that little matter of covering the bag on steals. She'd probably, though, tell him wrong, like Lila. He suffered a slight convulsion of embarrassment as he thought of the swing he'd taken at Mr. Vance's wide first pitches, and drained the glass with a bitter look on his face that the bartender apparently noticed.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"No," he replied; "I reckon it's my stomick—I got quite a little pain in my stomick. What's good for a pain in the stomick?"

"Well, sir"—the bartender considered the situation—"if you've ate something that disagreed with you ——"

"No, I ain't ate anything at all since I ate my lunch."

"I'd say maybe it's nervous indigestion," the man said.

"If anybody's got a right to have nervous indigestion, I certainly got the right! Yes, sir, I certainly got the right to have nervous indigestion if anybody has got the right!"

"Trouble today?"

"Trouble!" The word seemed so inadequate that Eddie actually laughed. "I got a wife that gets a notion ever' now and then that she knows more about my business than I do. All I done was follow one or two little advices she give me—that's all I done—that's all!"

"I know," the bartender sympathized. "That'll give anybody nervous indigestion."

"That'll give anybody smallpox," Eddie said, without much logic but a great deal of vehemence.

"What's your business, may I ask, sir?"

"I'm a baseball player."

"Meanwhile, You'd Better Ditch This Broad and Beat It Home"

"Big Boy," She Said Earnestly, "Take It From Me, You Ain't"

The man stared at him. "Baseball player!" he said. "What kind of wife is it can try to tell a baseball player how to play baseball?"

"The kind I got," Eddie replied grimly. "She'd try to tell Rockefeller how to make gasoline. There ain't no other wife like the one I got."

"May I ask your name? Your face is familiar ——"

"Eddie O'Neil."

The bartender's face broke into a wide smile. "Well, sir," he exclaimed, thrusting forth a hand, "the Dixie Flash himself, eh? Well, sir, this is indeed a honor!" He turned and called "Harry!" And a short dark man came out of the back room. "Harry, I want you to meet my good friend, Eddie O'Neil, the Dixie Flash himself."

Pleasure shone in Harry's face. "The Dixie Flash himself, eh?" he exclaimed, as though the name were an idea of his own. "Well, sir, and if this ain't a honor!"

"Just what I just said," the bartender agreed heartily. "The big boy's got nervous indigestion, Harry—just a touch."

"Well, we know how to fix that up, eh, Bob? Shake up one with some bitters—that'll fix that stomick—and serve it in the back room. Eddie O'Neil is guest of the house this evening." He took Eddie's arm. "Come on into the back office, big boy. I got a little girl friend back there'll be tickled to death to meet the famous Dixie Flash."

Somewhat cheered by this unlooked-for adulation, Eddie permitted himself to be escorted to the back of the house. He and the short dark man had nearly reached the door from which he had entered when the bartender called, "I say, Harry!" Harry turned. "Just a minute, Bob," he replied. Shortly he returned. "What is it?" he asked.

Bob rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "What d'you think?" he countered.

"You mean—him?"

"It just come to me," Bob said. "I never seen a guy that seemed more in the mode to be taken for a ride. He was tellin' me he just been jawin' with the wife."

"He certainly is well known enough," Harry reflected; then he turned. "I'll send Babe out. Give her the office and send her back. We'll see." He returned to the back room.

He Permitted Himself to be Escorted to the Back of the House

Faithful to team orders Eddie tore himself away from the charming conversation of Babe and Harry at a quarter of eleven. His troubles were temporarily forgotten, and he assured them that he'd be back—possibly the next night. Lila was asleep, or pretending, when he got home, and he sneaked quietly into bed.

Their obligatory discussions the next morning were terse enough, but his return from the stadium that afternoon brought an atmosphere of depression without parallel in the history of that flat. Lila's sympathy, as she correctly interpreted the continuance of professional misfortune, was hidden behind cold, flat eyes. Brooding in his chair as she set the table, apparently without the heart to open his sporting edition, he stared malevolently at the floor.

"Anybody call me?" he asked finally.

"Yep," laconically.

"Who was it?" he insisted.

"A woman."

"What did you think was goin' to call me—a crocodile?" he asked irritably. "What woman?"

"She said you'd know."

"Oh!"

She went into the kitchen for plates, and when she returned it began to trickle into his mind that she was laying four places instead of two.

"What's all them places for?" he demanded.

"The Bradleys," she replied coldly; "if they ain't heard you shoutin' and got scared."

"They ain't buyin' no meals for theirselfs at all any more, I don't reckon." Lila did not answer and Eddie added: "I guess you ast a guy over here that don't know how to cover the bug on steals to help you tell me how to play ball, I guess."

(Continued on Page 57)

THE SON AND HEIR

So They Started Voyaging, Two Children, One Black and Seventy, the Other White and Seven—Maybe Eight or Nine. Years Count for Nothing When Hearts are of the Same Age

Ole Reliable Turns a Profitable Trick

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE plantation house lay basking in April sunshine; not a mansion—merely a country home where kindness dwelt in great square rooms and vast hallways, and doors that were never locked. A white house, a rambling, sprawling house, the abode of comfort without pretense, of plenty but not too much. Under this roof an old-time gentleman lived his serene fulfillment of an old-time prayer: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Around him he had collected many things for the use of man, but man must not be shackled to the slavery of things.

In the drowsiness of late afternoon Colonel Spottiswoode dozed upon his front porch, mud-spattered and weary after the fight to beat off a menacing Mississippi River.

At the top step sat old Zack, half asleep, who jerked himself up and asked, "Cunnel, de water's fallin' now, ain't it, suh?"

"Yes; about eighteen inches since the crest. But we must watch our levees every minute for slides. And, Zack, remind me, we'll have to meet Mr. Buck Dempsey on the northbound tomorrow morning."

"Yas-suh. I'll sho be tickled to see him. Cunnel, you ain't never had nary manager on dis plantation which handled niggers better'n Mister Buck."

"Handles his own affairs so well that he's a very rich man."

"Shucks! Dat won't make no diffunce. Heap o' white folks is wuss'n niggers; soon as dey gits a dollar an' six bits it gives 'em a swimmin' in de head. But Mister Buck's got sense."

"Sense enough to accumulate millions. Married and has a little boy."

"Ugh! Ugh!" The delighted negro grinned. "I'm goin' to romp all over dis plantation wid dat chile."

"No, Zack. Mr. Dempsey's family are passing through to New York, and he'll stop off alone."

Since daylight the colonel and Zack had waded knee-deep in seepage water, inspecting the threatened levees, so the northbound had just rolled into Delta City when their mud-caked flivver halted at the railroad platform. A man of forty swung himself off the sleeper, natty gray suit, knickers, clockwork stockings and cap.

"Dere's Mister Buck!" Zack pointed. "An' cunnel, he sho do look rich."

At his very first glimpse of this beaming and prosperous traveler who rushed toward them, Zack felt a hunch that Mr. Buck Dempsey was halfway nervous about something. He talked so rapid and seemed so fidgety, as he explained to the colonel that at the last moment Mrs. Dempsey had decided to break her journey and see life on a Southern plantation, if it would not incommode the boss.

"By all means, Buck. By all means."

"In addition, colonel, I have my son and his governess."

"Two ladies?" The colonel tried to look pleased. "Fine! Fine!"

It always tickled old Zack when white folks blabbed their business, at the same time thinking that they kept things hid. In less than half a minute he knew what kind of a wife Mr. Dempsey had married and that two unexpected ladies had the colonel bluffed.

"All right, Adolf." Mr. Dempsey waved his hand and a young white man came out from the sleeper with a load of gripsacks, suitcases and hatboxes. Behind him the porter struggled along, carrying just as much as one negro could tote, then hurried back for more.

Adolf, the valet, rushed forward to where the baggage smasher was throwing out trunks—big trunks, little trunks, black trunks, silver-mounted, brass-mounted, all kinds.

At sight of which Colonel Spottiswoode stomped the mud off his boots, grabbed Zack's arm and whispered "Run to the Red Star Garage. Tell Ed to send me his big limousine quick, and a truck for their baggage."

When Zack returned, breathless, he saw a black-eyed lady who took her own time about getting off the train, leading a small boy.

"Careful now, Master McWirter." The French governess seemed afraid that her precious might break one of his glass legs. "Careful, do not fall. One step at a time."

No country negro could have identified Master McWirter's Eton costume. Zack only knew that the child was dressed up powerful fine, pants clear to the ground like a man; jacket that hit him in the middle of his back; hat that was pretty nigh a stovepipe. A wide and frilly collar roofed the boy's shoulders, and ruffles ran down the front plumb to his waist. But Zack didn't notice these things as much as he noticed the curls—brown curls—curls on a boy.

"Ugh! Ugh! Dat can't be Mister Buck's chile."

Behind his progeny, however, by way of identification, Mr. Buck Dempsey escorted his wife down the car steps. As Mrs. Dempsey, with peachy complexion and hair like molasses candy, began her debarkation, Zack noticed that she carried a basket, which the well-fed portliness of her person suggested to be full of pie and sandwiches.

Therefore he advanced, reached out a polite hand and offered: "Mrs. Buck, better 'low me to tote yo' lunch."

"Lunch?"

She startled the negro so that he jostled her basket and out of it came a fretful yap-yap-yap.

"Scuse me, lady. I didn't know you had one o' dem little ole smear-eyed dogs."

The colonel's big front yard at Sherwood had witnessed the comings and goings of many guests. Mobs had tumbled in, bringing forty horses and a hundred dogs to bay and fight beneath the trees. But Zack considered that bear hunts couldn't hold a candle to the hullabaloo of Mrs. Dempsey's arrival in a car plenty big enough for eight pallbearers at a first-class funeral. Now madam filled it completely—herself, her son, her governess, vacuum bottles, hatboxes, dog basket, jewel cases and essentials for the toilet.

"Welcome, Elaine!" Colonel Spottiswoode helped Mrs. Dempsey from the car and patted her on the back. "My house is yours."

"And it's lovely, colonel, lovely. Such dignified old trees, so quiet, so retired. Mr. Dempsey and I just adore simplicity."

"This is simple enough." The planter laughed. "We have no hostess. You must take charge and arrange your own accommodations."

The lady took charge. Under her orders Adolf and the truck driver lifted down trunks. She started Mademoiselle Delphine at once into the house, leading Master McWirter to his bath. Even the colonel toted gripsacks. Fat old Selina waddled out from the kitchen, wiping both hands on her apron. When Mr. Buck glimpsed Selina he mounted those steps three at a time and Mrs. Buck thought her husband was going to kiss the cook.

"Lawd! Lawd!" Selina made a great miration over the boy. "Lawd! Lawd! Is dis yo' little chile?" The negro woman stooped, held out her motherly arms and said, "Come here, my lamb."

"Won't do it," the boy sneered. "You are too black."

"Den stay whar you is." Selina gave one snort and waddled back to her kitchen.

Inside the house, madam preëmpted the two best rooms for herself and McWirter, besides the bathroom, where Adolf rigged up a contraption made of pulleys and rubbers such as the colonel used to wrestle with when his stomach got too fat.

"What's dat thing, Mrs. Buck?" innocent old Zack queried. "Is dat yo' reedoocin' machine?"

"Certainly not. I have no need to reduce."

"Dere now!" the negro thought. "Poured me back in de jug." So Zack dodged inside the kitchen door, where he found Selina raging.

"Zack, dat's one nasty little ole white boy."

"Sho is. But, Selmy, listen; cunnel's up against it. Likewise Mister Buck. Us got to he'p 'em out."

The unpacking fascinated Zack, so many curious contrivances that were spread on madam's dressing table. Some of the white jars he couldn't open. Others were full of sticky stuff that gummed his fingers and tasted so bad that Zack sat down on the back steps, wondering if he were poisoned.

Presently McWirter slipped out with a half-friendly smile, sidled up close and inquired, "Have you many redskins around here?"

"Red skins? You say red? Sholy. Heap o' dese ladies paints up mighty bright."

"I do not mean that." McWirter shook his curly head. "I mean have you many aborigines in these forests?"

"Abby which?"

"Sizzy! Sizzy, I Kin Lick You"

"Aborigines—American Indians."

"Injuns? Shucks! Jest look at dem woods down yonder t'other side o' cunnel's pasture. Dem woods is lousy wid Injuns."

"Lousy?" The child frowned, trying to comprehend. But this black man promised to be so instructive that he dusted off a space on the top step and sat down beside him, while Zack began telling about bear hunts, tales of varmints and critters so delightful that neither of them observed Mrs. Dempsey, who stood listening in the doorway, then marched out and rescued her child.

It wasn't many minutes before Zack overheard Mrs. Dempsey laying down the law to her husband:

"Mr. Dempsey, you must keep McWirter away from these black people. Their speech is so ungrammatical. Our son has a bright mind and may pick up what they say."

"Pshaw, Elaine, he can learn no harm from Zack."

"But suppose—just suppose that McWirter should use one of their awful expressions in London. What would our friends think?"

"Maybe they'd think that our little manikin was getting almost human."

"There you go, Mr. Dempsey! There you go!" And Mr. Buck went, hustled out in a hurry.

After supper the three men escaped to the front gate, where Mr. Dempsey was telling the colonel how he hoped to make a real boy out of McWirter, had him taught to ride and swim and box. At the first chance those curls were going to be cut off.

"Listen, Buck," the colonel suggested, "let's run down to the clubhouse on Lafayette Lake tomorrow morning. Take Zack and the boy? Just us?"

"Can we manage it, colonel? Can we? I've never had my son for one whole day."

In the mellow moonlight they put their heads together at the gate, whispering and chuckling, until finally the colonel announced, "That's settled. Now we'll go and tell Elaine."

Just where the moon's soft miracle flooded across the porch sat Mrs. J. Buckner Dempsey. She wore a gown of slaty blue, cut very low, and her sparkling bosom undulated like stars upon the sea.

Cool, aristocratically composed, she eyed the men who moved toward her. Cautious old Zack did not advance too hastily, but skirmished toward the rear. Buck Dempsey, being married, came second, leaving a wide interval between himself and Colonel Spottiswoode. In their van marched a valorous bachelor.

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The Lady Drew Back From a Wriggling Fuzzy Object. "What is That Thing?" "Bear—Real Genuwine Live Bear. Me an' Skinny Ketch 'Im"

RANCH WONDERING

Ann, Who Was Made for the Saddle, Rode Tirelessly Over the Ranch and Into the Neighboring Canyons

By Bernard De Voto

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE jets from the lawn sprinklers fell like plummets straight down upon the nozzles that had emitted them. The nearest was hardly five yards from where Mrs. Yancey and I sat in the blue spruce, but no spray drifted toward us. Peaks were etched clean against the night sky, and one could not remember when a breeze had been. At the bottom of the hill that her garden topped, the city of Windsor was a blotch of arc lights unsoftened by any mist. We hoped there would be breeze at dawn, and therefore sleep.

"Desert weather!" Mrs. Yancey said. "They weren't mountain ranches in my day. Not out on the plain where the sun could see you comin' for a thousand mile. This time of year, if you had spited anybody, he'd sneak up to your dam and dynamite it. Then your ditches went dry and you'd lose another crop. You could count on a horse or two findin' loco sure. Bobcats come down out of the hills, and porcupines, and you'd see skunks walkin' in the dooryard. . . . No, I never minded them as long as they felt satisfied to stay outside the house. But shucks, my son Fred and his ranch that he takes time off from the bank to look at now and then—hundred and fifty miles up in the canyons, with waterfalls, and dew every night!"

Twin headlights swept the lawn. The curving drive gave up an automobile that stopped before the house. A moment later its returning lights showed us a slender figure in white crossing the grass in our direction. Ann, Mrs. Yancey's favorite granddaughter, sat down beside me on my Navajo rug. "I thought you wouldn't be inside the house, even at two o'clock," Ann said. "Desert weather! When are we going to dad's ranch?"

"You and that Bagley boy gettin' moony, Ann?" Mrs. Yancey asked.

"Gracious no, Idelle! Forrest adorns the brotherhood whom Rhoda James has desolated forever. But he will dance with me on hot nights. It's heavenly cool at the inn in the canyon."

"I've seen a suspicious deal of him lately."

"I'm Rhoda's one friend, remember. Please, Idelle, don't marry me off to Forrest. I wouldn't like it a bit, and though it would doubtless be a very good thing for him, we ought not to lock the door on Rhoda."

"Who," I asked, since Idelle seemed satisfied—"who is Rhoda?" I had grown up in Windsor, but my nearly twenty years away from it had erased most of my acquaintance.

Ann informed me: "The most breath-takingly lovely creature that ever happened in the West, though a little—well, literal minded. A girl who wants to be indiscreet in Windsor needs imagination."

Idelle, Mrs. Yancey, snapped at her in the darkness. "Sometimes, Ann, I wish you'd grown up on a ranch. If you'd had to cut the clothes off a few men that had been gored by a steer or rolled on by a loggin' wagon, and then put them to bed, you wouldn't get so feverish when a girl had her picture painted in a scarf. Yes, and that frock you got on this minute, and all that's underneath it, wouldn't make a downright decent scarf. And you been dancing in it."

"Why, Idelle!" Ann, as a contemporary girl, was affronted. One must assume her breadth of view. "I'm not reproving Rhoda. I'm her best friend and I think the pictures are lovely. But she is stupid, Idelle, and you know it. How else could she have stood her Aunt Florimel all her life? Florimel Brett, Roger, if you've forgotten. She had tried all Rhoda's life to make a painter of the poor girl, and Rhoda thinks that heaven is a place with bare walls and no studio patter. And then when an artist finally does come to Windsor, in answer to Florimel's thirty years of prayer, and when he paints Rhoda —— Well, I can't say Florimel goes crazy, for that leaves her earlier life unaccounted for."

Idelle added, in her soft contralto drawl that came from the days of a more colorful, more leisurely West: "Old Manassas Brett's oldest. Manassas had a spell as a confidence man, and then tended bar, and then made money in the boom. He could see Florimel wasn't likely to marry, so he left it all to Florimel, and Rhoda's ma had to go without. Florimel, she found out she loved beauty somethin' fierce, so she's run an art shop in Windsor for, I guess, nearly twenty year. Art Shoppy, if you read it the way she writes it—you know, pictures and china and brassy desk sets. Florimel does her best to give Windsor a Latin quarter—always has. Funny! What do you call those things—you get half of 'em from your ma and her folks, and half of 'em from your pa and his folks, and they make one rat white and three black?"

"Chromosomes?" I suggested.

"Chromosomes. Manassas had the gift of gab, and he married the prettiest little thing you ever saw—choir singer out of Omaha. Neither of the girls was much prettier than a garden toad, specially Florimel, but Florimel could talk an oil salesman blind. And then Rhoda! Like Ann says, she's something to write home about. . . . Chromosomes!"

I was charmed. "I had no idea you were a eugenist, Idelle."

"We had scrub bulls on the ranch, Roger," she said calmly, "and prize winners too."

The spruce beside us stirred a few tentative needles. Far off, on the slopes of the eastern peaks, an audience seemed clapping its hands. In the darkness I could make out Idelle's firm old chin lifted expectantly. The lawn sprinklers edged a spray in our direction and a wind ran whooping down the valley. We rose, gathering our Navajos.

"Still," Ann said, "I don't see why we don't go to the ranch. You promised Roger a chance to land a trout or two before he goes back to Chicago."

"I've arranged it. Only, I promised Florimel herself I'd stay for the first day of her exhibit. I let her use my name on the announcements. Heaven sent an artist at last, Roger, and it proved he'd been a Windsor boy once. Then just when Florimel had a salon at last, he up and died in an accident. Broke Rhoda's heart, everyone says, but it made Florimel the lead of her own movie. Anyway, she kept all his pictures and sent away for all he did before he come back here. She's opening an exhibition Monday—it's the anniversary of the accident. We'll see it Monday and go to the ranch Tuesday. I don't love desert weather any more than you do, Ann."

Evidence of her preparations was discoverable the next afternoon. Ann, of unquenchable vitality, had gone off somewhere to play tennis, but Idelle and I were nerveless in the deepest shadows of the veranda. A nondescript, desert-worn flivver chugged up the drive and came to rest before the steps. From it descended a lanky, heavily bearded man in boots and faded overalls, who approached to make himself known to us. He informed us that Steve Foote, the foreman, had sent him to Windsor to find out when in Sam Hill we was ever a-comin' to the ranch. The Filipino house man, bringing him an iced drink, raised an expressive lip at sight of so much grime. Idelle instructed our visitor to warn Steve Foote against exciting himself in the July heat. We would be out to the ranch late Tuesday afternoon, but we were awaiting the exhibition of Mr. Atherton Gay's paintings and not even for Steve Foote's peace of mind would we undertake to hasten our coming

Idelle looked keenly at the messenger: "Have I ever seen you before?"

"No, ma'am, Mrs. Yancey. I'm a new hand—been there eight months. You ain't been out in that interval and I ain't been in to town. Bill Yates is the name."

"From the Siskidee country? Yateses there thick as rattlers in a hayfield."

"Why, no, ma'am. I been through the Siskidee, but I don't originate there, you might say."

"I haven't seen a ranch hand with a beard for anyway thirty years. . . . How's the haying?"

"So-so. Second cuttin'. Most of the boys up on the high range with the stock. We're short-handed at the home ranch."

"Butter taste of sunflowers yet?"

"No, ma'am. We still got a good stand of grass on Limpin' Mustang."

"Well, Bill, you tell Steve Foote he isn't a mare with a new foal. We'll leave Tuesday morning early. Yes, and you tell that Chink, Charley Moy, we don't live on beef and saleratus biscuit. You have him use some of that garden he's always hoeing."

When we first entered the room that opened off the Art Shoppe, I got only a glimpse of Mr. Atherton Gay's canvases. That glimpse, however, was enough to startle me. I had expected something pretty and idiotic in the tradition of a finishing school's class in water colors. I saw, even in that moment, something I had not hoped the West would germinate before another century. But a lean straw-haired woman with jade earrings gathered Idelle into her arms and wept. I had an impression that her dress was tapestry; then saw that it was batik, crawling with Egyptian nudes. The earrings were three-inch cylinders, and some eight inches of jade hung from a chain around her neck. Orange rouge, high on her cheek bones, was dissolving in her tears.

"If only I had someone to write it for the art journals!" she was crying. The bronze nudes shuddered across her breast. Between her sobs ran a kind of agitated giggle. "Poor, poor boy! But they'll know Windsor in the East forever after, now."

She started to lead us about the room, weaving in and out among the somewhat bewildered Windsorites who were on hand at her officially æsthetic summons. But there was necessity, every step or two, not so much to indicate a canvas as to weep anew over the genius that had been taken from among us.

Idelle's eyebrows rose at the word. "That high, Florimel?" she asked.

"Yes, a genius," Florimel breathed. "A great genius." She was rapt, and her odd onyx-spotted eyes gazed off somewhere through the wall. "A vibration granted us for a season from a rarer plane. I'm so happy that when an artist came to Windsor it was a genius and a great artist."

But gentlemen of the press came toward her with questions. The bronze nudes quivered to further sobs and Idelle and I were free to observe the genius. Idelle growled a little at the elect of Windsor, whose voices, in the words one expected, were busy with the pictures.

"They don't have to tuck up their skirts and get after the kitchen with a scrub brush any more, and so they're downright genteel. I bet every attic in Windsor has got A Yard of Roses in it, showin' signs of wear, except them where it's still hangin' in the parlor. But listen to 'em, Roger—you'd think their pa owned the Elgin Marbles."

But ignoring the chatter for which Florimel's relentless artiness had given Windsor a vocabulary, one discovered something on the walls—something, I slowly decided, that was new on the earth. I had seen the pictures that come out of Taos, and so was not utterly overwhelmed when I saw desert light rendered on canvas. The desert sun of Mr. Atherton Gay, however, went beyond Taos. It flattened shadow to a transparency that would have been mocked by those who paint under the murky gloom of, say, Provincetown—and in the open it seared one's eyes. Yet there was more than this unimaginable sunlight. Gay, indeed, seemed to take it for granted, and spent his strength on his figures.

After a few canvases I was gasping. Here was a candor, a realism, a satirical and sophisticated vision of the West that could only have been a native's—yet a native who was tempered by another birthright from older, wearier civilizations. A prospector beside a shuffling burro was quite insane, dazzled by sun and lost bonanzas. A homesteader was dwarfed by the sage that surrounded him till his feral face was left no gleam of life. An old ranch wife had been writhen like greasewood, and though the depths of her eyes were peaceful, they were habituated to despair. A sheep herder was gross in leather-bound overalls, and his flabby face, vacuous of humanity, faithfully confessed aberrances it would have been discreet to veil.

"Make no mistake about it," I said after deliberation, "this man Gay was an artist. The West has grown up in him. I hadn't expected anything like this for years to come."

Idelle was anchored before the ranch wife. "I've seen things I never expected to see anywhere," she conceded slowly. "I'll buy this and I'll buy that juniper bad lands for Ann."

"Who was he?"

"You know, Roger, Ann and I and Ann's mother were in the South the winter he turned up in Windsor. Then I and Ann went on a bat to New York and ended up on Cape May for June. We'd only been back a week when they found a car he'd borrowed run off a cliff into the Ophir River and him swept down somewhere that they never did find."

"What do the chromosomes say?"

"Old Pete Gay was a tramp editor, days when the Herald was Democratic and it and the Record used to battle every evening. 'Poltroon!' the Herald would yell. 'Pusillanimous and monomaniac imbecile!' the Record used to come right back. Old Pete would fill up in Jake Cartright's bar, waddle over to the Record and pour out a column that would bust the buttons off a governor's aide. Kind and easy-goin', but a temper that would soar up like

(Continued on Page 52)

"Showed Up Here Astride a Burro About Thanksgivin' Time. Said He'd Been Drivin' a Scraper on a Road Gang"

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

By Booth Tarkington

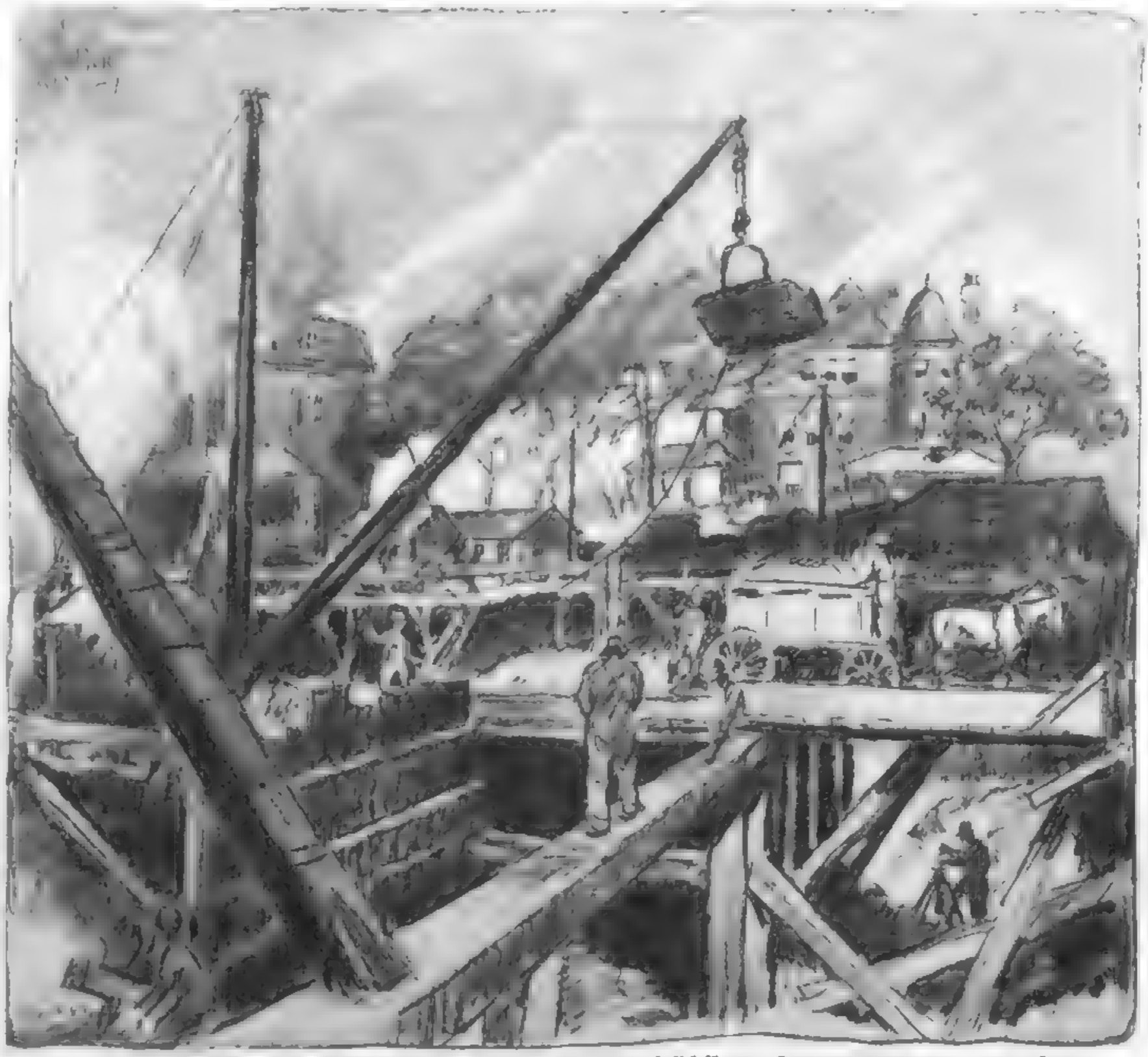
ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

XIX

"COMING back home to stay, are you?" a fellow traveler said the night before we landed. "That isn't like the casual little runs back home you make when you're living abroad. When you're settled down in London or Paris or somewhere in Italy, and just slide over to the States on business, or perhaps because of the illness of one of your relatives, your life is centered elsewhere; you're really a visitor and you get only a visitor's slight and preoccupied impressions of our native land; your observation of the changes that are going on is as casual as your visit, so you don't feel them deeply, because you know they aren't going to affect you for any length of time. But you'll feel the changes now. Coming back home to stay—ah, that's different!"

"What change will I feel most sharply?" I asked.

"We've been growing," he said. "We've been growing and growing and growing, and I think you'll hear the sound of it. Yet after a little while, probably you'll perceive that with all the growing and growing we've done, we've just barely begun to grow."



The Old Happily Livable Principal Residence Streets, With Their Solid Houses, Plate-Glass Windows, Sunny Lawns and Shady Trees, Were Doomed

He was right about my hearing the sound of it. The sound of it was in our ears that September morning in 1911, as we sat in the hansom cab we had hired at the Hoboken dock and waited for our ferryboat to be made fast in its Manhattan slip. And although the noise of New York's growing had always been in ears not wholly deaf upon that island, since the Indians sold it to the first Knickerbockers, the sound did strike more significantly than ever before, as the man in the smoking room had said, upon ears that had "come back home to stay."

It seemed to be the sound of metal driven upon metal, of steel rattled violently and of metallic explosions muffled under concrete. The conglomerate street sound of Latin cities was softer and incomparably more agreeably easy-going, being characteristically the sound of voices, the talking and calling—even the singing, while at work or play—of a vocal people.

But here in New York, where growth was prodigiously in action and nothing ever was finished, and the continuous building up always as continuously tore down, where the paving of a street was scarce laid before it became tremulous and cracked with undermining, and where the walls of vast and high buildings were crashed down to make room for walls even vaster and higher, there was no sound of voices. If a truck driver enraged himself with injustice done him at a crossing, his cursing was inaudible, smothered under the metallic uproar. His lips and jaw could be seen to move, his expression to contort, his neck to swell and inflame, his eyes to bulge with the love of murder; yet all his rage became a futile pantomime; and if he could not endure life without making his curses heard by him he cursed, he must wreck his throat with hoarseness. In effect, the people were silent in the streets.

The uproarious discordance was racking to a traveler returned from long sojourning in less vehement parts of the world; and not much less disturbing were the discords in the proportions and in the architectural modes of buildings that neighbored one another. Up and down the great streets architects seemed to have fought and still to be fighting an immense and insane battle, every man madly for himself, and without thought to his own horrible wounds, rearing up immeasurable weapons to destroy whatever was near him. And there was no arboreal palliation, as in the most intelligent foreign cities; the softening rows of trees along the boulevards, the verdurous charm of Paris, had no place in the hard and stark avenues of New York. And yet to an eye returned from foreign parts to stay, there was a solace in these streets, a sight to warm and inspire a patriotic heart. The old friend who traveled with me, a man seldom enthusiastic and never sentimental, spoke of it.

"You have to be away a long time to appreciate them," he said. "Coming back, you only need to see them moving briskly along these sidewalks to be glad you're a compatriot. I'm speaking of the American women, those alert, bright-eyed matrons and cheerful know-how-to-take-care-of-themselves girls we're seeing all about us now. After living a while on the Continent, how grateful one is to look at such enheartening creatures as these! The Continental women have charm enough and their own kind of good looks, of course; and anyone admits that they're talented as women. But these Americans they aren't content to be talented as women; they insist upon being intelligences without regard to their sex; they're intelligent persons, not merely intelligent women.

"And how delightful it is to see whole streetfuls of women all wearing their own good complexions, with not a trace of artificial color on cheek or lip or eyelid! They're briskly going about their own affairs, not preoccupied in the slightest with the fact of their being women and our being men; you can see they know how to think without thinking of that; it's visible in their faces. Here in New York we see not only New York women—they're from all over the country, and how keen and fine and how independent they look! In fact they're splendid and they make a man prouder to be an American than anything else does."

No one could have failed to share his enthusiasm, which contained nothing detrimental to the ladies of Europe, but only a sparklingly deserved appreciation of those native to his own country. They wore skirts almost to the ground, long and narrow, those know-how-to-take-care-of-themselves girls who kindled his eyes with delight in their intelligence and their superiority to cosmetics and conscious allure. Invariably they had long hair—all the hair Nature had given them—and plainly they cherished it; but they seemed much less emphatically hour-glasses than they had been of yore; and something about them—especially that look of independence my friend had mentioned—appeared to mean that they had more freedom than ever before. They had the air of having made this freedom for themselves, and of intending to make it complete, no matter who didn't happen to like their having it.

XX

NEW YORK, however, was not my destination, being but a way station on this decisive journey to the verdant plain that had for me the persistent claim of native soil calling always, however faintly, to its wandering sons, "Come home!" A stranger, looking forth from his sleeping car after a night of curving among the hills, might wonder why anybody should come home to this level monotony of landscape and the reiterating shabby back ends of wood and brick country towns, all alike. Moreover, a native son might himself feel a qualm or two of that same wonder, especially if he had been living in Paris. The flatlands were bleaker than they had been aforetime; the ground was dark and fertile; but great stretches of forest were gone, leaving only clumps of woodland here and there. The old bosky snake fences had disappeared, replaced by unamiable wire; and sometimes there would be a glimpse of a country

road whereon an efficient ugly little automobile bounced viciously into sudden distance, leaving the farmers' buggies and wagons, as it passed, enveiled and strangled in its long thick tail of dust. And sometimes, too, racing with the train, a demon of an interurban trolley-car would tear shrieking across the landscape.

Something of what had been the wistful charm of the long and wide flatness seemed to have disappeared; something of its old-time sleepy peacefulness seemed to be gone with the deep woods and rail fences. Nevertheless it still had a voice and still could seem to murmur in its old-fashioned way, "Yes, this is home. It always will be home for those who were born in it. You have come home." And when I actually had reached home again, old Charlie, the trolley-car conductor, who always remembered anybody that had ever lived on his line, was warm in his congratulations. To him it seemed that any absence from his town must be unwilling, a hardship enforced. "You are certainly mighty lucky to get back to God's country again!" he said.

At first it did not appear to me that the midland city had changed a great deal. It had grown, of course, because it was alive; and it was obviously not so clean as it had been. Almost into the twentieth century, natural gas had made it speckless, except for the ordinary dustiness of summer; and when the gas failed, anthracite helped to keep the air clear. There were not many factories in what was essentially a market town, the capital of an agricultural state, and what smoke there had been came principally from the railroad engines. Now, however, one was conscious sometimes of soft-coal smoke in the air, particularly at nightfall; but the traces were comparatively faint, far from unendurable.

The same pleasant old principal residence streets stretched serenely northward; the same green arches of joining branches shaded them; and the same solid big old houses stood among the sun-and-shade-flecked green lawns; the same people lived in those houses. Two or three new buildings downtown had replaced old ones for offices and business; but the new ones were not veritable skyscrapers—the tallest building in town was of twelve stories—and although the first apartment house was now more than ten years old, not more than half a dozen others had been built. One could stroll everywhere about the town, and except for the automobiles find only here and there a noticeable change.

Nearly all the old landmarks were still as they had been in the nineteenth century; everything was familiar. The same old liquor smell floated out over the sidewalks from the swinging doors of the saloons, and those doors themselves—now extinct, unless antiquarians collect them—were the same. They swung easily, inviting but the slightest pressure, and their bases being knee-high, revealed to the passer-by the feet and lower trousers legs of the convivial who dallied at the bar within. Quavering snatches of song, barber-shop chords, uncertain bits of ballad, often floated out with the liquorish fumes, adding zest to the sidewalk games of children; and not infrequently, too, hoarse strong language issued, increasing the information, in such matters, of the young.

Like the body of a man infected from scalp to toe, the body politic had the saloon running visibly and dangerously in every part; and although many years were needed to prepare for the final operation of removal, it seems incredible now that the infection could have been dissected out so quickly, leaving but such surreptitious and sporadic traces as the speak-easy. For the saloon had a part in everybody's consciousness every day.

The huge beer wagons, piled with symmetrical vastnesses of cold kegs, and drawn by grand Percherons or massive Flemish or Norman horses, sometimes three abreast, sometimes as a splendid four-in-hand, were a constant pageant, provocative to the thirsty. They were driven by mountainous barbarians, huge-girthed men with great fiery faces and huskily roaring voices. No one could have believed that all this Gothic powerfulness could be whisked away, made utterly to disappear, by a flutter of mere paper ballots.

The brewers to whom the great wagons belonged seemed as potent as these symbols of their power. Breweries and distilleries infiltrated politics and business; every saloon keeper was a politician—indeed, he had to be one for his own protection—and the saloons copiously sent forth that now forgotten aroma of theirs in every quarter of the town.

There were no open public bars upon the upper reaches of the principal residence streets, nor within a short fixed distance from a church or a schoolhouse; yet nowhere, in all the broad area the city covered, did a thirsting citizen need to walk more than a block or so to solace a dry throat. Downtown, in clean alleys and convenient among the business houses and offices, there were quiet, well-behaved bars where the solid and prominent, even bankers, might refresh themselves under only a discreet observation; but in the poorest neighborhoods the saloons and barrel houses were thickest. Indeed, their numbers increased in perfect proportion to the decrease in affluence of the quarter—a fact of somewhat too uncomfortably apparent significance. For the saloon, of course, was the poor man's club.

Sunday was his holiday; he could not afford to keep a horse and drive out to the country with his family; the church influence did not allow him baseball or even a nickel theater on that day, and the brewery in power with the police authorities had the profit. Saloons buying beer of that brewery could sell liquor illegally but lavishly after eleven o'clock Saturday night and on Sunday other saloons would be raided—and so the weekly wages were likely to evaporate into the purple mist of alcoholic gayety.

This sabbatical gayety—painfully followed by Blue Monday—seemed to be the only alleviation in the lives of a great many working people, and there were theorists who said that if the workingman's Saturday Night and his illegal Sunday beer were taken from him, he would become a revolutionist out of sheer boredom. Perhaps these theorists were not wholly fantastic; perhaps they were not so far off what might have been the fact; the abolishing of the convenient saloon with its ready liquor might have made the one holiday, in conjunction with six days of drudgery, unendurably dull for a great many people. But sometimes the larger processes of life appear to give us glimpses of a certain orderliness behind them, a symmetry that hints of undiscovered laws of progress; and in the apparent coincidence of the annihilation of the saloon almost simultaneously with the arrival of the automobile of small price there seems to be something more than mere haphazard luck. Already, in 1911, there were workingmen who had bought used flivvers and were spending their Sundays with their families in adventurous scourings of the countryside.

For, although most things looked about the same to the returned native, and the same old people and houses and trees and lawns and saloons appeared to be but slightly altered, principally by seeming a little older, there were tokens of a stirring, of something moving underneath, of unknown powers at work to produce a new kind of growing; but at first these hints were faint and not insistent. One felt that the town had somehow become more citified; it had become not only larger, that is to say, but more formal. Downtown there were traffic officers at several corners and you couldn't drive just where and how you pleased, as in the easy-going days of a little while before. In fact, one felt that the easy-going old days were gone forever. In this larger town young people wouldn't dance on a platform in somebody's yard by the light of paper lanterns; romantic gentlemen wouldn't pile an orchestra into express wagons and go midnight serenading; never again would a pretty young lady light the gas to show a bright window for the young Dons with fiddles, flutes and a harp upon the lawns below.

(Continued on Page 121)

"Here in New York We See Not Only New York Women—They're From All Over the Country, and How Keen and Fine and How Independent They Look!"

THE TAKEN CHILD

She Half Threw Out Her Arms, Her Face Seemed to Open in Amazement

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

IT WAS a great relief to Harry, the least experienced of the little company, to get away from the huge conglomeration which went to make up a fifteen-car show. Inevitably he had been confused to a great extent by its tangled, contradictory currents; but somehow, in spite of his tender years, an instinct had managed to thrive within him which shrank from direct contact with lying and cheating.

So automatic was the reaction that he scarcely deserved credit for it, and far from evil communications having corrupted his good manners, at the end of five months on the road he had found himself less attracted by organized flimflammery than at the time of his first arrival. It did not pay the fleecing fraternity to follow the pumpkin fairs, because the essence of their game lay in combining to fix the police.

Without being able to define it, Harry could sense the sinister aspect of the concessions midway and he was overjoyed to escape from within its shadow; but neither Cap nor his other aids shared in this relief, for each and every one of them knew what it cost to go independent. Transportation, the lease of a location and the purchase of provender were three basic expenses which permitted of no abridgement. Since they knew to a ticket the amount of the nightly gate, even Jimmy could have told Harry from the start that, far from making money, the show was not quite breaking even.

No salaries were paid, as if by common consent, but Cap necessarily met all the mess bills. As long as there was food, shelter and transportation, nobody whined; but in their spare hours long silences began to take the place of the usual yarning. Even Harry, absorbed as he was in his work and in the intimacies which had sprung up between him and certain of the clever animals he waited on hand and foot, became conscious of a descending pall as oppressive as an unbroken cloud.

The ponies remained stolid, content as long as they got their feed, but two of the monkeys and almost all the dogs seemed conscious of the general depression. They turned pathetically morose and in one or two cases lost their appetites. It was as if the entire company, man and beast, lived under a lowering sky which instead of dissolving in rain pressed lower and lower, as if intent on smothering them in the end with its sodden weight.

Harry could scarcely remember that he had once mistaken the shaved French poodles for some curious breed of pony, for he now looked upon them as brilliant spirits, chained to dogdom by their fantastic bodies, but profoundly allied to the human race. Without ever having heard of transmigration of souls, he had a vague conception in the back of his brain that these vivacious creatures represented bright boys who could have been first in their class at school but had been expelled for mischief.

His favorite was Banco le Fidèle, who had a self-taught trick which always brought down the house. When told to speak, Banco would bark with startling sharpness. There was nothing remarkable about that, but simultaneously he would bounce off the ground, all four feet at once. The effect was devastating, productive of coincidental astonishment and mirth.

Banco and Harry were great friends. The relationship was not that of servant and master so much as one of sworn companionship. Reduced to his last crust, Harry would have shared it equally with Banco, and Banco in exchange would gayly have given his life for Harry. They were inseparable at night and left each other by day only when forced apart by the varying routines of their duties.

Cap was not above taking advantage of the close relationship which permitted him to invent tricks for the two friends that appeared to the crowd little short of miraculous. But he had his soft side and he could look ahead into a threatening future. One day he took Harry and Banco before the sheriff of a small town and executed a bill of sale, in strict conformity with the law, which transferred absolute ownership of the dog from himself to the boy.

"So your name's Logan," he said thoughtfully, as they left the sheriff's office—"Harry Logan."

"Yes; but you won't tell, will you, Cap? Not anyone that matters."

"I used to know a Birmingham cop named Logan."

"He must have been my father. There wasn't any other policeman named Logan."

"As fine a man as ever stepped. You don't have to tell me what happened to him, son, because I know. I read about it. Wasn't there anybody left could look after you right?"

"Nobody but his mates. They treated me fine, Cap. They put up money for me."

Captain Bill paused in his stride and frowned. "Money, eh? How much?"

"I don't know," said Harry, with an answering anxious frown. "Not very much. I guess perhaps it was about used up."

"Yes, and perhaps it wasn't. That's another thing to think about."

"Thank you so much for Banco, Cap," said Harry hurriedly. "Did you really and truly give him to me?"

"Can't you read?" Harry studied the bill of sale and began to laugh. "What are you laughing about? Don't believe your eyes, eh?"

"I'm laughing at your name," explained Harry. "It says William Bill."

"Yep," said Captain Bill disgustedly, "that's what they did to me. My old man was like you—he thought it was funny. But speaking of Banco, he's yours all right; only I hope you'll lend him to me as long as the show holds together."

"I guess that will be a pretty long time," said Harry cheerfully, and as if he took it for granted that while the organization endured he would continue as one of its integral parts.

Cap stopped again and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "You listen to me, punk. The reason I gave you that valuable dog is because we pull out of this town with me still owning my show. But I'm not saying anything as to what will happen at the next stand or the one after that."

"If you've been drawing nothing but bloomers, Cap," said Harry, falling into the vernacular of the road, "I should think you would want to keep a valuable dog like—like Banco."

Throughout the journey to the sheriff's Banco had pranced along between them, looking up first into one face and then into the other. While he did not pretend to understand everything that was said, he seemed particularly pleased that he was the subject of their conversation. Men, women and children laughed at him as he passed and thought he was being paraded as an advertisement for the dog-and-pony show, but Banco had sense enough to know that this particular outing was different from any other.

"I would sooner eat Banco myself," said the Captain, "than sell him to feed the rest of us, son. But you must never get to feel like that about him, because I'm giving him to you out and out to ease my mind. When I took you on, knowing well enough where you come from, I thought I could teach you more and give you more than what they could. But now I'm beginning to sense I was an old fool."

"Please, Cap," stammered Harry, turning red and kicking his toe into the dust. "You're the best friend—the best friend ——"

"Sure, son, I'm your friend all right. Were those folks mean to you?"

"No; they never did anything mean except pull me back every time I got away."

"Too bad; I wish they'd been dog-gone mean to you. Perhaps if I wired 'em now they'd send the money ——"

Harry dropped, twisting from under his loose grasp so quickly that Cap stopped in the middle of his sentence to gasp. Before he could draw another breath Harry had whispered "Banco!" and was scampering down the road, the dog bounding beside him and yapping shrilly with excitement.

"Hey, you boy, you punk, you come back!" roared the Captain; then he saved his breath and began whistling for Banco.

Harry made a dive and caught the puzzled dog by the scruff of the neck. "We ain't ever coming back," he shouted, "not unless you promise ——"

"I'll promise anything you like," called the Captain, shuffling as rapidly as his weight would allow toward the fugitives. "How do you think I'm going to give my show tonight?"

That was an unanswerable argument and Harry waited. "You promise you won't wire or send me back?" he asked while still well out of reach of the approaching Captain.

"Say, son, I promise that and more, only don't scare me again like you did."

"It was you scared me," protested Harry. "Why, Cap, I don't want to go anywhere except where you go; but if you try to send me back to that place, I'll jump off the train the first chance I get, and I guess Banco would too. Wouldn't you, Banco?"

The poodle agreed vociferously, delighted to be relieved of the necessity of choosing between his two masters. The three returned in harmony to the show grounds, and though business picked up a little that night, the improvement was not enough to keep the last of the helpers from taking an I O U from Cap for his wages and deserting to less congenial duties but surer pay. There remained Jimmy, Harry and Captain Bill

They did the best they could, but it was hard work and such heavy going that when Cap got an offer for half his monks and dogs he jumped at the chance to sell. With the proceeds the diminished troupe managed to make Flemington late in August, looking unusually spruce. Man and beast had a good feed, which raised their spirits to a high pitch, but it was a wicked summer, cold and rainy, and Saturday night found Captain Bill plunged in gloom.

"Well, boys," he said to his diminutive following of two, "I don't have to tell you this pumpkin was rotten from the start. We got only one chance left. I know the folks around here pretty well, and they know me. I'll do my best to stave them off with notes to give us a last try at the Trenton Fair, and even at that we'll have to hoof it. If Trenton's one more bloomer, we're done; and when I say done, I mean done."

Never did stranger cavalcade pull out over the highway from Flemington to Trenton. In the van trudged the Captain, leading the bucking mule hitched to a light wagon laden with the ornate front and a single cage of monkeys. Harry followed with the five dogs, four on leash and Banco following proudly at his heels. In the rear came Jimmy and the tiny ponies, their manes tightly braided and their tails done up in knots to save them from the mud.

From Flemington through Copperhill to Larison's Corner they trudged, then on to Ringoes and across to Rocktown and Woodsville. From Woodsville they climbed over into Marshall's Corner and down to Pennington, where they stopped for a belated dinner. Cap would have liked to push on to Trenton, but the bucking mule decreed otherwise. Halfway to Ewingville, she went on strike and no persuasion could induce her to take another step in harness. They camped by the roadside and had to lead the livestock a quarter of a mile to water and back again.

It was almost noon on Monday when they reached the fair grounds outside Trenton and occupied the miserable location Cap had been able to obtain. On the first and second nights they made a little money, on the third they barely broke even, but by the fourth the crowd had discovered that there was a bigger and better dog-and-pony show inside the barrier and from that moment on Captain Bill's fate was sealed. At the end of the show week all his equipment was seized by the sheriff, Jimmy moved over sadly to take a job in the nearest grease joint, and Harry had to put up a fight to save Banco out of the general wreckage.

"Now you see the wherefore and why of the bill of sale," murmured Cap, as they set out on the long walk into the city. "If it hadn't been done all in order and dated and everything, they sure would have snaked Banco away from you. . . . How much money you got, Harry?"

"I've got the first quarter you gave me," said Harry.

"Is that all?"

Harry nodded. He had collected quite a number of tips while they had been with Moran's big show—so many in fact that he had not felt the drying up of that source of income for some time. But long before Trenton he had been forced to disburse all but the original quarter Cap had instructed him never to spend until he was hungrier than when he had arrived from the county home.

It was a muggy night, but not at all cold. When they had walked a mile, Cap realized the futility of entering the town proper with only a quarter in their joint purse. He picked out a vacant lot where the angle of a wall protected them from sight and there they sat down, with Banco snuggled between them. Show people, from long habit, can sleep almost as well sitting up with something to brace their backs as lying down. It was dawn before the trio awoke. Cap picked up a half brick and slipped it in his coat pocket.

"It's a terrible thing to be out of luck at the end of September," he said as they renewed their way into town,

Continued on Page 64

He Whispered Quaveringly, "Harry, Is You Near Me?"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 2, 1928

Crossing the Mine Fields

THREE great commonwealths, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio, went on record at their primaries as favoring the nomination of Herbert Hoover for the presidency of the United States. No sooner were the results made known than those who are opposed to Mr. Hoover's candidacy began to exert themselves to belittle this expression of preference and to counteract its force. Such efforts can be accounted for only by the theory that the preferential primary, as far as it concerns the presidency, is nothing but a sop which the politicians have thrown to the electorates of certain states in the hope that it would pacify voters who know their own minds and yet not seriously interfere with the under-cover intrigues and secret understandings set on foot at presidential conventions.

We shall never have a better chance than now to determine whether the preferential primary is substance or shadow, whether it carries with it the mandate of the people or is merely a rubber teething ring to keep the baby quiet.

Everyone is aware of the extraordinary ingenuity employed to prevent the nomination of candidates who are not acceptable to a state or national machine. The power of the machine is unquestionably great, but it is not nearly so great as it would have been if the face of national politics had not been so liberally smirched by the oil scandal.

It was said of Mr. Cleveland that his supporters loved him for the enemies he had made. His character was one that provoked strong reactions. People were either for him or against him, and they always knew which side of the fence they were on. Mr. Hoover shares this trait and produces reactions of like strength. There is no x in his formula. Professional politicians who want to put into the White House a biddable yes man who can be trusted to play factional politics, a pompous parrot which will say only what it has been taught to say, are entirely logical in their opposition to him. Mr. Hoover is not that sort of a bird.

But the rank and file of voters are not professional politicians; neither are they reactionaries or self-seekers. In their keeping is the latent patriotism of the nation, that still flame of love of country which burns all the year and does not die out as the last Fourth of July rocket dissolves in darkness. At bottom we are a higher-minded people than we appear to be. Most of us want clean government, sound and wise policies that square with American tradition, peaceful relations with other nations and economic management that will enable us to enjoy on equitable terms the material rewards we have worked for, and permit us to better our condition from decade to decade.

This is anything but a campaign in which Republican leaders can afford to take the high hand with the plain people of their own party. The people are not in the mood to tolerate trifling. They look and they have a right to look for pledges that admission to the inner circles of party councils shall be based upon character and not upon momentary expediency, and that never again in our time shall the country be insulted by such choices as have characterized certain sections of the party organization. The Republican managers are crossing the mine fields.

The Export of Capital

THE export of capital having become an object of general interest, it has become important to keep a running account of it. Not long since we called attention to the claim of British economists that the net export of capital from Great Britain was larger than from the United States, though the gross export was smaller. The issues floated during a year by banking houses furnish a ready indication of capital exported. But it is to be kept in mind that this figure is subject to qualification. The true measure of capital exported must be in correspondence with the balance of the international account. The reported issues of shares may be much larger and exceed the export of fresh capital.

This point has been made clear for the United Kingdom. During the past three years the volume of reported foreign issues floated in the British market was around sixteen hundred million dollars. But the combined net balances of payment in the international account amounted to only seven hundred million dollars. If this last sum was accurate, the foreign investment of fresh money could not have exceeded that sum. Clearly, therefore, in the larger sum of reported issues must have been included large amounts of refunding, foreign investment of borrowed money and transfers from one investment to another. Time alone will make clear the exact relations. But it is well for the public to be on guard in all countries against accepting the figure for reported foreign loans as the direct measurement of export of capital.

The Great Trustee

AS OUR country grows in wealth, much is rightly made of the principle of trusteeship. Whatever functions are performed by trust companies, life-insurance companies, savings banks, philanthropic and research foundations, hospitals and universities, the idea of accountability to the public runs through them all. But to none of them is so much turned over as to the President of the United States. He is the great unlimited trustee; to him some one hundred and twenty million people give over a power of attorney that has no historic warrant or existing likeness. Unlike a dictator, he is elected by the people and serves under the Constitution. But no military conqueror assumes more responsibility; perhaps the very voluntariness of the people's action accentuates the responsibilities which are his.

Each year brings additions to the grievous and oppressive burdens of the presidency. The present incumbent of the office was actually greeting from twelve to fifteen hundred persons a day until one of his secretaries cut out a few of the delegations. The remark has been made frequently and accurately that the life of a goldfish is one of cloistered seclusion in comparison. The situation is difficult to control as long as members of Congress and other public officials regard the President as one of the sights of the capital, placed there for the especial benefit of all their constituents on a holiday. But this particular abuse of the presidency casts such a grave reflection upon the sheer dignity of a great nation that it may be corrected in time. Nothing, however, can be done to lighten the more important duties which attach to the office. They are constantly added to, but rarely is there a subtraction. The old form of government has long proved inadequate and must be continually patched up by means of independent boards and commissions, over which the President has sole authority.

The Federal Government is by far the largest business institution in the country, and as a single incident will spend more than a billion dollars on public improvements in the next few years. Another single incident worth noting is that the President heads the Red Cross, an institution which the records show is engaged almost continuously in meeting great national calamities.

The average voter thinks of the President in terms of general personality. This is all right as far as it goes, but it behooves the voter to think of the position in terms of specific equipment as well.

As far as ability is concerned, the job needs a twelve-cylinder engine. Nor will any engine do which is likely to rust or run down or junk before the period of service, preferably for eight years, is over. It is no boy's job; few men under fifty would have the experience or balance, but it is no job for fossils.

Age is a relative matter. There are many men of sixty-five, seventy and close to eighty, with a few even older, who function admirably. But in general, men are rarely elected for the first time to new positions of extraordinary responsibility in the business world when they have passed sixty, although men already in such positions are sometimes carried on.

The President has a far heavier responsibility and more onerous duties than any business executive. Mr. Hughes said that he was too old to be President, in spite of all his previous admirable experience, and he would be nearly sixty-seven on March fourth next, and seventy-five at the expiration of an eight-year term.

It is well known that the average life of Presidents in the latter half of our history has been much shorter than in the early days, and there is strong presumptive evidence that the increased wear and tear has had something to do with it. Only three Presidents out of twenty-nine have been inaugurated at an age greater than sixty-two, and only five above sixty. Of these, all but Buchanan preceded Civil War days. He was sixty-five at the time, and failed of renomination. Zachary Taylor, inaugurated at sixty-four, died one year later. William H. Harrison, inaugurated at sixty-eight, died in one month. Andrew Jackson served a second term at sixty-five, but there are those who say that the disappointments, even in his own party, which came in his second term were partly due to the failings of age. The terrible pressure upon Mr. Wilson no doubt told more at sixty-four than it did at fifty-six.

The average age of Presidents at inauguration has been slightly over fifty-four, and all Presidents have either died in office or completed their terms before they reached seventy. Yet a number of those who are candidates for the nomination in both parties are much beyond these limits, including several who would be seventy-six or seventy-seven at the end of an eight-year term.

The vital point, however, is that no man should be nominated who has passed the stage of inspiring and creative leadership. This may be measured not in terms of years but of blood vessels or mental processes; we are not hopelessly dogmatic as to the methods to be used to determine the fact. New problems now undreamed of may arise in the next eight years. Older men may have the initiative to meet them; in a few cases this is true, but the older man has the presumption of the average condition at his age to overcome.

In any case the future teems with new discoveries and new relationships. The President must meet intricate international problems. New means of transmitting intelligence and of transportation are fast revolutionizing the world. It is no time for a compromise nomination at two o'clock in the morning. The job is not for one whose arteries, whether physical or mental, have begun to harden. It needs the livest of live wires in respect to intelligence; it needs the creative mind. The President to be elected in November must not be a visionary, but on the other hand, if he has no capacity to envision a fast-changing world he is not the man for the times.

THE SECRET OF RICHES

By Albert W. Atwood

THE secret of riches, so we have been told these past few years, lies in the purchase of common stocks. Just as the times are said to produce the man, so a great or a new or a popular idea may be expected to produce its own, its suitable vehicle. Thus it comes about that the powerful cult of common-stock enrichment finds its appropriate medium in the investment trust. Here is an instrument ready at hand for the modernists in their mighty battle with the fundamentalists of finance.

There are many reasons for the remarkable growth of sentiment in favor of investment in stocks as well as in bonds. No one can say to what extent it is a mere aspect of speculative hysteria and delusion, that very old phenomenon in European and American history. It is tied up with the insatiable craving for big paper profits which naturally accompanies a long period of prosperity, increased dividends and rising market levels.

But there is a more legitimate element at work—the broadening interest in long-term investment in shares of strong, well-managed enterprises which are expected to appreciate with the growth of the country. It is the desire to share in rich equities rather than to confine investment to rigidly limited contractual obligations, unable as they are to share in the accruing profits of national increase.

One circle, one area after another of investors have been aroused to the fact that the country's fortunes go to the owners of stocks in expanding industries. Everyone knows how a modest sum invested in General Motors ten or fifteen years ago would amount to millions today. Facts like these have gradually sunk into the minds of multitudes. The investment trust seems to come at the very time it is needed—when interest in common stocks is at the highest possible pitch—for it makes possible the purchase of diversified equities.

Common stocks, it should be noted, hold a very different position now from like securities a generation ago. Industry in this country is of course very new. But big business did not really begin until after the Civil War, and for years boasted no strength of its own, depending upon borrowed funds from Europe. Only recently have numbers of companies come into stout independence and financial robustness. Large corporations without debts and with great liquid resources are very new phenomena.

There is widespread confidence in the stability of industry and in the effect which the great surplus earnings of so many corporations must have upon the future values of their common stocks. It is held to be more than a mere matter of technical finance; it is regarded as profoundly wise social policy for all classes of people to share in the profits of industry. This will prevent us from developing a caste system like England's and the acceptance by the workers of a status which has always in the past bred discontent.

In other words, it is more important for a machinist in an automobile plant in Michigan to get a few shares of stock which, through appreciation, may pension him when he becomes old, than it is for him to fight for seventy instead of sixty cents an hour in wages.

"Not by any rate of wages obtainable by bargaining will workers share in the equities of a profitable business," say Foerster and Dietel in their painstaking study of Employee Stock Ownership in the United States. "Where industry is competitive the payment of a full-time rate of wages will still leave some companies at nearly all times, and many companies at some times, in possession of substantial profits. It is through equity ownership that labor can share directly in these profits."

Now it may be objected that with the stock market what it has been so long, this is a very poor time to discuss stocks. Writing, as I am, early in April, this is the occasion to preach thrift and savings, not speculation. It is a time for the country to remain on an even keel, for everyone to keep cool. I propose to keep cool, as those who finish this article will discover. We must, however, define our terms and know what we mean by investment and speculation.

Now, ever since large corporations developed at all, it has been known that numbers of stocks might well prove better investments than the generality of bonds. But until the last few years, nevertheless, it has been the actual custom of most theorists and practitioners alike to regard bonds in general as investments and stocks as speculations. The recent change in attitude has been partly due to the work of economists in studying and making clear the fluctuating purchasing power of the dollar, and to the startling experience

(Continued on Page 105)

ALL SET FOR THE BIG SHOW

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Campaigning Made Easy

Political Campaign Correspondence School

Lesson XXIX

"The Campaign Address"

YOU are seeking this office because your friends have *(asked — requested — urged — prevailed upon — demanded — persuaded — insisted that)* you do so, and because you *(have faith in — love — revere — believe in — trust in)* the principles of the _____ party.
WRITE IN NAME

At this time The United States are *(suffering — horror-stricken — afflicted — molested — overridden — plagued — despoiled — threatened — shamefully abused)* because of the *(terrible — despicable — unspeakable — willful — wanton)* neglect of the _____
OPPOSITE

Party, and the virtue of our *(nation — country — fair land — beloved state — government)* is being seduced by the *(ignorant — piratical — biased — intolerant — uneducated)* scum that is perfectly characterized by the *(mean — cowardly — worthless)* individual who is opposing you for this *(wonderful — important — honorable)* position which you are seeking, and which you trust that the *(handsome — conservative — intelligent)* voters of this *(pleasant — peaceful — homelike)* community will confer upon you. You believe in this country and the *(Jeffersonian principles of Democracy — the common-sense principles of Republicanism — the _____ principles of _____ ism)* and you
WRITE IN — WRITE IN

need not say again that first, last, and all the time, you stand squarely before the *(downtrodden — cruelly treated — long-suffering — patient — deserving)* taxpayers and will always rest upon your record in their behalf. You *(do — do not firmly)* believe in *(prohibition — modification)* and shall vote accordingly. I thank you.

H. Seigle.

"POOR FELLOW HE'S ALL BROKEN UP OVER LOSING HIS ONLY DAUGHTER!"
(NOTE PAPA IS MENTALLY FIGURING JUST HOW MUCH ALL THOSE FLOWERS IN THE CHURCH ARE GOING TO COST HIM!)
"OH AUGUSTINE! THIS A LOVELY WEDDING?"
"YES IT'S JUST BEAUTIFUL"
A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CAST GETS TEMPERAMENTAL!
THEY WOULD SO MUCH RATHER HAVE ELOPED BUT THEY NEED THE WEDDING PRESENTS!
— AT THE RECEPTION —
DETECTIVE "SAY, YOUNG FELLER, I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU WANDER AROUND — YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU BELONG HERE! WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?"
"I'M THE GROOM!"

That June Wedding!

The Taxicrab

AMONG the ocean's clammy closisters,
Where dwell crustaceans, ferns and oysters,
The taxicrab's swift ambulation
Provides efficient transportation.
The lazy clam, the languid polyp,
The sluggish snail, the sleepy scallop,
For stylish movement, gayer, fleeter,
Engage the taxicrab with meter.
Along the ocean floor he scuttles,
Below ferocious foes with cuttles,
Below the sharks, deceitful bounders,
Among the stolid skates and flounders.
Ignoring jealous snorts and "pishes"
From smug, unenterprising fishes,
He plies his trade and briskly bustles
Despite obstructing mounds and mussels,
But when he stalls in weedy stubble
Or suffers claw and engine trouble,

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Real-Estate Dealer in 2028: "Yes, That House is Over a Hundred Years Old. It Needs Some Repair, But When Lindy Went Through Here, He Stopped There"

Mother: "I Don't Know What We're Going to Do With Oscar; He Isn't Good for Anything Except Pitching on His College Baseball Team" Father: "Well — Maybe We Can Trade Him for a Couple of Outfielders"

Summertime is Vegetable-Soup-time!

With all the cold foods you eat in summer, you need the invigoration of hot, healthful Soup

For that one-hot-dish in the cold meal — Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's so tempting and delicious. It has such a wholesome, tonic effect on the appetite and the digestion. It's so nourishing and substantial.

For real food of splendid quality, already cooked and helping to keep you out of the hot kitchen these warm days —Campbell's Vegetable Soup. 15 selected vegetables blended in one soup, by Campbell's famous French chefs. All that is required in your kitchen is the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering a few minutes!

For a satisfying, convenient meal in summertime—Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Millions of women often make this soup the luncheon or supper—it contains so much and it tastes so good.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

With this bouquet and spirits gay
I'm sure to be a winner.
And when we dine, oh how I'll shine
With Campbell's Soup for dinner!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE USES OF VIOLENCE

"'I'm Sure Complimented,' Says Jess. 'Three of You and a Shotgun!'"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

MRS. BESSIE KANE said, "I hate to trouble you, Uncle Samuel, you look so comf'table; but I need some more water."

She stood in the doorway leading to the kitchen, crimson and comely, almost filling the space. In one wet hand she held the cedar pail that was used exclusively for drinking water and in the other a square five-gallon kerosene can with a cross strip of wood nailed inside by way of a handle.

She looked really sorry, but when Mr. Stegg regarded her from his rocking-chair with reproach in his eye, she hastened to justify herself.

"If you had a well, like you ought to have, me and Eileen could get our own water and not pester you," she said. "But it's asking too much for us to climb down that steep bank to the spring and up again, and with all them snakes."

"Set down them pails and we'll talk this over," said Mr. Stegg. "First off, did I ask you or Eileen to go down to the spring? Just answer me yes or no. Have I asked you?"

"Somebody's got to bring water," Mrs. Kane told him. "I just put the last in the resayvoy. I know it seems 'sif ——"

"Yes or no—have I ever ast you or Eileen to go to the spring? . . . Well then! Next thing, I'll ask you if you've any idee how much water you and Eileen has used up, sp'iled and wasted sence you've been here. Tip Yoakum says that Hat Creek has run nigh onto a foot lower sence you started to clean house. You've got a gallon down the front of your apron right now. What do you need that water for? I seen you drink a dipperful not ten minutes ago."

"I need it to put into the flour to make crust for the apple pie I'm a-going to bake for dinner," Mrs. Kane replied diplomatically.

"Not for to scrub the kitchen floor?" There was suspicion in Mr. Stegg's voice. "You've done it once this morning and it ought to last until four o'clock anyway, and this here floor ain't dried yet, so it ought to go an hour or two longer. Well, if it's for pie crust ——"

Mr. Stegg raised himself from his chair with groans of simulated anguish and picked up the pail and can.

"But I ain't a-going to make more'n a dozen more trips today," he warned the woman as he passed into the kitchen on his way outdoors.

Eileen, his grandniece, who was adjusting a new muslin curtain to the kitchen window, laughed at him.

"You'll soon find out who's boss around here, U. S., if you haven't already," she said.

"Don't you give me no sass, chile," he answered with mock severity. "And see that them curtains is tied back with blue ribbons. If I can't have blue ribbons to 'em I don't want no curtains at all." He went out chuckling and in a few minutes returned with the water. As he lifted the cedar pail to the table Mrs. Kane directed his attention to his boots.

"I see 'em," said he. "What's wrong with 'em? Mud? 'Course there's mud on 'em. It ain't easy to go down to the spring without bringing a little mud back. There's mud in the yard, too, where the rain got mixed up with the dust"

"And all over my clean floor!" Mrs. Kane grieved. "I declare to goodness, if it ain't enough to make a person give up! Now Uncle Samuel, what do you s'pose I brought that mat over from the Gap for? You know you might have wiped your feet just as well as not. And yet you wonder why I'm all the time a-scrubbing!"

"Now that was too bad!" said Mr. Stegg. "Never mind, Bessie, I'll bring you some more water. I did stomp my feet on the step when I come in. I leave it to Eileen if I didn't. But it seemed a shame to get mud on that new mat. You just let them tracks dry and they'll brush right off. What's that chair for?"

The chair was for him to sit on; the newspapers were spread in front of it to protect the floor; the purpose of the bootjack was obvious. The two women superintended its operation and then Eileen knelt and fitted a pair of new carpet slippers to his feet, tickling his toes as she did so to the accompaniment of "This little pig went to market."

The equanimity with which Mr. Stegg bore these indignities was remarkable. Presently he was back in the thoroughly renovated living room and seated in the Boston rocker that had displaced his old homemade chair with its seat and back of interlaced rawhide.

Mr. Stegg regretted that chair. Years of use had molded it, more or less, to his form, and habit had accustomed him to its minor deficiencies; but it was not an elegant article of furniture, and the new Boston rocker, after all, had an easy curve and a delicate balance that made it fairly comfortable, to say nothing of its glistening varnish and the garland of roses painted on its headpiece. And being a present, it had to be appreciated whether or no.

There was a good deal that had to be appreciated since Mr. Stegg's long-lost and entirely unsought relatives had descended upon him and undertaken to improve his living conditions. There was the cleaning of the house to begin with—the scouring and scrubbing and slopping of soapsuds day in and day out. The old bullwhacker had prided himself on the neatness of his housekeeping. Once every week he swept out, whether the house needed it or not, and he rarely left his dishes unwashed. Every so often he took his knives and forks out to a slab of sandstone that jutted from the creek bank and scoured them. Some people might have called him pernickety. He wasn't that, but he was a neat man. Nobody ever saw old Sam Stegg without a clean white handkerchief knotted around his neck, for instance, summer or winter. A distinguishing eccentricity, that was. And there were his Sunday-and-dance shirts. These he sent by Red Raymond to the Chink at Hermosilla once a month, but he did the rest of his washing himself, including the handkerchiefs.

You would hardly have thought that any woman could have shamed him by her superior sense of cleanliness, but Bessie Kane had done that very thing. No sense or use to it, the way that woman had been acting up with mops and brooms and dusters and shammys! Eileen was just as bad, or worse; but somehow you couldn't blame Eileen so much for that—or for anything else. You could eat your dinner off the kitchen floor now. But shucks! Who would

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Libby's 100 Foods

One of them is PORK and BEANS
...blended with Tomato Sauce

Pork and Beans in Pepper Shells. *Cut green peppers in half lengthwise; remove seeds, parboil 5 min. in salted water. Drain. Fill with Libby's Pork and Beans. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) until beans are browned. Garnish with parsley. Send for recipe booklets. Address Mary Hess Martin, Cooking Correspondent Dept. C 18, Libby McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada*

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Sauer Kraut Juice
Tomatoes

Milk

Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ra-gou (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

(Partial List)

Pickles and Condiments

Pickles—
Sweet
Sour
Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
Home Made Style
Sweet Cauliflower

Salmon

Red Alaska Salmon

Olives—
Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

want to? A floor was something to walk on, not to eat off of; and as long as you could walk on it without raising a dust —— Still, it looked better, maybe.

The two other rockers—Bessie's and Eileen's were to be appreciated, too, as were the fancy drapes and covers and doodads and thingumajigs that sure did make the room look right pretty. The table—the old pine table that had been cluttered with pipes, tobacco, literature, leather shreds and strings for quirt braiding, specimens of mineral, and what not, that, being there, a man could always find if he looked long enough—that table was now a bare expanse of glossy black, edged with gold paint; its only burden, a new lamp with a pink glass shade and a workbasket of Indian grass. Eileen had done the painting. Give that girl a pot of paint and a brush and nothing was safe from her. Her mother said that she had painted china dishes to home. That sure seemed like running the thing into the ground. A person's food would be mighty apt to taste of turps, to say nothing of lead poison. So Mr. Stegg reflected.

He looked at the walls of the room. The hewn logs with their lime pointing were now covered by tightly stretched muslin. Looked kind of bare, even with the crayon enlargement of Bill Kane in its gilt-and-plush frame that Bessie had brought along in her trunk and hung up the first thing. Bill sure run a heap to mustache. He hadn't ought to have had his hair cut pompydoor, though. Eileen didn't seem to favor him none, but then she didn't favor her mother to speak of. Considerable of an improvement on both of 'em. Well, he was going to miss the spikes that Bessie had made him pull out of the wall. Nothing to hang nothing on now!

Eileen came into the room with a cloud of muslin on her arm and went to the sewing machine. That machine was another thing to be appreciated. It started whirring. Everything seemed to be whirring now. Bessie had an egg beater a-going in the kitchen. Not much rest. Made a man feel he ought to be out rustling, even if it was Sunday and had started raining again. He relit his pipe, pocketing the burned match end, and then stretched out one foot and grinned at the carpet slipper.

The machine stopped. Eileen gathered up her material and drew up her rocker close to the Boston.

"Well, U. S.," she said, smiling at him and then reaching to the table for the workbasket.

"So your mother was a-saying," Mr. Stegg answered. "I reckon I'll have to dig one yet."

"We're awful, ain't we?" She snapped a thread, moistened the end between cherry lips and darted it through the eye of the needle that she held. Mr. Stegg admired the swiftness and certainty of her movements. He liked the two freckles on the bridge of her nose and the outline of her pink cheek as she turned her head. He was glad that she had moved her chair so close to him. She had a whole lot of hair. Brownish red, it was, or brownish reddish. The red in it showed where the light struck the waves and curls, on the top of 'em. He had seen it in braids once or twice and the tips reached to her waist, with an inch or two over.

"Turned everything topsy-turvy for you," she resumed, looking up from her sewing to give him another smile. "I guess you're sorry we found you."

"You've got two more guesses, and one ought to be aplenty," Mr. Stegg told her. "A smart girl like you ought to get it right the second time. What for are you calling me U. S.?"

"Don't you know what U. S. stands for?—United States—Uncle Sam—my country 'tis of thee—and I was raised to love my country. Another thing, it spells 'us' you and me together, love, in fair and stormy weather, love. We, Us and Company—and we don't want any company, do us?"

"I don't," said Mr. Stegg, "but some of these days I reckon you'll be having some steady company that you won't want to be without. . . . That's a right cunning little dimple you've got in your cheek, sister. . . . Yes, sir, I wouldn't be s'prised a particle if some young rooster took quite a notion to you when you get growed up."

"Won't that be lovely!" Eileen cried ecstatically. "Do you think it will be very long before I'm grown up, U. S.? I'm nearly eighteen now, you know. And are there any nice young roosters around here? Gracious! I'm awfully excited. But I'm too young to think about such things, I know. Ma says I am. I s'pose she's right, don't you?"

"Sure! I ought to have known better than to put such things into your head," said Mr. Stegg, and winked at her. Her left eyelid fluttered back at him without changing her demure expression. "What are you making there, sister?"

"'I'd Have Come a Hundred Miles on My Bare Bended Knees to Get Your Sweet Forgiveness, Miss Booth,' Jess Says, Still Not Liking Her Smile"

"More trouble for you. It's a work of necessity or I wouldn't be doing it on Sunday, but I won't tell you what it is, because it wouldn't be proper for a young lady to mention it. Leastways, I don't think it would be. I'll ask ma, if you like, and let you know. But it might have been something that I'm sure and certain it would be just awful and make me blush like sixty to have you ask."

"Hm-m!" grunted Mr. Stegg. He absently knocked his pipe bowl against the chair rocker. "My gosh!" he exclaimed. "See what I've done now! Ashes all over!"

Eileen put her work aside and went into the kitchen for the brush and dustpan. When she had swept up the ashes she tapped the culprit on the top of his head with the brush handle.

"That's to punish you," she said, and then bent over and kissed his bald spot. "And that's because it hurt me worse than it did you." She carried her implements away and returned with a saucer. "You can knock your ashes in that now. Oh, we'll teach you in time and you'll get so you like it! You don't believe that, do you? Poor U. S.!"

"As long as you and your ma don't carry it too far, I reckon I'll make out to bear with you," said Mr. Stegg tolerantly. "You don't want to carry it too far, that's all. You ain't never seen me on the warpath, and I hope you never will; but once I start, I don't spare age nor sex. There ain't no violence I ain't capable of, if I'm drove to it. I'm just telling you."

"My!" said Eileen, making her blue eyes round.

"Drove beyond a certain point, I'd be as bad as Jess Runyon," Mr. Stegg continued, "and Jess was one of the violentest men I ever knew. I'd like to tell you about him, Eileen, my dear. It might be you'd take warning by him or by his wife—and govern yourself according if you was ever placed in sim'lar circumstances. By nature Jess Runyon had a sweet and sunny disposition, like I've got; but folks claimed he had one of these here explosive tempers and it had a short fuse to it that would catch fire from the spark you'd get off a cat's back, rubbing it the wrong way. You might be around with Jess a month or two and nothing but kind and gentle words and pleasant smiles, and then something would happen, or you'd say something that didn't suit him, and he'd go off with a bang that would rock you to your foundations.

"He was bad medicine, that boy, when he was in eruption. Always wanted to slam things and smash things. If you was one of the things that had annoyed him he'd slam and smash you—if he could Most generally, he couldn't, account of being a lightweight even for his height, which wasn't much over five foot; still, he'd try, and try hard. Spanking him didn't do no good. Garry Morton, one of the boys at the ranch where we was all a-working together like brothers, tried—a cow ranch, my dear, and we was all wild, reckless cowboys Garry he tried that on Jess; and all the good it done, Jess run to his bunk where he kept his gun, and there ain't no doubt but he'd have shot Garry full of holes if he could have got within range of him. As it was, all his shots fell about half a mile short."

"How awful!" exclaimed Eileen.

Mrs. Kane came into the room, flushed with her recent exertions

"What's awful?" she wanted to know as she sat down. "My pies is in the oven," she told them. "What is it that's so awful?"

"Just listen," said Eileen. "U. S. is telling about the most ter-r-rible things! Cowboys and shooting! Go on, U. S., dear. Did he kill him finally?"

"No," replied Mr. Stegg. "He cooled off by the time Garry got back a month later. Garry run so far and so fast that it took him that long to make the return trip. All Jess done when he missed him was slam his gun through the bunk-house window, where it busted the big lamp that was on the table and filled the grub all up with kerosene

(Continued on Page 71)

INVADING ALL MARKETS WITH ITS NEW BEAUTY

STYLE ~ POWER ~ SPEED ~ STRENGTH

SELDOM does a car present such attractiveness and such value that it successfully invades all markets, and particularly those above its own price. Yet that is precisely what has happened with the Hupmobile Six of the Century, and what is happening today on a larger scale than ever.

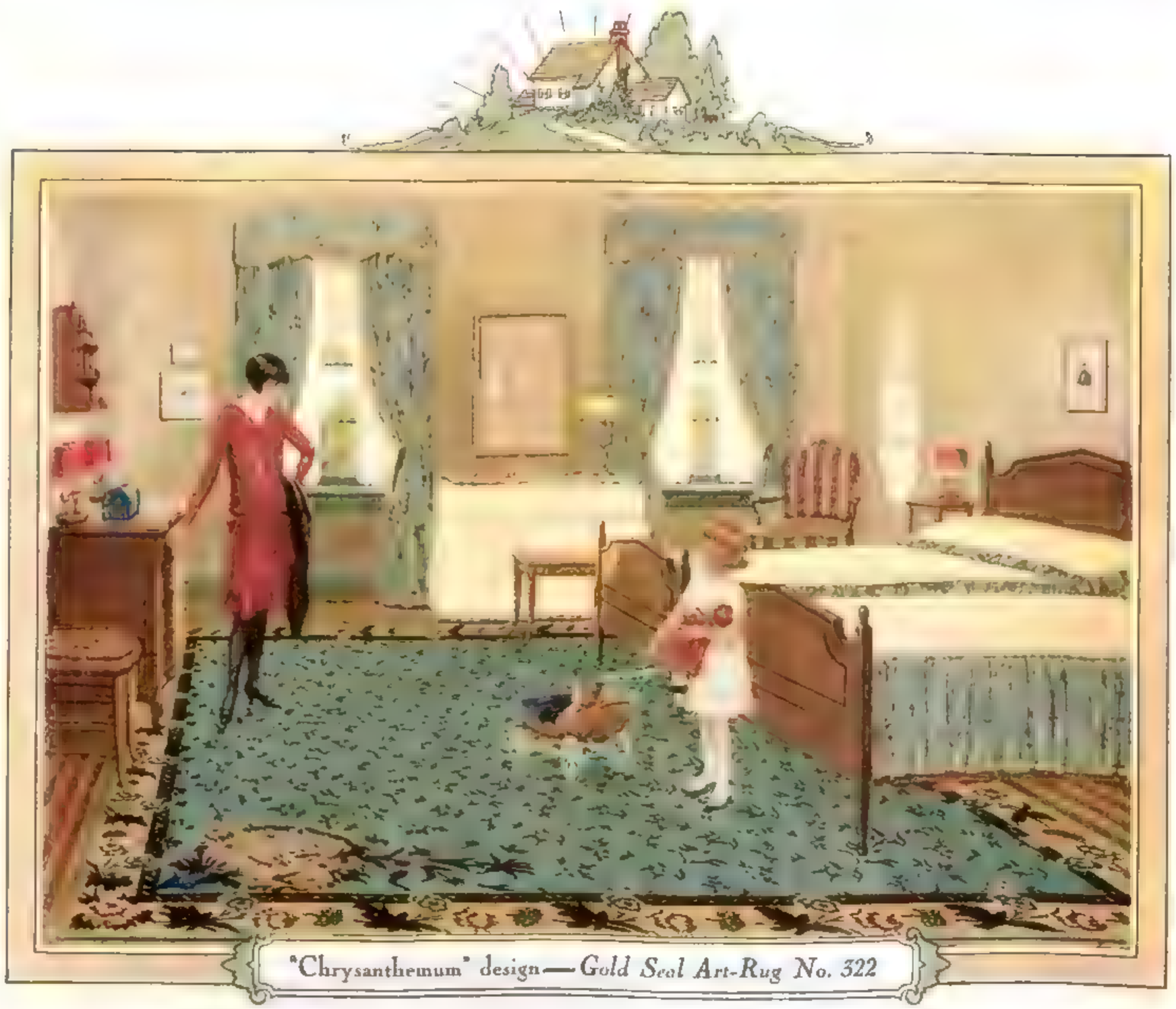
The buying public seized upon the Six of the Century as striking a much-wanted new note in beauty and distinction. It well knew what to expect of Hupmobile in quality engineering and manufacturing; in superb performance and reliability.

And when it found these features elevated to still higher levels; with luxurious operating and riding ease; with a distinctly artistic exterior and interior design, and all at an unprecedented price, the floodgates of demand were thrown open. You have but to inspect the Hupmobile closely, and test the way it rides and drives, to agree that this Six of the Century is indeed the "buy" of the century.

Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE

The SIX of the Century



"Chrysanthemum" design—*Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 322*

NOTE the effect of real hardwood flooring that has been achieved by surrounding the rug in the illustration with Congoleum Rug-Border No. 50 An inexpensive solution of what to do with old, badly scarred and stained floors.

Reading from top to bottom the designs shown above are "Bouquet" Rug 324, "Du Barry" Rug 326, "Gentian" Rug 396, "Red-Tile" Rug 320.

Dainty, delicately colored rugs can be *practical* too --

IT'S true that smooth-surfaced floor-covering first saw service in the housewife's kitchen. But now, thanks to the efforts of world-famous designers, this long-wearing, easily-cleaned material has blossomed forth in such lovely patterns and colors that it is welcome in every room of the up-to-date home.

There are dainty, delicate florals for bedrooms .... for example, the pale, apple-green and light fawn rug shown above with its graceful rose-pink blossoms in field and border. Then there are warm, rich-toned Orientals for living and dining rooms .... smart novelties for nursery and spare room .... neat tile effects for sun-parlor, kitchen and bath.

And now for the *practical* features: Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are easily kept clean. A few moments with a damp mop whisks the dirt from the smooth, waterproof surface. Thus, you are freed from the drudgery of sweeping and beating, gaining added leisure for rest and recreation.

Gold Seal Rugs are made by the exclusive *Multicote* process which builds sturdiness and long life right through the heavy pattern!

At present low prices, you can buy a *genuine Gold Seal* Rug to fit any room for surprisingly little money. Sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

Free—Home-Decorating Book

The enchanting things you can easily do with color! They're told about in "Color Magic in the Home" by Anne Pierce. Send for this illustrated [illegible] of suggestions with [illegible]. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

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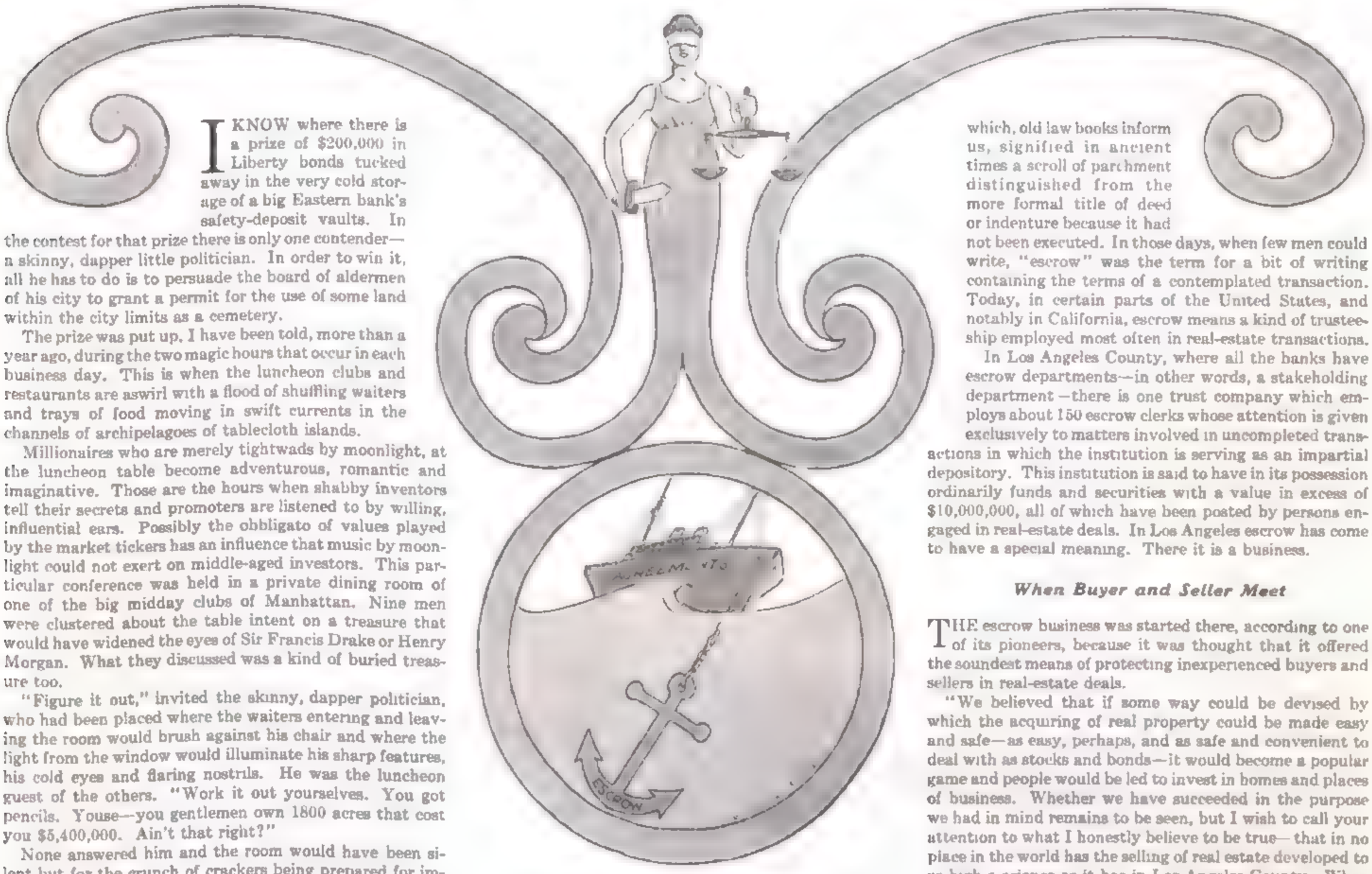
SEP 54

Caution—If it hasn't the Gold Seal it isn't genuine, guaranteed "Congoleum"

ESCROW

By BOYDEN SPARKES

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING



I KNOW where there is a prize of $200,000 in Liberty bonds tucked away in the very cold storage of a big Eastern bank's safety-deposit vaults. In the contest for that prize there is only one contender—a skinny, dapper little politician. In order to win it, all he has to do is to persuade the board of aldermen of his city to grant a permit for the use of some land within the city limits as a cemetery.

The prize was put up, I have been told, more than a year ago, during the two magic hours that occur in each business day. This is when the luncheon clubs and restaurants are aswirl with a flood of shuffling waiters and trays of food moving in swift currents in the channels of archipelagoes of tablecloth islands.

Millionaires who are merely tightwads by moonlight, at the luncheon table become adventurous, romantic and imaginative. Those are the hours when shabby inventors tell their secrets and promoters are listened to by willing, influential ears. Possibly the obbligato of values played by the market tickers has an influence that music by moonlight could not exert on middle-aged investors. This particular conference was held in a private dining room of one of the big midday clubs of Manhattan. Nine men were clustered about the table intent on a treasure that would have widened the eyes of Sir Francis Drake or Henry Morgan. What they discussed was a kind of buried treasure too.

"Figure it out," invited the skinny, dapper politician, who had been placed where the waiters entering and leaving the room would brush against his chair and where the light from the window would illuminate his sharp features, his cold eyes and flaring nostrils. He was the luncheon guest of the others. "Work it out yourselves. You got pencils. Youse—you gentlemen own 1800 acres that cost you $5,400,000. Ain't that right?"

None answered him and the room would have been silent but for the crunch of crackers being prepared for immersion in the bowl of milk before the paunchy old man beside the speaker.

"Anyway, that's what I hold—$5,400,000, and 'at's $3000 an acre. Well, then, if you cut that up into building lots you'll get nine, or maybe twelve, thousand an acre when the Subway gets out that way. You ain't saps. You know they ain't enough shovels to get a Subway trench out there for ten years. What I mean, turn it into a cemetery and you can get three dollars a square foot, and maybe seven like they do in some places."

No Permit, No Pay

WITH his nostrils flaring wider and his eyes shining with an ecstatic fire, the guest plunged yellowed fingers after a pencil in a breast pocket. None attempted to interrupt him and he began to write sums and multiplications on the tablecloth.

"Say there's 40,000 square feet in an acre—'at's 40,000 times 1800——" he mumbled and wrote. A spectacled man with a thin growth of red whiskers on flabby jowls volunteered the result as if he were a kind of human adding machine:

"That would be, roughly, 72,000,000 square feet."

"Right," agreed the guest; "and when you begin to get seven dollars a square foot—say, it's better than gold mines, or oil wells, or sewer graft, or ——" His imagination refused to climb higher.

"You make it sound alluring, but this land is within the city limits and it seems to me there is small prospect of our getting a charter or a license for a cemetery."

"'At's just what I'm here to tell you," boasted the politician. "I can get that little thing for you. I know the board of aldermen. They are reasonable. You can afford to make 'em reasonable when you figure seven times $72,000,000."

"No bribery," protested one of the real-estate syndicate.

"Certainly not," denied the politician. "This would be a matter of friendship for me. Influence is what I'll be using."

"How much do you want?"

That was when the prize was fixed at $200,000. The politician wanted $100,000 in cash, and he wanted it half in advance and certain other money for expenses, but he was told coldly that he could not have so much as a dime in advance.

"We will put up $200,000 for this permit," said the spokesman for the syndicate. "We will put it in the bank for you, and the pass book with which you can draw it out is the cemetery charter."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that we will place it in escrow. We will turn it over to a neutral third party who will deliver it to you if, as and when you get this permission which you say you can get. Isn't that fair enough?"

"Fair enough," agreed the politician sourly, but he did not mean what he said. He had known all through his discourse that what he had proposed was, in this period, beyond his powers. What he had been striving for was a cash advance based on bigger hopes that he had tried to inspire in the real-estate syndicate.

The prize is still in the safety-deposit box. It has been there about a year. As its coupons become due they are surrendered to the members of the syndicate, but under the escrow agreement they cannot recover the bonds for another year, during which the politician has the right to keep on trying.

In the meantime the members of the syndicate have discovered for themselves that what he proposed to do is impossible. They have learned that the real political powers of the city in question dare not grant such permission, because it would conflict with the rights and desires of a multitude of small-home owners, all faithful attendants at the polls. However, they are not worried about their Liberty bonds, which are as safe as can be. When the two-year agreement expires they will claim the bonds once more, and, if they are grateful men, as they do so they will kiss their hands to the inventors of that beneficent legal instrument that is called an escrow.

Barnum's vital statistics on suckers, long a standard in America, will have to be altered as soon as there is a better understanding of the possibilities of this arrangement, which, old law books inform us, signified in ancient times a scroll of parchment distinguished from the more formal title of deed or indenture because it had not been executed. In those days, when few men could write, "escrow" was the term for a bit of writing containing the terms of a contemplated transaction. Today, in certain parts of the United States, and notably in California, escrow means a kind of trusteeship employed most often in real-estate transactions.

In Los Angeles County, where all the banks have escrow departments—in other words, a stakeholding department—there is one trust company which employs about 150 escrow clerks whose attention is given exclusively to matters involved in uncompleted transactions in which the institution is serving as an impartial depository. This institution is said to have in its possession ordinarily funds and securities with a value in excess of $10,000,000, all of which have been posted by persons engaged in real-estate deals. In Los Angeles escrow has come to have a special meaning. There it is a business.

When Buyer and Seller Meet

THE escrow business was started there, according to one of its pioneers, because it was thought that it offered the soundest means of protecting inexperienced buyers and sellers in real-estate deals.

"We believed that if some way could be devised by which the acquiring of real property could be made easy and safe—as easy, perhaps, and as safe and convenient to deal with as stocks and bonds—it would become a popular game and people would be led to invest in homes and places of business. Whether we have succeeded in the purpose we had in mind remains to be seen, but I wish to call your attention to what I honestly believe to be true—that in no place in the world has the selling of real estate developed to as high a science as it has in Los Angeles County. When I began business there in 1899, Los Angeles had a population of 90,000; today it is in excess of 1,250,000, representing steady consistent growth. As to how much of that is attributable to the facilities offered the public for the handling of real-estate transactions, you may draw your own conclusions.

"Remember, California itself is a large state, but the development in the sale of real estate and in the building up of its population and its industry has been greatest in that one section embraced by Los Angeles County. There are other counties to the south that have just the same climatic conditions and just the same soil; there are others to the north equally as well graced with those qualities, and yet the development has been the greatest in that one locality."

The man who said that is E. L. Farmer, vice president of a company engaged in the title-insurance business in Los Angeles County. In recent years other parts of California have added the beneficence of escrow influence to the attractions of climate, rich soil and the other things of which the state is accustomed to boast. The practice of maintaining active escrow departments is so common among the banks of the state that there now exists a state-wide escrow association and some of the banks maintain a school for the training of escrow clerks and officers.

In real-estate transactions everywhere there is a lapse of time after buyer and seller have met and agreed upon terms. The purchaser wishes to be assured that there are no little mortgages of which he has not been informed; he wants to be sure that all taxes have been paid up to the date of closing, that notice to the world has not been given by some aggrieved party of an intention to seize the property—he wants to be sure, in short, that he is getting a clear title to the land. The seller is equally eager to see cash as evidence of the prospective buyer's good faith.

In many places it is the custom for buyer and seller to agree on a closing date, on which occasion the parties to the transaction may meet in a lawyer's office, one with cash and certified checks and the other with his deed and proper evidence of title.

(Continued on Page 52)

THE enthusiasm of Cadillac owners is partly due to the exhilaration they experience in the car's indescribably smooth, effortless performance. But they prize just as highly their freedom from annoying troubles that, with Cadillac, never arise to mar one's enjoyment. Cadillac's advantage, of course, lies in the simplicity of its 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine and its unfailing reliability. There is no Eight just like the Cadillac Eight, no results like Cadillac results and no satisfaction to equal that which Cadillac offers.

More than 50 exclusive body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood

CADILLAC

A NOTABLE PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

LETTERS OF AN IGOROTE SCHOOLBOY TO HIS AMERICAN BENEFACTRESS

(Continued from Page 12)

But, Oh, Please ma'm, admit to send me your both faces So I can hang them on nail at wall over the place Where I sleep every Night and be comforted when heavy hearted in lonelyness. Because you and the Master very kind to me in lowly state; all the time thinking of the Wellfair and Success of me; so If I had your Both Faces before my eyesight would be more agreeable to attending to Edducation. Therefore and tenderly look for your both faces before mutch time has passed away. God be with you till we Meat again.

Your faithful Houseboy,
DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV.,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS: Writing to pridely admit that letter receives from you this day with mutch Kind Advise and your both faces. Am feeling very happy in my heart all time now. Not so mutch Sad. No cry or break of heart. For some day bigger happiness come when can see both faces outside picture and no distance of space between.

Admit your kindness to ask me to make dailey obsurvasions and write Deskriptsions of place where live and School of Edducation. Yes please Ma'm will try to obey thy Sacret will with all quick time and tender obedience in heart and soul because of often kindness from the generous of you. Therefore proseed at once to follows.

To begin; School of Edducation is grass house bigger than always; 2 winders; 1 door; 1 floor of earth; 4 walls all like together; no carpet; on Walls pickshure of Governor-General Wood and same of President of United States of America and Philippine Islands Mr. Calving Coolidge. Both very kind and honest Gentlemens. On wall also the Flag of America and native flag which each morning students sing patriotick music of voices and salute, hand to head and heart bowed in large reverence. But always I salute the Flag of America because I love American peoples and want not Independent for Philippine Islands.

Then more: Grass house where sleep the Teacher of Edducation; not large as before. No carpet No pickshure on walls. No Flags. Then house where sleep students: 20 in numbers; part male, part female of many young ages; grass more large than before. Then large grass house where sleep man and wive where cook food and eat students. Same as before. Around houses stands many trees of pine and oke. Highroad travels by. Near by highroad not very afar from houses a round hole in earth covered with rocks and ferns where mutch cold water where drink the students. Also many birds come and set down in trees to rest and sing many beautiful musics.

That is all my obsurvasions to this time. Have the kindness to admit.

Your faithful Houseboy
DUMAGIN

MISSION SCHOOL,
KABAYAN, MT. PROV.,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS: Continuing studies of books as usual by way of procuring

A Teacher and Her Igorote Pupils, Cagayan District, Philippine Islands

by Memory American Edducation. Study reading, the spelling of many words and of Writeing Arithmetick and Geographry. But learn not with haste and ease for reason that everything is great difficult of accomplish. I have not brightness of brain. But teacher say to me Not always goes fast Edducation.

Oh, yes, Ma'm, I do wash my skin all around with the nice big pink sweetly perfume soap you gave to me to keep clean on. But Oh, have pity in thy heart. I crave most earnestly your intelligent symphathy because of finding that I no longer can bath my skin all around as you gravely give advise to do. For reason in the first place it is very cold up here in the mountains so far from warmth of Manila, and for forther cause the Igorot peoples all do laff and make scorn of me because of cleanness and say with mutch hatefulness hawhaw he think he bath his skin with nice pink American soap each day his skin get white like the skins of the American peoples. He no longer be brown like Igorot peoples. I grow very angry at this and crave hard to make many hits at them with two hands fiercely and with braveness. But I turn my head away in silence and try make think I no understand language. But am very grieved and sorrow, and For this cause cannot with safeness bath the skin of my Body all around each day at request of you.

But all by myself I go secretly off with the handsome pink soap up into a hole in the mountain where there is an active little brook attended by many trees of the oke and the pine; and there about once time each week I satisfy my pride with big American bath of the skin all around only there is no hot and cold water like the kind in boys Bath House at You House. Their I take of my Clothes one by one and fold them carefully in a neatly stack in a vast stone that grow near by, And I bath my skin all around in Peace and Security. First with the handsome pink soap and the cold clean water from said Little Brook. Then I dry said Skin with thorough skill from the clean nice towle give by you. And return to barrio very mutch relieved in my heart and a feeling of Civilization.

And same way with making use with the nice tooth brush Presented by You. The Igorot peoples make many laffs at me for possession of said tooth brush. So I go to this same Little Brook and bath my teeths in quietness alone, But with mutch grieve of mind. Let them laff; they are all of the Bontoc tribe only two; and they are wicked head hunters and are very poolish and unclean of bodys and have many sins; and some day their bodys will get sick of diseases because of not bathing said teeths.

But I am very caushus, Ma'm; I go to little said brook ever day and bath my theeths with said nice tooth brush, for the tubes of paist presented to put on tooth brush is very elegant to the taste and resembles mutch of candy. But I find it very many dificult and painful to bath the skin all around so often For reason of the grate distance as likewise stated, and of the many skornful attitudes of the Bontoc tribe which compose my fellow students. So I hope I am not to far brakeing of my promises to you on this account; in sorrow and sadness.

Daley Obsurvasions: I failed to write before that Little Brook of Batheing have many trees surrounding on various ends; some are big trees; some are not big trees. And many bird set with ease there and sangs with loud sweetness. A few grass grow on ground; also many rocks and stones about of many sizes.

Your Loyal houseBoy,
DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV.,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS: New Teacher come now Because of taking vacation of other which he is oblige because of serious illness of his mother with which he is connected. School continue progress with usual increase. I am learn many things of importance from books of edducation; But forget mutch when go to sleep.

I urgently complain to you to grant me vacation from studies pursuing American edducation at school, because of feeling mutch sick and delicate in the stommack. I think that which cause me pain and suffering my aphendicks. So if possible Ma'm I wish you will favor my complaint. I cannot eat mutch food. So please excuse me from being absent from School of Edducation because I am very ill. If God permit I will be well as soon as possible; I will come back to studies at once. I appeal to your highest convictions.

Your faithful Houseboy,
DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL,
KABAYAN, MT. PROV.,
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS: Permit me most respectably to say, Beginning a week ago I had suffered a grate amount of sickness of badness in the stommack for reason of lack of American food, So that my Health Strength and the little sum of money which I had saved from Your generous became exhaustive. And I should say I got a new lease of life.

Now I have recovered from my Sickness. Being in want of money, I wish to

An Old Spanish School Building at Zamboanga, P. I.

return to my former occupation as houseboy in You home and earn my living Honestly. But I feel weak and exhaustive that I believe I am unable to resume mutch hard work unless with long vacation.

Therefor I write to beseach your grateful symphathy and benevolent consideration to confer me a favor of apprasing me a lighter task in your home; one which you may consider adopted for my unlimited needs and attainments. And you know my character is beyond trial.

And I beg your kindness to rise up my salaree and a little different from my station, Ma'm. You can also obsurve how grate is my ability to work. I have been worked as Your houseboy for two years, and fully I have at present my experience to any kind of work.

With my limited Edducation I seek to acquaint and Improve myself in business energy, and to follow the teachings of Thy God and husband and other Grate Americans in Historys; That is to be Honest Active Alert Energetic and Industrious in any work. I make endeavors to do in order to succeed in the Battel in Life and in the Business World of varied industries. I like best to go to America with you and Husband and drive all the time your car.

Thanking your gracious symphathy and boundless help and kindness to this grave pitition, Hopping your pity on me.

Your loyal houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

I write in sorrowing this time for reason of being absent from school the first time. No letter coming from You in quick hurry saying permission to take Vacation from Edducation Studies, I think you mean by silence Yes go on; So obeyed at once.

But when come back the Teacher he say with grate angriness in his voice, I shall write to your kind mistress and tell her of your absence without permission from studies, which was very wrong and singful of you. For your American Benefactoress is very kind and uplifting and thinking of humanity to spend many money to make Edducation for you. You are very nauwty and wrong and never are libel to succeed without grave change of habits.

I said Oh, no, Sir, have pity for my sins; I admit that am very wrong, but will write to my Kind Benefactoress and gravely explain mistake about thinking of permission kindly given to take slight vacation from studies of American Edducation; And habing many understandings of heart she will not be overcome with grief and anger.

Oh, Yes, Ma'm, it was my aged grandfarther who die when I take vacation; After the death of said old grandfarther My poor old aged grandmorther took with sickness in stommack; After suffering her sickness she die. So I am sad with grieve and late in coming back to resume studies.

Oh, yes, Ma'm, while visiting my poor said aged died grandfarther and grandmorther I did enjoy one (1) cañao [feast] in native barrio, for many food of various variety was there and I feel very mutch ashame to refuse because of opportunity to great again many childhood companions. But thy God and the people of my native barrio know this was the reason. Admit in deep agony my falts and sins.

Daley Obsurvasions. Cannot make because of sadness and weeping of heart for said sins and disobedience.

Your Faithful HouseBoy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

It is now almost many weeks from now that I do not receive your letter from you or your favor to my wellfair since I am so suppriced of the fact but hope to avert the lusing affair of your sinceer and esteem Friendship.

I cannot fully understand why you should not help me in same kind manor as I have Served you so long as kind and willing house boy from hence; And that you should turn away from where you have started.

I could not recall to any fact that I could be displeasing to your honor. But I am very grave at lusing very Important Friend as you.

I need not require you so mutch forther of the fact; but I humbely solicit your kind favor and help which have been at your service lastly. And if I could be displeasing to you in some way or more manor that I could not understand I would greatly appriciate you critizing and would reform immediately what ever if proper to be practice.

My policy is to please you and my Master and agreeable service and render the most manored courtsy that will gain appriciation and friendship.

Hopping that you by early dates gives me the friendship that you have usually done and resume service of kindness.

I are at your sirvice.

Your Sad and Grave Houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

Writing from School of Edducation in angry distres for reason of Lonelyness and for forther Important Cause no letter telling Forgiveness come from you.

Walk with slowness up to little brook where make work of bathing my teeths daley with little brush and tube of paist by action of keeping them white and sanitary and where I do bath my skin all around one time per week most days; But come back without perform said duties for reason of sadness of heart.

I try to make study of learning books, But ideas will not come or no American Edducation. Feel very near to Sorrow.

Take then the Holy Bibel which you did give me by way of Gift and set under Pine Tree by myself and read for Comfort. It is very interesting but it has many large and important words that I am still to stupid in igernace to make of understanding. But could read about a American of the name Mr. Moses who lead the Childs of Issaareel through Sea named red and they did no get wet of clothing. I think he was a very smart and honest gentlemens; But all the American race is smart peoples. They are not stupid like the Igorot peoples; They can fly in air like the birds and go under the water in a boat same as feeshes and not die because of lack of breth. But can never be smart and honest because I am of the lowly way. Feel to sad to read the Holy Bibel more so return back to box and set under Pine Tree alone thinking many thoughts that are not of mutch cheer.

The Holy Bibel said to confess sins and pray daley. So now I will confess my sins. Oh, yes, Ma'm, I have mutch sins and badness of ways. That last day the American ladies did come to take tea I did eat four little cakes from plate of others; 2 pink little cakes; 1 yellow little cake; 1 chocklit little cake. Oh, yes, Ma'm, it was very wicked and singful of me to take of the little nice cakes you had made with mutch labor of the hands; For I had a good and large luntch of many food; And when lady visitors go away you did give me six little nice cakes to eat. But Oh I was shame in my heart for my wickedness.

Then I did take some of the tobaca of the Master what come from America in nice glass can because of desire to taste what was like. Mutch repentance for that.

Then did sin in being absence from School of Edducation of recent date. Oh, yes, Ma'm, it was wicked lies about the died of my poor old grandfarther and poor old aged grandmorther; I got none. They is dead of serious sickness before the born of me. Oh I am very mutch shame in my heart for writing to you of these wicked lies. I did make for reason of wanting mutch a vacation from studies of Edducation. I am deep in sin and crying in life for this. Thy God knows of my mutch breaking of heart for reason of this sins.

I have the honor to submit you this unusual request and hope it will not disturb you on account of my sins; I wished I would not speek for myself but on account of necessity I took courage. I wish I could serve you for a longer time if my services is needed and I hope I can render a better effisiensy. I am mutch oblige of any consideration you may set forth. I am longing with hopes of receibing from You kind letter of Forgiveness of many sins; Can make no daley Obsurvations till letter come.

Your sad and faithful houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

Came at last the Forgiveness Letter from you of mutch advise; I receibe many Happiness from cause of this. I am still very sad of my sins and hope to repent more hence often. I am wishing that Mr. Saten never again bring me advise to tell wicked lies and be singful. He is not a very kind and honest gentlemens. I think he no go to Heavan when he die of serious sickness.

Well, I make study hard at Edducation and progress not fast every day. Teacher say to me Oh be not Discouraged because no acquire Knowleje with fast rapidity. Many grate Americans like Mr. Calvin Coolige and Mr. George Washington one day did not know mutch knowleje. Knowleje comes by small moves by mutch labor and study of Edducation; Whitch gives me many Courage. Some day I may have mutch of Smartness like them.

Well My news of the Barrio. The old man his name was Masdagan he came up to a sadly afflicted accident on the day of Sunday in the Year of thy Lord. Being in a festive spirit he went out to practice himself with his horse a recently purchased from the sale of one caraboa. But nothing of sadness occurred until he came to a little brook on a bank about 50 meters high 3 kilo meters afar from his home in the barrio of Kabayan; It was there he lost his life. Man and horse was died immediately. The horse was not so accustomed to ride. The wife and five childs feel very sad cry many. They do not bury man for his death in a coffing like American peoples. They got no coffings and cost mutch money. And peoples are poor of mutch poverty. They follow Igorot custom bury man in cave under mountain where there are died peoples. They put at his foot rice pot for cooking and pipe and tobacco for use on travels. And under his cloth 3 buntches of grass with thorns to insure that died man spirit no come back to annoy relatives and friends. This is a faithful custom of the Igorot peoples. But if American peoples see perhaps they laugh to themselfs because very fonny.

That night make large cañoa [feast] in village for memory of died man so he could see and be proud. Have many foods and did not leave until morning light came; Then died man he make satisfied.

Daley Obsurvations. Found by little brook many pink flowers with yellow spots and green leaves; Of many sweetness of smelling and lovely buty. Made me very happy just to see and to think that all flowers are the fancywork of thy God; He can make many things; He must be very energetic to make everything. Heard two birds resting in a tall oke tree making many sweetness of sounds with mouth. I stop to listen but birds get annoyed and fly off in the sky. They like best to make songs for themselfs where no peoples can hear. Wicked peoples will not succeed. I want to keep always away absent from wickedness and badness of sin Have no more daley obsurvations now.

Your faithful Houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

Have the kindness to admit this letter; I am mutch worried in mind because cannot keep thoughts energetically on studies of Edducation. For reason Independent for the Philippine Islands. Teacher all the time talk Independent; Use many large words and say with loudness of voice we want Independent now; We want that the American peoples go away forever and never come back.

I become very sad and cry in my heart because the Igorot peoples no want Independent just some Ilocano peoples. Igorot peoples wants always to live under protection of the so lovely American flag. Because American Government very kind and fartherly to the Igorot people; Provides many Schools of Edducation to do away with Igernance, and try to make Igorot peoples full of knowlege of agriculture and honest citizens; And the Igorot peoples because of love of American Government try to obey. And when Governor-General Leonard Wood send kind message to Igorot peoples stop eating dogs raise sheeps and goats to satisfy hunger they willing to stop because of respeck and honor to American Flag.

Oh, please, Ma'm, do not let them get Independent while I am here in School of Edducation pursuing studies of Books of Knowleje. We Igorot peoples wants Uncle Sam always to be our kind and loving Poppa.

Oh Please write letter to Uncle Sam and The President of U.S.A. and American Government. Say Igorot peoples no want Independent of Philippine Islands at any time; Only a few Filipino peoples wants Independent. But I think they are stupid of Edducation. They do not realize what is good and kind for them.

With worried of mind,

Your faithful Houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL; KABAYAN MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

I the undersine humbel servent of your kindness beg respeckfully your endless symphathy and angelic consideration to have some additional to my monthly salaree if it ever meet you conveniently.

Awfull sorrow that I from the poor familey did meet woman of young age belongs to the same class as I am. For I am loving of said woman I seek to make married with she.

Her father mother and 3 sister and my present familey of one parent mother and 6 brother and sister are the said peoples which I am responsibel. So please Pity and accept my Devotion to let me share in more money to insure my calling. I thank you many time in advance And appriciate it for my success.

Please pity to send fifty pesos by boy. Need to make marriage cañao.

Your faithful Houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

MISSION SCHOOL, KABAYAN, MT. PROV., PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE HONORED BENEFACTORESS:

No need send money for cañao. My way to marriage is canceled for lack of proof to a girl whom I should to marry. The woman is married to another husban; But not before the Judge.

Will not continue my marriage vacation But will stay in Cervantes two days to satisfy my Anger for this matter. And I hope I will never meet a hardship like this again but go to America when you return back if possibel; There to forget the Past and burry myself in how Learning to make your Autimobile drive; Let her go she is Poolish Woman.

Will study dilligently Books of Knowleje until School of Edducation closes, then return back to your house their to resume Occupation as Dilligent Houseboy. Will work with great Energy; Eat only rice and camotes and the meat of the pig and drink not of Tee nor Cofee; Will do utmost ability to be savings with soap at kitchen sink and in the bathing my skin all around. Can make no Daley Obsurvations for cause of sadness. Your faithful Houseboy,

DUMAGIN.

EVERYWHERE, the greater beauty, comfort, durability and *value* of Body by Fisher are universally conceded, and really require no demonstration. The thing which makes Fisher superiority unmistakably evident is the known fact that, for building bodies beyond the reach of rivalry, *there is nothing in the world which even distantly compares with the great Fisher resources.*

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BODY by FISHER

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

On the banks of the Rhine, with the American Army of Occupation, after the armistice, two soldiers, one a buck private and the other a sergeant, fall in love with a charming German maid. The prominent citizens of the town don't like it and they issue a warning that any German girl caught fraternizing with the soldiers will have her hair cut off.

Lya Di Putti

This briefly is the foundation of ***"Buck Privates"*** a Universal production brilliantly directed by Melville Brown. The picture features the beautiful LYA DI PUTTI and the always popular MALCOLM MacGREGOR, assisted by such clever people as ZAZU PITTS and EDDIE GRIBBON, the latter, the sergeant. The big question is, who gets the girl? See the picture and get your answer there. Then write me your opinion.

Imagine ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** Universal's great special production, drawing as crowded houses in South America, Canada and other foreign countries as in its own home, America. In Spain, the press said it had charmed the people there, so much that King Alphonso has requested a special command showing at his palace.

Virginia Gray as "Little Eva"

LAURA LA PLANTE, the screen's great comedienne, will make five pictures for the 1928-1929 season and in each instance the story is by a writer of prominence. She will make another mystery picture along the lines of ***"The Cat and the Canary"*** — this new picture being a remarkable story adapted from the Broadway stage success, "The Last Warning."

"We Americans," often described as the very best of the melting pot picture-plays, is mowing a wide path into public popularity. The singular thing about it is that no critic has had anything but praise for it. So, watch for it in your neighborhood or, better still, ask the manager of your favorite theatre when it will be shown.

Reginald Denny in "Good Morning Judge"

Take my sincere advice. See ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** starring CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN. Also ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** featuring LON CHANEY, which has been re-issued by request.

Have you been following GLENN TRYON, the different comedian? Watch for the name and you will be amply repaid.

Carl Laemmle, President

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HOT DOG

(Continued from Page 9)

The headman, observing the movement, raised his commanding voice. "*Kalelel Kalelel*" he warned.

Instantly a dead silence succeeded the chattering and laughter and chanting at the men's fire. And as though these were one of the last of the thin veils of insulation that had interposed, that something of the darkness seemed to draw nearer. Suddenly it came to Velda, lying rigid in her tent, that the insulation was made up solely of man's activities. They are his defense and his armor. Now of them all here only the quick, cheerful crackling of the fire remained. Were that to die down and cease, then would lower the last frail barriers. She raised herself on her elbow to assure herself that the fire watcher was attentive. Yes, there the *askari* stood, an incongruous, ridiculous and yet dignified figure, dressed in a brace of ostrich plumes and a ragged overcoat, leaning on the long-barreled smooth-bore which was his symbol of office, staring vacantly into the flames, which cast strong lights and shadows across his fierce yet wistful countenance.

Velda dropped back to her pillow and tried to sleep. It was impossible. For as soon as her attention became composed it was claimed again by the voices but just the other side the thin barrier made by the light and the sound of the flames. The multitudinous undertone of murmur began, to her freed perception, to disintegrate into individual voices, each challenging for identification. There was an unremitting blatting as of some sort of cattle, now subdued, now insistent—these were the wildebeest exchanging gossip, but Velda could not know that. And a queer barking as of remote and persistent lap dogs—which were merely zebra passing the time o' night. And whistling, soft and continuous, as though someone were trying to signal without being overheard by others than those intended. And an occasional hollow rumbling sound, somewhat like the slow passing of a distant freight train, which began suddenly and ceased as abruptly and seemed to be conveyed somehow through the very substance of the earth. As indeed it was, for this was the thundering of hoofs as the great herds stampeded in some sudden panic.

These gripped her attention, held it awake in a puzzling expectation of something which nevertheless did not happen. And on this strained expectation from time to time impinged certain sharp quick near-by noises that touched her raw nerves with a shock that caused her heart to beat wildly and her hand to clutch her breast. Something barked explosively once and fell silent, leaving Velda in an agony of waiting for a repetition that did not come—it was a jackal.

Somebody near the river jungle drew sharply a crosscut saw through a log and ceased—that was a leopard. From time to time the hyenas, prowling restlessly about in hopes, tittered or snarled under their breath. And when, at rare intervals, her tension relaxed for a moment and her soul fell back to the refreshment of silence—behold, there was no silence, but a vast, glittering, gorgeous fabric of the sound of tens of millions of insects shrilling, and a maddening persistent oh-oh-oh-oh which seemed always on the point of intermitting, but which never did, and which ended by beating on her brain like a throb of drums.

It was hot. Velda threw aside her coverings—and was chilled. She drank insipid water. She tossed about. She looked out again. The *askari* had seated himself, was huddled over in a shapeless lump, his blanket wrapped about his head in the suffocating native fashion. Perhaps he had fallen asleep! The fire was burning lower. Should she waken him? But while she debated the point he cast aside the blanket and rose. The logs he dropped on the fire threw up a shower of sparks. The fire crackled cheerfully as the flames caught. From the beginning, all over again, the weary round began once more!

And beneath Velda's restless cot Fidelo snored with exasperating perversity.

Throughout the quiet nights of the gameless country he had made a nuisance of himself, growling and barking and carrying on in a histrionic defense where no defense was needed. Now, surrounded by wild beasts that sniffed the very edge of the firelight, he indulged in deep, refreshing sleep. From her nervousness Velda shot at Fidelo a vindictive thought, which was so unprecedented an attention from his beloved mistress that it should have penetrated to his subconscious through the thickest walls of sleep. Only it didn't.

"I wish something would happen to stir you up!" she muttered.

IV

NO SOONER said than done! Velda found herself sitting up in bed, her heart beating wildly. The whole world was a-shake with sound—deep, cavernous, pulsing sound. It filled the air with heavy vibration, so that the very tent canvas seemed to shake with it. It resounded like great breakers on a coast, like breakers piling over one another eagerly, so that the pulsations, though separate, almost blended, reënforcing one another; breakers imminent—about to overwhelm. Velda screamed and screamed again.

As abruptly as it had begun, the sound ceased. The camp was astir. From the men's tents came a low chattering. The embers of the small fires before them were being stirred. Forrester, in his pajamas and mosquito boots, was walking about. Kits darkened the doorway, carrying a lantern.

"Don't be frightened," said she. "It's only a little band of lions going home. They happened to come by camp."

"L-lions!" quavered Velda.

"No danger whatever," assured Kits.

"I don't like it – I'm scared."

"I don't blame you." Kits broke off and flashed the lantern downward. Its light discovered Fidelo, rolled unheroically beneath the bed. He lay there trembling and uttering rather tentative and deprecating growls, as though he did not care to commit himself. "Stout lad!" said Kits.

Fidelo could not have understood the words, but he perceived very clearly the sense of this speech. He rolled his eyes upward, without lifting his head, and tried to convey the reply that he had never pretended to shine in roughneck society.

V

THE following morning found everybody except Fidelo somewhat the worse for a restless night. Fidelo was as fresh as a daisy, and pranced forth offensively eager to indulge in his favorite pastime, which was to ride in the flivver. No tinge of self-consciousness alloyed the complete reassurance of his demeanor. To be sure, on passing Kits he had cast upward a fleeting glance of mingled propitiation and defiance.

"It is true," he hissed at her as he passed, "you have caught me by awkward chance in dishabille, so to say: but that was in the privacy of my own tent, and no lady would take advantage of such fortuitous circumstance. No lady, I say!"

And he frisked gayly by, quite the polished and complete dog of the world. Kits, who was a doggy person and so understood perfectly, first gasped, then chuckled at this impudence; but she held her peace. In the sane light of day, he felt his own dog again.

After breakfast, as it was the first day on the chosen location, Tinkler and Forrester, together with the two principals and the cameraman, were to make a short motor excursion out over the veldt to determine what was next to be done. This was a new country, even to Forrester. Natives had reported it full of game—"like the leaves of the grass"; but native reports might mean anything or nothing. The company rather crowded one flivver, but Forrester did not wish to take out two, as petrol was precious.

When they were ready to start, Fidelo was already aboard, his long face open in a propitiatory grin. Forrester was about to eject him, when Velda intervened. Velda was the star, so Fidelo went along.

They bumped slowly through the long grass and among the thorn trees to the top of the ridge, steered between two rocky *kopjes* and abruptly emerged on the short-grass, open, rolling veldt.

There for the first time in their experience the troupe found themselves among game; game such as in our modern world Africa alone—and that only in its remoter fastnesses—can show. As far as the eye reached, it grazed, or stood, or ran about, in twos and threes, in tens and hundreds and even into tens of thousands; solid and dark realities, like the black wildebeest and the eland and the topi and the giraffe; shimmering and half visible patches that resolved themselves on approach into zebras and hartebeest; ghostlike transparencies which were ethereal gazelles. And punctuations of furtive slinking things in the grass which Forrester knew were hyenas and jackals and an occasional cheetah, but which it is to be doubted the others saw at all. Even Forrester was impressed, amazed. Atop a roll in the prairie, he brought the car to a stop.

"I never saw anything to equal it!" he muttered to himself again and again. His eyes roved here and there over the wide prospect. Suddenly his attention stiffened. "See there, slightly to the left, just at the top of that next rise," he urged, "beyond that bunch of zebras!"

They looked and saw a scattered band of creatures, loafing leisurely away at a peculiar, indescribable, loose swaying walk.

"Lions!" said Forrester. "Lord! Lord!" He eyed them a calculating moment. "Seventeen of them! In the broad open! At this time of day! Saw man ever the like!"

Everybody stared, a little awed.

"But they are so big!" said Tinkler at last. "They look as big as the zebra!"

"They are big," replied Forrester shortly.

"Can't we get nearer?" cried Roy.

"I doubt it, but we'll try." Forrester put the car in motion, following slowly. "They'll gallop off for cover in a moment," he commented. "But it's a fine sight."

But the lions did not in the smallest degree hasten their progress. They moved with entire leisure, wandering loosely in one general direction, crossing and recrossing one another's lines. From time to time one stopped, raised its head, gazed calmly abroad, went on again. They paid not the smallest attention to the flivver, though it had by now drawn up to within a few hundred yards.

Forrester's eyes were shining. "Saw man ever the like!" he repeated to himself.

He turned the car off on a diagonal and soon was abreast of and running parallel to the band. A fine big-maned lion was in the lead, pacing lordly as if in a parade, his head high and scornful, vouchsafing no glance to left or right. In the lot were two other maned lions. The rest were either lionesses or young maneless lions, all full-grown, magnificent creatures. The occupants of the car could see them plainly now, in all detail—the muscles rippling under the skin, the loose-jointed, swaying slouch, the aloof, far-off fixed gaze that disdained to take account of mundane trivialities. Though not one had as yet even glanced in their direction, the occupants of the flivver were gripped by a tension of excitement. Their breathing shortened, their muscles contracted, a prickling cold crept over them.

One of the lionesses stopped short and slowly turned to face them. Even at this distance they were conscious of the deliberate, uncompromising stare of her great yellow eyes.

(Continued on Page 46)

DREAMS COME TRUE*

LYING on your back in the warm June sunlight, haven't you watched hawks wheeling lazily in the sky, and dreamed of some mechanical creature to lift you from earth and carry you wherever you commanded? . . . Or, lying in warm sand, lulled by the murmur of sea waves, haven't you watched with young eyes shaded the drift of white clouds, wishing you could drift with them, over the earth, over the sea, captain of a silver-winged ship in the heavens!

No thinking man will scorn these imaginings of boyhood. For man's inventions are almost always a crystallization of the dreams of youth. Horseless wagons, boats to sail in the depths of the sea, engines to make ships move without wind or oars, kites and balloons to find the freedom of the sky . . . *youth knew all these things long before man put them to hard use!*

Could anything be more fabulous than this dream of the boy come true? The giant machine soaring high above the earth . . . lighter than the butterfly . . . more free than the wheeling hawk . . . faster than the wind. *Moving wherever the hand of man directs!*

And who is guiding it along the airways above the clouds?

Modern youth!

The dreaming boys of today are looking into the blue of the sky with clearer vision to a world we will not know.

This year more than 100,000 are participating in the airplane-model competition conducted by *The American Boy Magazine.* . . . Recently a thirteen-year-old girl flew a plane, unaided, hundreds of miles across country to call upon her grandmother. . . . And the airplane factories and schools are experiencing a steady siege of boys and young men who not only wish to fly, but who want to build planes, to design engines, to study and develop new systems of transportation.

At the Ford Airport, in Dearborn, since last June there has been an endless procession of children and young men and women bringing their elders with them to experience the thrill and safety of winged flight. *More than nineteen thousand passengers took sightseeing trips over Detroit in a single season, in greater security than in a limousine. This year the number will be considerably more, for the Ford Airport is now recognized as a great center for commercial flying.*

Everyone whose business is influenced by production, transportation and changing trends in merchandising should recognize by now that aviation has definitely entered its second great phase. The first phase was development of the machine. *The second phase is development of transportation systems over which the machine will be used!*

Flying men are all now thinking in terms of transportation. The Air Mail is already covering 25,000 miles daily. While Ford planes alone have carried to date more than five million pounds of useful freight. These great tri-motored planes are the express cars and Pullmans of the sky, planned (with all the resources of the Ford organization to command) years in advance of normal development.

**Sixty-eight years ago the German artist, Lenbach, painted this shepherd boy, lying on his back in the summer sun, watching butterflies floating against the blue sky above, dreaming unutterable dreams . . . sixty-eight years ago.*

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Continued from Page 44

"Now they'll clear," predicted Forrester confidently.

But they did not clear. One by one they came to a halt; one by one they turned their heads—all but the big-maned lion in the lead. If aware of this new center of interest, he ignored it, pacing slowly forward in disdain.

Forrester instantly brought the car to a stand. "Sit tight, everybody!" he warned.

Two of the lionesses dropped flat to the earth. After a moment they began slowly to creep forward, their heads low, half concealed in the short grasses. The others watched indifferently. Steadily they approached, pausing for a brief moment from time to time to raise carefully their great round heads. Then those sitting in the car felt the impact of their estimating scrutiny. They were exactly like two domestic cats creeping up on a sparrow.

"By Jove, they're stalking us!" breathed Forrester. He cautiously detached from its clips on the dash the heavy double rifle. "Sit absolutely quiet!" he warned again.

Nearer and nearer crept the great beasts, side by side. In bland detachment the rest of the band watched. Finally when only about forty yards distant the two stopped and raised their heads for a long and more careful examination. Then, either satisfied that this new strange creature was not worth while or deterred by its immobility and apparent fearlessness, they rose to their feet and with great deliberation rejoined their companions. The latter awaited their return; then all resumed their leisurely progression in the wake of the leader, who had not broken his step, and who was now some distance ahead.

Forrester returned the rifle to its clips with a short laugh of relief. "I never saw anything like that before," he remarked. "Looked for a few minutes as though they might come in."

Roy was excited and filled with the valor of ignorance. "Can't we shoot one?" he cried. "I'd like to get one. I want ——"

"Certainly not!" Forrester cut him short. "We're well out of it. How about the other sixteen? Are you looking for a battle?"

He turned to survey the occupants of the back of the car. Velda was white as chalk.

"I'm scared," she confessed, smiling wanly at him.

"And quite right!" agreed Forrester heartily. "There are two sensible members, anyway—three," he amended with a grin as his eye fell on the crouched and trembling Fidelo. Fidelo, in the medieval classification, was a gaze hound and not a smell hound. Nevertheless, he had got a whiff of the lions. He rolled a pleading eye toward the amused white man.

"I'm not a lion hound," he assured Forrester earnestly. "I'm a wolfhound. Bring on your wolves if you want to see something good; but lions are distinctly not my business."

Forrester, partly in deference to Velda's still-shaken nerves, partly for the sake of economy in the dwindling petrol, turned the car back toward camp.

The sun was now higher in the heavens, though the heat of the day was yet distant. The game, which had heretofore been indifferent or mildly curious, now decided that the motor car was worth attention. First a band of zebra began to run, parallel with the flivver and a hundred yards or so distant. They picked up in their way a bunch of wildebeest, which joined them. More distant animals, observing the sport, either came across to join in or started a stampede of their own. The thing grew faster than a rolling snowball. Inside of ten minutes by the watch the car was escorted by literally thousands of wild animals. They lumbered soberly along either flank; they put on pace and crossed in front. The latter seemed quite a game—to calculate nicely the speed necessary to pass. Some barely made it, shying as the radiator bounced at them through the clouds of dust. For the dust rose like a fog, and in it, mysteriously, appeared and faded the dark bodies.

Fidelo rested his chin over the side of the flivver. He was trembling violently and uttering low whines. Suddenly and unexpectedly and quite out of all character, he sprang over to the ground and, in spite of whistles and frantic calls, gave chase.

At once the entire tune of the situation changed. An electric thrill of warning seemed to touch instantly every animal heart. Only a few of those nearest saw the wolfhound, but the alarm was instantly transmitted to the outermost circles. What had been play turned into serious business. Everybody had been accompanying and good-humoredly playing tag with this new animal. It was large and clumsy and snorted and made queer noises, but the beasts sensed its lack of enmity, its reasonable intentions toward themselves, and it amused them in this playtime of the morning to run rings around the thing. But now running became a business. Danger was abroad. The immediate landscape cleared almost as by magic. Over far-distant rises and slopes of the veldt the masses of animals could be seen receding as rapidly as—and after the manner of—a wash of the sea down a steep beach. They were distinctly going away from there, whole-heartedly and single-mindedly and with one accord, all of them, in all directions, so that the flivver occupied the center of a swiftly widening solitude. And just within the circumference of that circle could be discerned a dwindling white thing that was Fidelo, reverted to atavism, dashing madly to and fro.

Apparently the multiplicity of possibilities had caused him to lose his head completely. Fidelo could undoubtedly outrun any one animal there, with the possible exception of the gazelles; but he could not outrun them all at once, and he seemed unable to make a choice. Or possibly he did not want to make a choice. Perhaps this upheaval of his long-suppressed instincts found it more satisfactory to chase the whole of animated creation right off the map—a drunkenness of power.

Velda was beside herself. She wanted to set off instantly in pursuit, but Forrester shook his head. They could never hope to catch up. It would be better to stop right here in the hope that Fidelo would find his way back, once the madness had passed. Privately Forrester had grave doubts of his ability to do this. He knew that Fidelo's type had poor noses and he distrusted his common sense. The flivver was only a speck in a wilderness. There was no knowing how far the absurd chase would lead. He was able to reassure Velda on one point, however—Fidelo was in no danger from any of the animals themselves. They would not turn on him.

"It's the wild dogs," he explained; "that's the reason they all cleared in such a panic. Didn't you notice that they paid almost no attention to the lions? But they are in deadly terror of wild dogs."

"Now you mention it, it was curious," said Tinkler. "They just stood and stared at the lions."

"You see," Forrester elucidated, "it's their manner of hunting. These wild dogs hunt in packs. They single out one particular beast as their prey, and once they have selected him, they keep after him until they get him. They never fail—never. That beast is doomed. The animal world seems to know that, so every last one of them clears promptly for fear he may be the one to be selected. That's my idea of the reason. Anyway that is how it is. The mere sight of a wild dog is enough to clear the countryside of game. And they realize Fidelo is a dog."

"What are they like?" asked Tinkler.

"Something like a piebald police dog, only with round bat ears"

"Isn't there something we can do?" wailed Velda.

Forrester, reluctantly because of his precious gasoline, turned the car and followed in the general direction of Fidelo's disappearance. He had not much faith in the maneuver, but he saw that some sort of activity was necessary if hysterics were to be postponed. Atop a commanding rise, he halted again.

"It's our best chance," said he. "He might see us here, if he knows enough to back-track at all. May as well get down and stretch our legs."

They remained on that spot through all the noontime and well into the afternoon. The men of the party became more and more exasperated, and would have been wholly inclined to abandon Fidelo to his chances of discovering camp on his own. But Velda's genuine distress held them.

"There isn't a chance in the world we'll ever see him again," Forrester told Tinkler privately. "If he makes a kill he'll stop by it. He hasn't sense enough to find his way back. And once darkness overtakes him, a leopard will get him sure."

"We're going to have a bad time with her," said Tinkler anxiously, glancing toward the devoted Velda, who, oblivious of the sun and lack of food, had constantly searched the prospect through the field glasses.

The sun sank lower toward the horizon. Forrester grew uneasy.

"We'll have to start back before long," he warned Tinkler. "Darkness falls all at once out here, you know." He glanced at his wrist watch. "I'll give ten minutes," said he.

But coincident with this decision Velda uttered an excited cry. "There! There he is!" she choked.

Forrester snatched the glasses and took a long look at the crawling speck in the distance and swore softly to himself.

"Climb in, everybody!" he ordered.

The crawling speck proved to be indeed Fidelo, returning by some unsuspected instinct or intelligence. When the motor drew alongside he flopped to his belly, for Fidelo was about all in. He had hardly the strength even to acknowledge his mistress' emotions.

"He ought to get a good licking," Forrester advised, at the same time pouring water from his canteen into a basin improvised of his *terai* hat.

Fidelo lapped the water eagerly. Forrester, in all seriousness, repeated his advice as to the licking as a preventive measure against repetitions of the escapade. Velda was flamingly indignant over the mere idea. Forrester shrugged his shoulders. Fidelo revived as the water took effect. The mists of total exhaustion cleared somewhat from before his perceptions. Still, he was very exhausted, and considered himself quite unable to hop in as curtly requested by Forrester. So the latter heaved him aboard none too gently and they returned to camp.

From the tone of the recitals there he gathered that he had not gained in general popularity. Kits and Maclyn, disturbed over the absence of the party, had been on the point of starting out in search. There seemed to be an inordinate amount of blame in the air. Fidelo gathered it was directed toward himself. His demeanor became appropriately propitiatory, quite unlike his customary haughty aloofness. He wagged a tail and ducked a head and wrinkled a conciliatory nose when anybody so much as glanced in his direction. But deep down in Fidelo was something raffish, a swagger of spirit, that could not be entirely concealed.

"I know I done wrong," said Fidelo, "but dog-gone it, did you see them run? I sure had that bunch of bimbos winging!"

Such language! And Fidelo was such a genteel person too!

VI

AS A LAPSE from grace, this would have been deplorable enough, but the matter did not end there. Fidelo had acquired a taste for low life. The very next morning he took the first opportunity to disappear quite on his own and was gone all day. It was a day lost for everybody else. Velda saw to that. Vain and disgusted search parties had to set out. They returned at sundown without news. Fidelo came back soon after, exhausted again, barely able to drag himself in, but drunk as a lord. He was humble but obviously unrepentant.

Continued on Page 48

Is CHRYSLER overhead Lower?

WHAT has humorously been said of the handicap under which an egotist labors—that "his overhead is too heavy for his output"—is much more seriously true of the motor car manufacturer.

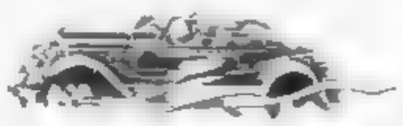
If he is not extracting from every inch of his floor space, every ounce of his man power, every pound of raw material, and every unit of his mechanical equipment its fullest possible yield, the public *must* pay the piper in the cost of the motor car.

The Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality—setting a common high standard of materials, methods, parts, processes and manufacture, and applying them alike to four cars covering four great central markets—was devised to defeat this inexorable law of overhead.

The further Chrysler practice of giving infinitely more thought to the *use* made of factory floor space than to the size of the factory buildings was, likewise, worked out to hold down overhead.

The Chrysler practice of swiftly and ruthlessly obsoleting machinery as soon as more scientific and economical methods were devised by Chrysler experts in efficiency, is likewise dictated by the determination to hold down overhead.

The Chrysler policy of placing a premium on men and brains and quality rather than mere size of production was another blow aimed at excessive overhead.



The Chrysler principle, from the very first, has been not to seek huge production by price but to compel volume by quality; and when a common high standard of quality was attained, to lower prices by spreading the cost over four great cars occupying distinctly different fields, but each drawing from the other in the combined use of the same materials, parts and processes.

All of this sounds academic; but as a matter of fact it is an intensely practical consideration whenever you come to consider the purchase of a motor car.

It is almost undoubtedly a fact that Chrysler's overhead is lower than that of any other quality manufacturer, and as one result of that, in the four great price classes, Chrysler is also undoubtedly *the world's lowest-priced producer of quality cars.*

Study that statement—study what you give and what you get in a Chrysler "52," "62," "72" or Imperial "80" and see if it is not borne out by the cars themselves and by the prices at which they are sold.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION
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For $1.00 this sturdy new Carter "Athletic"

A DURABLE, long-wearing garment — appropriately named "Sturdee"! It has that careful cut and fine tailored finish that have made Carter's garments so famous. Made from strong, firm nainsook, with snubber back, triple stitched for extra service. Seams carefully reinforced and bar stitched to prevent ripping. Buttons doubly sewed.

Carter's New "Shorts & Shirts"

THE shorts fit snugly about the waist—have side tapes that make them completely adjustable. Wide flaring legs assure freedom and ample seat room. In wide stripes and other patterns in a variety of colors.

The shirts are of porous, lightweight knit fabric—cool and moisture absorbing. They come in all white with crosswise rayon threads, or plain cotton, or all rayon. Also with colored rayon stripes on white ground. The Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.

Carter's

SIZE U.S. PAT. OFF.

Underwear

(Continued from Page 46)

This time he got his licking on the urgent representation by Forrester that he must be broken of this or come to a certain and untimely end a result which Forrester considered not undesirable. Fidelo had been whipped but once before in all his life, and he informed the world at the top of his voice that it was indubitably about to dissolve into chaos. But the chastisement had no effect on abating this new passion. He was like an alcoholic or a drug addict. He was incapable of self-control. And he became, like them, cunning beyond belief in getting his dope. They tied him up—he gnawed through his bonds and vanished. They tied him more firmly—he remained sunk in melancholy until released momentarily into the custody of a boy for the sake of exercise. Then promptly he jerked away and was off like a shot. Velda was responsible for several escapes, for she was soft-hearted over her favorite's restraint and was always hopeful that this time—just for a moment—in her company —— And swish! Fidelo disappeared into the blue. He grew cunning and very deceitful. Plainly he informed each that he held his heart in his keeping; and when as an especial concession to this pretty sentiment anyone allowed him an opportunity to play, he used it to go on another prolonged debauch.

Always he managed somehow to get back. Sometimes he crawled under the wire at the last moment. But invariably the absence of Fidelo meant a lost day, for Velda was absurd. She remembered the lions and was convinced that Fidelo would be a gone dog did he carry his megalomania so far as to try to impose it on these self-sufficient creatures.

Forrester agreed with her heartily and was heard privately to express a hope that the event might come off.

"For he's safe from that," he said regretfully. "Fidelo is a fool, but he's not as big a fool as that. I've seen him in the presence of lions. I know. He'll give them a wide berth."

And in that statement the hunter knew his Fidelo. Fidelo, by repeated success in driving great numbers of huge beasts right off the face of the earth, had by now a swollen idea of his own importance in the animal world. Indeed, he was nearing dangerously a state of paranoia, a mania of grandeur. He was actually beginning to look upon himself, if not a god, at least as divinely appointed and under personal and flattering celestial alliance, like Kaiser Wilhelm. He was monarch of all he surveyed—only, he took great care not to survey any lions.

VII

THIS demoralization was bad not only for Fidelo—it was bad for business. The camp was always more or less upset, either looking for Fidelo or awaiting Fidelo or restraining Fidelo. He was on everybody's mind, more or less, but especially on Velda's. Not only was she perpetually stirred up for his safety but she was greatly occupied with the lesser afflictions inseparable from such a life as Fidelo had elected. There was the matter of sore feet, for example, and cockleburs and thorns, but especially ticks. Fidelo accumulated ticks literally by the score.

In this type of grass veldt ticks are not only numerous as the salt-sea sands but they are pleasingly variegated as to size, pattern and habit. Some are no bigger than mustard seeds, some are large enough to bear heraldic devices. Some fasten themselves on one spot and expand into the likeness of miniature dirigibles; some dig holes in their victims and crawl into them, remaining the same size; still others have a roving commission and dine where hunger finds them.

Fidelo collected a full complement. They made him uncomfortable and he wanted them taken off, but at the same time his sensitive nature squirmed at the mere thought of the process. It meant that he must hold quite still while somebody carefully unscrewed each balloon tick so as not to leave in the head, pried out with a sharp stick each burrowing tick and pursued each peripatetic tick through some of Fidelo's most sensitive places. This divided frame of mind, Forrester confessed, gave him the fantods and he refused to have anything to do with the matter.

Velda tragically looked upon the extraction of each separate tick as a major surgical operation. Finally one of the younger *safari* boys was delegated as Fidelo's official deticker. Forrester surveyed with disgust the spectacle of Fidelo stretched out on his side, trembling in histrionic nervousness but egregiously the center of attention, over him the intent deticker, hovering in a sympathy that never ceased to be agonized, his mistress.

"Some day," said Forrester hopefully, "he'll stop for a drink at the river and a croc will gobble him; or he'll chase something into the brush and a leopard will get him; or he'll step on a mamba or a puff adder; or he'll chase something out of the country and plain get lost."

"Or stub his toe and break his neck," mocked Kits. "I must say I like him better. He's overdoing it, of course, but that is the reaction from early repressions. I think he's getting to be quite a dog."

The tide of public opinion actually seemed to be turning somewhat in Fidelo's favor. It is always refreshing to see the mamma's boy break the maternal apron strings. And, as Kits pointed out, even if one deprecated his disobedience and his tickful tendencies and the disorganization he was causing and all the rest of it, one must respect his nerve.

It was the more admirable in that nobody had ever suspected he had any. Forrester was skeptical as to that, and he grinned in secret triumph when Fidelo returned one day very disconsolate, his face abristle with quills of the giant porcupine that rattles scornfully about Central Africa. That experience should cool Fidelo's ardor!

It was certainly a painful enough experience, not only for Fidelo but for all concerned. The quills are barbed and they had to be pulled out with pliers. Fidelo's wails filled the camp. Velda could not stand it and went to bury her head in pillows. Nevertheless, at the next opportunity he was off again, his enthusiasm for the rough rude life unquenched.

And again one day the troupe, taking pictures, happened upon Fidelo at play with an exceedingly peevish rhinoceros. He was leaping in and out toward the great beast after the manner of a toreador before a bull. The rhinoceros was blowing like a steam safety valve and charging viciously. To be harried in this fashion was an entirely new experience for him, for he was accustomed to be left severely alone with his grouch by all the animal kingdom up to and including lions.

He had an idea it was because he was the boss of creation, though of course it was merely because chevying rhinos must be an occupation barren of practical results. Nobody could hope to make even a dent on such an armored dreadnaught, and veldt beasts base their activities on the utilitarian principle of making a living. None of them have Fidelo's frivolous sense of humor.

But undoubtedly it took nerve to tackle a rhino, and even Forrester made reluctant concession to the fact. In face of initial disapproval, Fidelo was getting a certain kind of reputation, something akin to that accorded people who go over Niagara Falls in a barrel or who climb up the fronts of office buildings. I cannot claim that his eminence was very heavily alloyed with either popularity or approval. Outside the cruel and unusual mental anguish he caused his mistress—outside the general nuisance he was making of himself as above described, he was rendering it difficult to get meat near camp.

"He'll clear the whole country of game if he keeps on!" grumbled Forrester. "I'd like to tie 'em both up." In which remark his inclusion was of Fidelo and also his mistress. It was by now wholly realized that it was impossible to control one without controlling the other.

VIII

THEN a very unfortunate thing happened. It was due, as so many unfortunate things are due, to misplaced confidence. The only fly now in the ointment of Fidelo's complete enjoyment was the fact that he was in this great game playing a lone hand. He missed support and companionship and mutual congratulation. In last analysis, Fidelo was a hound, and it is the nature of hounds to work in packs.

One day he came around the corner of a *kopje*, to see, about a hundred yards distant, a group of twenty-five or thirty animals. They were seated on their haunches, regarding him steadily. Fidelo throttled down. In spite of the narrowness of his head and the despite in which his intelligence was held, Fidelo was no fool when it came to taking care of Fidelo. Already he had learned that the wild animals of the veldt were of two sorts—those that run away instantly and those that do not. The latter again present a biformal classification into those that stand their ground and those that retire indifferently.

The first sort you chased on sight and that was all there was to it. The second sort it was wise to reconnoiter and to diagnose. Rhinos did not run away, but they were capable of affording superb sport because they were both clumsy and inaffable. Baboons did not run away, either, but were inclined to retire if not pressed. Fidelo felt instinctively that it would not be judicious to hustle them too closely; some of the old chaps had a beetle-browed and calculating manner of looking back. But if he performed a maximum of briskness with a minimum of forward motion toward the baboons, the latter would, to save bother, retire slowly to trees, and once up trees they would not come down.

Fidelo got to be quite expert at so regulating his speed as to arrive at the foot of the trees just too late. After which there was quite a bit of fun—safe fun—to be had barking and leaping upward; though, it must be confessed, the baboons were unresponsive. Mostly they roosted near the top in large furry balls and gazed dreamily toward far horizons. Only occasionally did one of the younger ones look down to make a sudden grimace at the raving Fidelo.

Then there were the lions. They did not run away either. Fidelo left them severely alone. They were obviously cats—one could smell that, even though one classed as a gaze hound. Fidelo had once been punished for chasing a Persian cat belonging to a friend of his mistress. Until recently this unique and solitary whipping had rankled with Fidelo. Now he was glad it had happened and that he knew it was very wrong to chase cats—any kind of cats—especially this kind of cat. He tried even to feel a little virtuous about it, but that was a trifle difficult.

Obviously this admirable recently acquired grasp of natural history brought Fidelo to a pause when he came around the *kopje* upon the twenty-five or thirty animals that did not at once run away. Diagnosis was the first requisite. So Fidelo circled cautiously to leeward. The strange animals continued to sit on their haunches, quite motionless, except that their heads, as though under one control, turned slowly in unison to follow Fidelo's movements. It was uncanny, disconcerting. Fidelo was just beginning to get self-conscious when his nostrils caught an indubitable canine odor. These were dogs!

Fidelo was delighted, enchanted! Understanding companionship at last! A whole Rotary Club, after months of nothing but foreigners who didn't even speak a sensible language! Fidelo abandoned his crouch, his cautious *shikari* crawl. Tail awave, head up, he pranced forward, uttering rapturous greetings. He was almost vulgarly effusive.

He realized this suddenly, with a glow of shame. The stranger dogs did not move. In their imperturbable fixed scrutiny Fidelo

(Continued on Page 50)

"Maybe We're Wrong"

By E. L. Cord

Auburn has built its success by not under-estimating the public's intelligence. That is why we are going to lay our cards on the table face up and explain what our hardest job is today.

It is not to design more advanced cars—that is easy.

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It is not modern factories—no competitor excels Auburn in this respect.

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But, we still believe the only way to buy a motor car is by comparing different cars. We submit the new Auburn on this basis and say, "Drive it and if it does not SELL ITSELF you will not be asked to buy."

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INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc. New York . Chicago . San Francisco
Service Department, Waterbury, Conn.

Continued from Page 48.

scented a faint and delicate rebuke of his bumptiousness. He pulled himself together, slowed to a walk, remembered he must uphold the traditions of dear old Hollywood, assumed his most blasé and Ritzy manner. Preoccupied with this transition, he advanced yet another twenty paces; then came to a perplexed halt. This continued and rigid immobility, this round-eyed uncompromising stare, was being overdone. It was not clubby.

Perhaps these persons were not desirable acquaintances, after all. There was something sinister about them—rude, at least. Unwise to scrape chance acquaintance anywhere in the world.

Fidelo slowly turned and walked away. He had the air of one who had suddenly remembered something which really ought to have been attended to long ago. He glanced back over his shoulder. As one dog, the strangers had risen to their feet and were following him! He walked a little faster—broke into a trot. It was much later than he had thought. The pack behind him also broke into a trot.

IX

FORRESTER, squatted atop a rise of the prairie, was idly examining the landscape through his glasses. Tinkler and Keegan, together with Roy, were fiddling away with some minor sequence. Maclyn was lying on his back smoking a pipe. Suddenly Forrester uttered a profane exclamation and leaped to his feet.

"Come on! Hop it!" he exhorted Maclyn urgently. He ran to crank the flivver. "We'll be back! Sit tight!" he shouted to the bewildered picture people, and scrambled to the wheel.

Maclyn, in the unquestioning and instant obedience Africa inculcates, was already in the seat, his rifle in hand.

"Over there—to the left—on that far ridge!" jerked out Forrester as the flivver leaped.

Maclyn looked. He saw, as he had seen many times before, a number of animals in a bunch proceeding at a high rate of speed; and Fidelo, detached, also proceeding at a high rate of speed. Only, this time the customary positions were reversed. Whereas on all other occasions the bunched animals had fled and Fidelo had brought up the rear, now Fidelo led the field.

He was doing a good job of it, too, his tail clamped down tight and his hind legs reaching far out in front of his front legs the sooner to grasp more landscape to fling astern. And even above the pop and rattle of the flivver distinctly could be heard the plebeian and demoralized ki-yiing ordinarily appropriate only to the tin-can-and-cur combination.

Maclyn did not at first share Forrester's evident excitement. Indeed, he laughed consumedly as he clung tight to the lurching vehicle.

"They'll never catch him—nothing would ever catch him!" he gasped. "Look at him go!" And then, as Forrester turned off at an angle from the line of pursuit—"What's the idea?"

"They'll chase him into camp," said Forrester impatiently. "He'll make for camp before long. And they'll kill him there. They'll never quit. We've got to get there first."

Maclyn sobered. His knowledge of the pertinacity of wild dogs, once committed to a chase, drove home to him the accuracy of Forrester's diagnosis of the situation. He cast an appraising eye in the direction the pursuit was taking.

"We'll make it," he asserted doubtfully. Then, after a moment—"Open her up, old man"

"I'm giving her all she's got!" yelled Forrester above the din. "Hope we don't hit an ant-bear hole or something."

Maclyn made no reply, but devoted himself to hanging on. After a time he chuckled again; then began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" growled Forrester, swerving on two wheels around a bowlder half hidden in the grass.

"The chase," said Maclyn. "It's so darn movieish, after all. They always have a chase—hero arrives at the last minute —— Wow! That was a close one! If we don't break an axle, I'm a Chinaman!"

But as a completely satisfactory movie episode, this must be written down a failure. Fidelo's mental processes were so upset that he remembered the sanctuary of camp only when he was nearly out of gas. Forrester and Maclyn got there in plenty of time. Indeed, they began to think they might have seen the last of Fidelo, when that shattered canine dashed past them and dived into Velda's tent. The wild pack, however, was only just behind him. They had led a hardier life than Fidelo and could stand the pace longer. So the finish was a satisfactorily close thing. Maclyn and Forrester then set to work and killed the lot. This, as anyone who knows wild dogs is aware, can be done; for these animals do not seem to know rifle fire, and are prone to leap and smell around their fallen comrades until the last receives his quietus.

"Which is a good job," said Forrester, handing his hot rifle to Mavrouki. "We've done our good deed for today. We've saved the destruction of an awful lot of game."

"I'll bet Fidelo could do with a bromide," observed Maclyn. "Close call for him. Next time he'll get his."

■

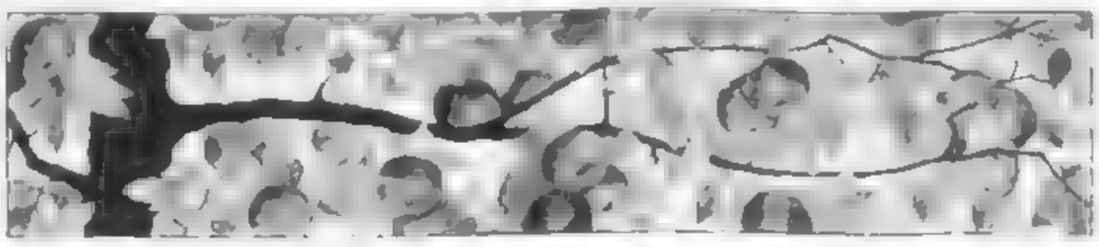
BUT THE joke of it was there was no next time. Fidelo remained under the cot for twenty-four hours. He ate nothing, nor did he respond to Velda's frantic caresses, but he consumed enough water to float a boat. Finally, under much urging, he ventured forth, obviously ready to go into reverse at the first hint of an adverse traffic signal. It was not until two days later that he managed as far as the camp borders. Here he sniffed for minutes at the spots where the wild dogs had fallen. That settled him. Dogs had chased him with murder in their hearts—dogs had been killed. Neither the canine nor the human world could be trusted. From that moment Fidelo kept camp. From that moment he consorted in complete confidence with one creature only in all the animate world—Velda. Which was highly satisfactory to all concerned, though nobody dared say so.

Forrester viewed this psychological phenomenon with interest.

"Reminds me a lot of these great African hunters who come out here," he confided to Maclyn and Kits. "I've seen a many of them. They're bold as brass at first—go right into the brush and pull the lion out by the tail—take chances that Kingozi himself wouldn't touch, and look with contempt on everybody who has sense enough not to do likewise. Then they get one close squeak, have one good scare, and they are through. You couldn't get them near a lion in a cage."

"Some of them get over it after a bit," suggested Kits.

"They never get over it," stated Forrester positively, "unless they take themselves in hand and make themselves go out immediately again before their nerve goes cold on them. Then there's a good chance." He eyed the abject Fidelo with humor. "And, my lad," ended Forrester, "I'm certainly not going to urge the like on you; it's too perfect the way it is."



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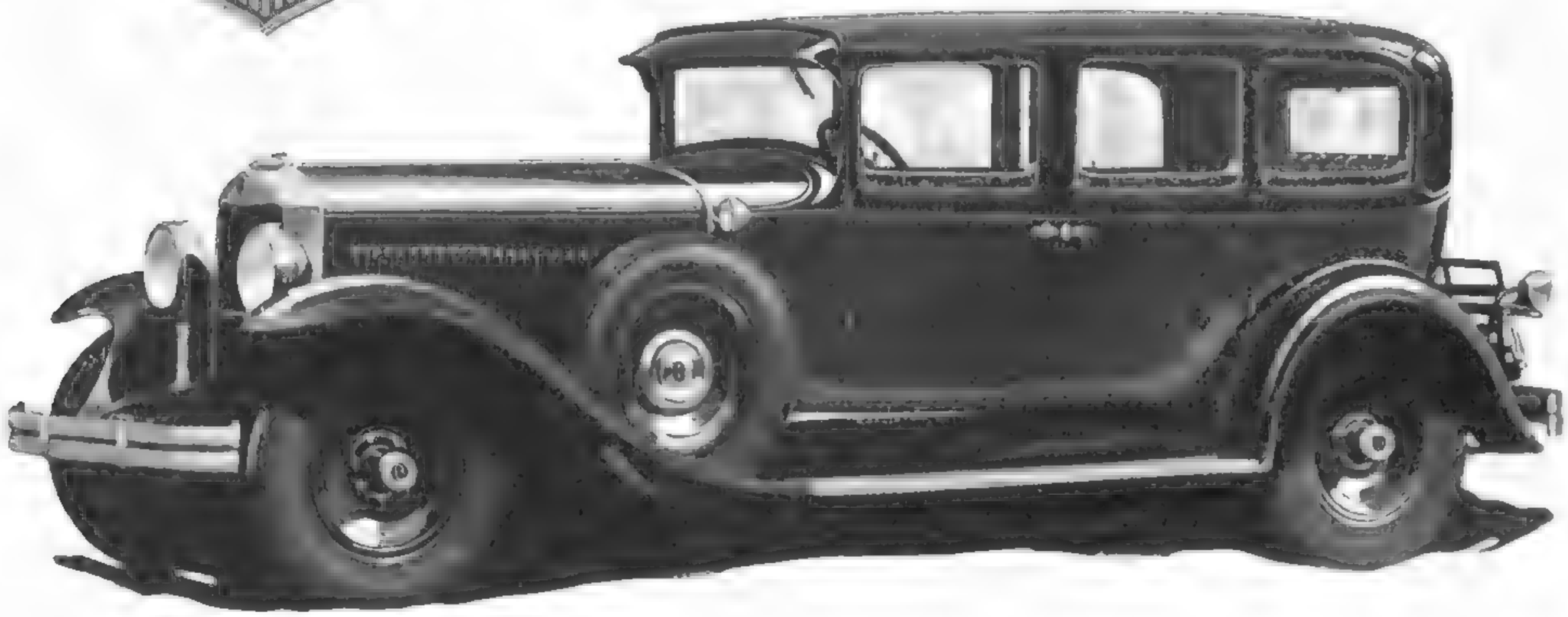

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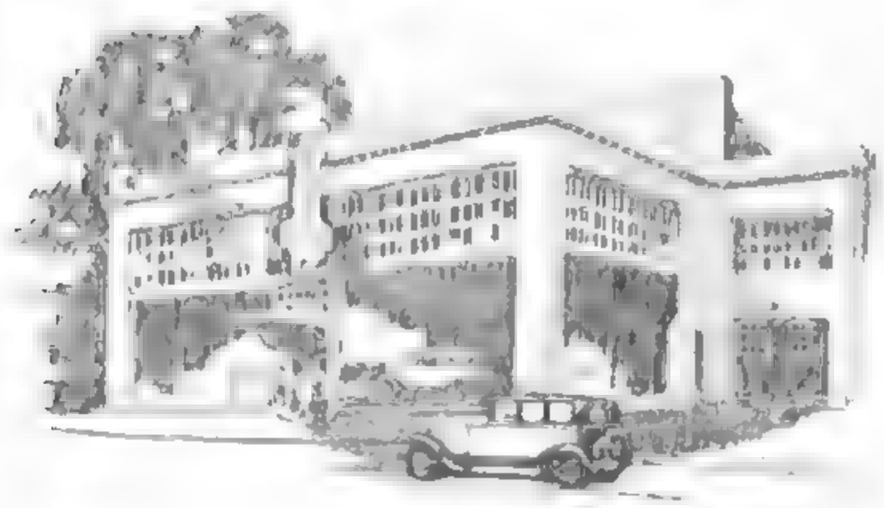

Five chassis — sixes and eights — prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 835, 5-passenger Sedan, with 4-speed transmission, $2285. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

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ESCROW

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Escrow departments, as conducted in California, do away with the necessity of closing dates. Buyer and seller, having agreed on terms, go to the office of an escrow holder, who is most often a bank official. There they deposit the money and the instruments necessary for the consummation of the trade. Thereafter they shake hands and part. The transaction is completed without further inconvenience to either of them. While a title company is examining the records, the money and instruments are kept by the escrow agent; then, when all the conditions of the contract have been fulfilled, the deed is sent to the new owner and his money is sent to the seller or else deposited to his account.

Printed forms that contain the essence of tens of thousands of real-estate trades are a guide for the bank clerks who serve as stakeholders in these transactions. In the ordinary real-estate deal in California lawyers do not figure any more often than they do in the ordinary transactions on the New York Stock Exchange. In fact, as the two institutions -escrow departments and the Stock Exchange—both have as their excuse for being the protection and convenience of traders, there is justification for comparing them on other grounds.

When an order is given to a broker to sell or buy some active listed stock, that order is executed so speedily that it is irrevocable; if a man changes his mind after selling, at slight cost he can hedge the sale by buying, his vacillation costing him only a slight loss in commissions. In dealing in commodities bought and sold in an organized market this advantage also exists, but in real estate the nearest approach to an organized market to be seen on this continent is the escrow business of Los Angeles banks and title companies.

It is very seldom, in a property sale not quickly consummated, that one or the other person in the transaction does not feel an inclination to withdraw. Either the friends of the seller tell him he could have got more from someone else or the friends of the buyer chide him for extravagance. This sort of thing happens in Los Angeles as it does elsewhere, but when the traders have signed an escrow agreement drawn up by one of the experienced companies there is rarely any rat hole through which there is an escape. If the transaction requires a wife's signature as well as that of the husband, the escrow officer is quick to point this out to both parties.

A Profitable Side Line

If the purchaser is buying a triangular piece of ground with the idea of putting a gasoline filling station on it and there is a restriction in the title which would prohibit such use being made of it, the escrow men conceive it to be their duty to warn the purchaser. It is not up to the escrow men to make a deal, but when a deal has been made they conceive it to be their duty to see that it is completed in accordance with the terms agreed upon. The contracts drawn in escrow booths in Los Angeles nowadays are so binding and enforceable that there is a steady growth of confidence in the system. In several cases courts have held that money paid into escrow as part of the purchase price was forfeited upon failure to make the balance of the payments as called for in the escrow instructions.

All of this suggests that perhaps the scattered escrow business of Los Angeles today is the nebula of what will be in the future an organized real-estate market.

Until the latter part of 1919 most of the escrows around Los Angeles were handled by title companies, but real-estate transfers increased to such an extent about that time that impatient traders, tired of waiting their turns, forced this business on the trust departments of the banks. Since then, as bank after bank in California has discovered that this unsought business was bringing in more new business of all kinds than any other single lure, the California bankers have been deluged with inquiries from their brethren in other states, who want to know how to get started, how much to charge for the services, and other details.

Some of the California companies that pioneered in the escrow field conducted that part of their business year after year knowing that the direct returns were less than the cost of the service rendered. They were satisfied to do so because no other service they could give produced so much new business. Each purchaser of real estate was a likely prospect for the other departments of the bank into which he came as party to an escrow agreement.

When Loss Occurs

About 90 per cent of the escrows handled by a typical banking institution of Los Angeles involve real estate and consist of sales, loans, exchanges, sales of mortgages and trust-deed notes, and the handling of oil leases and ninety-nine-year leases. The other common types of escrows are concerned with sales of going concerns—groceries, service stations, restaurants. As a rule, the charge made for this stakeholding service is one dollar for each $1000 handled, and with a minimum fee of ten dollars, but the largest fee in the experience of a Los Angeles escrow officer who has been engaged in the work for many years was $2600. That was in a transaction involving a large tract of oil land, and officers of the bank had to do considerable traveling to make sure that the terms of the escrow agreement had been carried out. Beyond any question, it is not the direct profit of the business that has interested the banks. What appeals to them is the intimate contact afforded with prospective customers as well as the certain knowledge that general prosperity is aided by increased buying and selling. The officers of one institution revealed, at a recent convention of bankers, that through its escrow department it had obtained 1474 new depositors, who placed more than $2,000,000 in the bank.

In California bankers are fairly well agreed that to be successful they must have a general knowledge of the subject of escrows. One of the first things they undertake to discover for themselves is the precise legal relationship created by the acceptance of an escrow. What they promptly find out is that there is no precise legal definition of that relationship. As in other forms of trusteeship, the rules are still to be made, as in the case decided in a Western court a few years ago, when two gentlemen, parties to an escrow agreement, made the shocking discovery that their escrow agent had absconded.

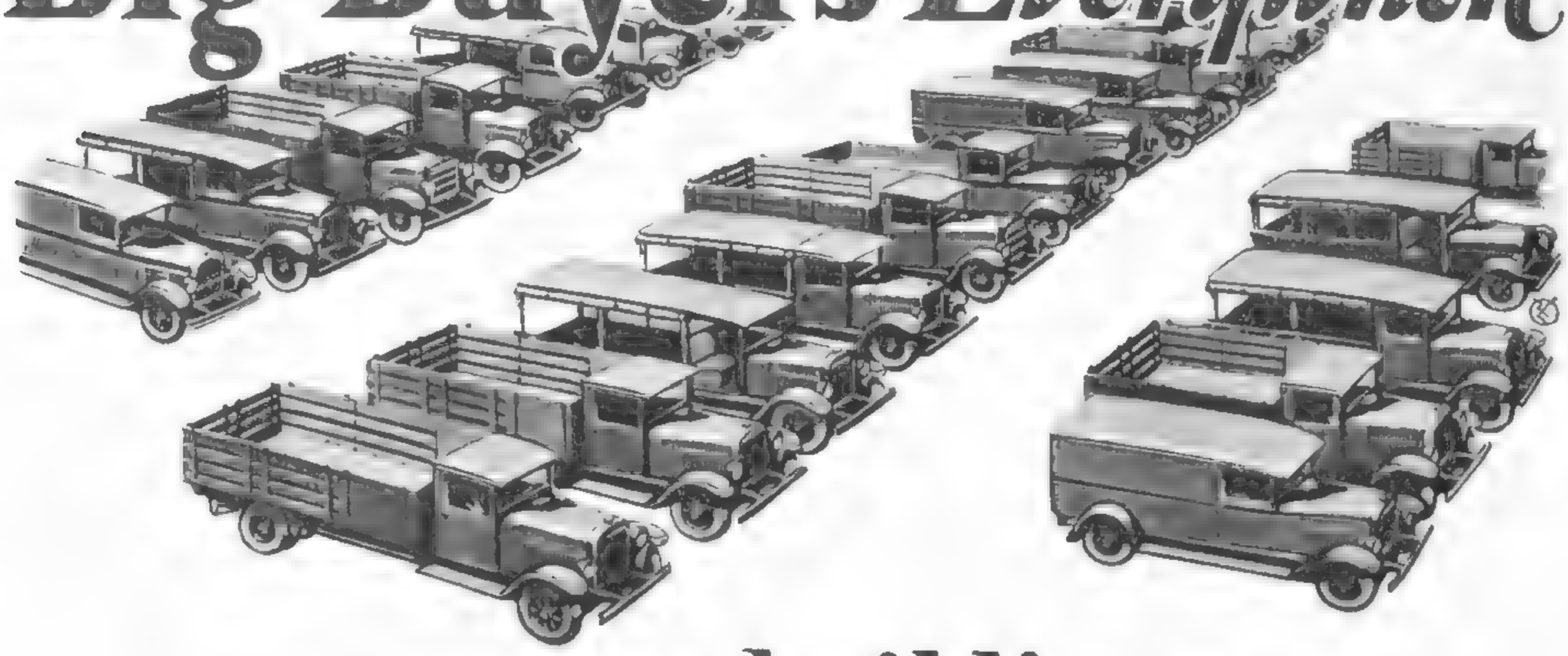
It had been a real-estate transaction and the escrow holder departed with the buyer's first payment. Whose was the loss? If, by some black art, the words in one sentence of the judge's opinion could have been transformed, each word into a year of jail, the absconder would have been well served. There were 132 words in the jurist's wise sentence. Crisply stated, his ruling was that, as the terms of the escrow had not been completely performed, the money embezzled belonged to the buyer, and the buyer would have to suffer the loss.

There are only a few such cases in the records, but there are many instances that might be cited where escrow holders have suffered loss. For example, a note was deposited with a trust company in escrow, with a demand for its payment, together with a release of the mortgage securing it. A mistake of one year's interest was made in computing the interest, which cost the trust company $2600.

In another case a trust company delivered a note, by mistake, to the man who was supposed to have paid it. He destroyed his note. It was held that the

(Continued on Page 54)

Big Buyers Everywhere



are building up Speed Wagon Fleets *in numbers never known before*

YOU can't fool the fleet owner on motor trucks. He can check every claim with cold, hard, dollars-and-cents facts dug out of his own experience.

So you seldom find fleet owners changing from one make of truck to another, except on the basis of proved facts. That's why other trucks so rarely make inroads into Speed Wagon fleets. And it's why Speed Wagons have always been favorites with fleet owners. They *proved* their fitness for all kinds of operating conditions by millions of miles of use.

And now fleet owner after fleet owner in all lines of business —men who know motor trucks—are buying the new Speed Wagons in even greater volume than they ever did before.

The fleet owner knows that with the thirteen new models he can standardize on Speed Wagons—with all the economies which can come only through such standardization.

And the fleet owner *knows* he can get more miles per day from *six cylinders* than he can from four. He *knows* that loads are safer on trucks equipped with *4-wheel internal two-shoe hydraulic brakes.* He *knows* that maintenance is lowered by *automatic chassis lubrication.* He *knows* that drivers are more contented and more efficient if given a truck that's *easy to handle* and *comfortable to ride in,* regardless of the weather.

And he *knows* that he can get all these features only in the new Speed Wagon.

Try one yourself. The Speed Wagon itself will show you what faster, surer, easier, cheaper transportation means today.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

In a Single Week

A food products company, operating 400 s has just taken delivery of 48 Speed Wagon Juniors as their first lot of replacements on a nation-wide scale.

A Chautauqua circuit with headquarters in Kansas bought eleven Speed Wagons to make traveling their circuit easier, swifter and surer.

One of the nation's largest oil companies has just purchased 50 Speed Wagons for use in the Southern territory.

In Arizona, an ice company bought three to keep ahead of competition.

A western potato chip company added the fifth Speed Wagon Junior to their fleet which must make deliveries over great distances

Seattle saw 20 Speed Wagon Tonners enter the service of one of the nation's largest truck users.

And the Tide Rolls On

A baking company in New York has purchased 215 Speed Wagons since July 1st . . . 15 Tonners, 1 Standard and 2 Master Speed Wagons to a southern department store . . . 26 Master Speed Wagons to a big New York company . . . and so it goes, jewelers, florists, butchers, confectioners, grocers, hauling concerns, throughout the entire list of businesses.

JUNIOR—Capacity ½ ton
Chassis $895

TONNER—Capacity 1 ton
123-in. wheelbase, Chassis $995
138-in. wheelbase Chassis $1075

STANDARD—Capacity 1½ tons
133-in. wheelbase, Chassis $1245
148-in. wheelbase, Chassis $1345

GENERAL UTILITY
Capacity 1½ tons
144-in. wheelbase, Chassis $1345

MASTER—Capacity 2 tons
148-in. wheelbase Chassis $1545
164-in. wheelbase, Chassis $1645

HEAVY DUTY—Capacity 3 tons
159-in. wheelbase, Chassis $1985
130-in. wheelbase (Dump) $1935

SENIOR—Capacity 3 tons
175-in. wheelbase, Chassis $2090

12-PASSENGER BUS
143-in. wheelbase, Chassis $1405

21-PASSENGER BUS
175 in. wheelbase, Chassis $2150

Chassis prices at Lansing

MORE SPEED WAGONS WERE SHIPPED BY THE REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY IN APRIL, 1928, THAN ANY OTHER MONTH IN ITS HISTORY

SPEED WAGON

powered with 6-cylinder motors

Labor that "speaks your language" works with you. Complete understanding and agreement of views lead to progress and mutual prosperity

WOULD LABOR, willing to see things your way, BE A HELP?

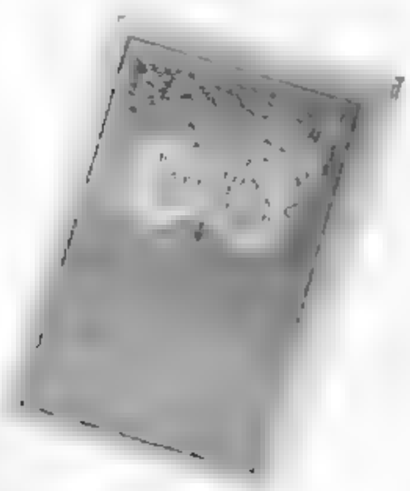
MANY factory executives in Piedmont Carolinas were "mill hands" a few years ago. Native ability, willingness and energy are the rule.

Here the mill is the center of the community, where owners, workers, foremen and superintendents not only work and earn their livelihood but also *live*.

They all share the community life. There is a true and deeply held feeling of common interests and interdependence.

If a wholehearted measure of labor *co-operation* would reduce your costs and increase your profits, you will be vitally interested in the facts set forth in this book. We suggest you write for it.

Address Industrial Department, Room 515, *Charlotte, N. C.*



(Continued from Page 52

escrow holder either had to procure a new note or else stand the loss.

In any case, the escrow holder owes a duty to the parties involved to act impartially at all times. His rôle is that of a disinterested stakeholder.

Almost any bank and trust company in the United States is prepared to give escrow service when it is asked to do so, but the average business man does not know this, because only a few financial houses regard it otherwise than as a necessary evil. In Chicago, a few years ago, one of the trust companies advertised that it was prepared to act as a business stakeholder, published a scale of prices for its services, based on the amounts involved, and then received a flood of business involving strange trades, any one of which might serve as the background for a melodrama.

In New York, recently, the escrow officer of one of the large trust companies, for my benefit, flipped over the pages of a loose-leaf tome bound in leather and corduroy, and, without revealing names of principals, recited some of the agreements under which he was acting as stakeholder.

The head of a printing business, wishing to retire, had agreed to sell control to a group of the young executives he had trained in the business. They had signed a series of notes, each for $37,000. Every three months one of those notes becomes due and the young men are required to deliver $37,000 to the escrow agent. He cancels the note and deposits the proceeds to the account of the retired printer. That gentleman, with his mind at peace, is traveling about the world. He knows that the installment payments are being collected and that the stock certificates executed by him before his departure will not be turned over to the young crowd until they have paid their last note.

On another page was the digest of an arrangement whereby the trust company was holding a note for $100,000 executed by a wealthy New Yorker in favor of a woman he did not wish to name in his will. During the last months of his life the trust company held that note in escrow under an agreement entered into by the old man and the woman. A few weeks after he died the trust company sent the note, with the date filled in, to his bank for collection. It came back marked "Insufficient funds." His executors are not disposed to pay that note and until its legality has been determined in court it remains in escrow.

Tablecloth Millionaires

The next page in the volume describes an agreement concerning a sealed envelope which is to be surrendered to a drug firm when it shall have delivered to the escrow agent $25,000. The sealed envelope itself bears on its face a brief statement that it contains—*sic*—"one anti-jag formula."

Another page in that book afforded a peek back of the scenes of a divorce suit. In this case the husband deposited $20,000 in escrow, and the agreement provided that if the wife delivered an interlocutory decree of divorce to the escrow agent he should pay to her $5000. When she delivered a final decree of divorce the paper would be her warrant for the remaining $15,000. The instructions also provided for the contingency of a feminine change of mind. Unless the divorce was granted within a fixed time the escrow agent was obligated to return the money to the husband. This escrow, you see, may, under some conditions, prove to be quite a vulpine bird.

Up and down Broadway there is a species of humankind often referred to as tablecloth millionaires. They are the sort who can build up an imaginary fortune in the interval that elapses between the kidnaping of their hat by the check-room girl and its ransom possibly an hour later. Sometimes they draw charts on the tablecloth, showing the Cocos Islands and the spot where the pirate treasure is buried; sometimes they organize, on the spur of the moment and at the very instant the waiter is presenting the dinner check, intricate corporations that all have one thing in common: They are designed to make millions. Frail growths, these companies rarely survive for a single day, but now and again one is incorporated as a sort of adult form of the childish craving for let's-pretend games.

The escrow officer of one of the branch banks that remains open until ten o'clock at night, for the canny purpose of collecting the deposits of box-office treasurers, has in his files a thick envelope that contains 850,000 shares in a certain company.

"They brought the stock in here about six years ago," he said recently. "I am charged with the responsibility of collecting ten cents a share for the stock from one of the pair before I can surrender it. Although the stock is handsomely engraved and in other ways resembles the paper that is traded in downtown, neither one of those fellows has ever been back. I am sure that both of them have lost interest, but still I dare not throw the envelope away. Sometimes even the tablecloth millionaires have the Midas touch; their dreams might come true."

From Riches to Poverty and Return

In the same vaults, perhaps in the next envelope, for some years after the Armistice there was a thick bundle of government bonds issued by one of the small nations of Europe. They were security for a loan—a friendly loan. A wealthy American girl had married a nobleman of the country which had issued the bonds. Most of her money was transferred to the land of her adoption and there invested by her husband, who assumed control of all her property. When the war broke out he came to the United States to help out the Central Powers as best he could. One of the things he did was to loan a part of his wife's fortune to a group of his countrymen for the purchase of munitions in a private deal. As security they put up some depreciated bonds of their government. Because of the wartime need for secrecy, the transaction was further secured by an escrow agreement. The bonds were to pass to the American girl's husband if the loan was unpaid after eight years.

Then America went into the war and changed all sorts of calculations. When it ended, the American girl was a widow and heiress to little else besides that escrow agreement. The bonds held under the trusteeship of the escrow were worth less than a cent on the dollar anyway, so she took little interest in them as a possible asset, until a partial recovery in the finances of her husband's country caused the value of those bonds to increase until they were being quoted at about eight cents on the dollar. Her interest perked up considerably then, and she would have sold them if it had not been for the escrow agreement. That instrument prevented her from touching them. Recently the agreement expired and the bonds were turned over to the widow, who promptly marketed them at 60 per cent of their face value. Once more she is a rich woman.

Out in Chicago there is a wrestler who manages himself. Somewhere, possibly from a wheat-pit trader, he has discovered the advantage of hedging his position in the wrestling market. Whenever he signs up for a match he manages to peddle to someone with a speculative turn of mind a share of his contract. As a rule his appearances are made in return for a share of the gate—a definite percentage of the admissions. Bad weather, counterattractions or other influences may cut into his profits, so this wrestler sells a half interest in his contract for, say, $5000. As a guaranty that he will wrestle, the money and an agreement signed by him are placed in escrow in a Chicago bank, to be held until the day after the match.

Similarly, when prize fighters sign a contract to meet, it is customary for each to post a forfeit guaranteeing an appearance. Even when a fighter has learned beyond doubt that he is going to get a licking when he enters the ring, the fact that he has placed a lot of his money in an escrow agreement is a powerful magnet influencing him to keep the unpleasant rendezvous. In one of the recent heavyweight-championship contracts, Tex Rickard placed $200,000 in escrow in a New York bank as a guaranty that he would keep his agreements with the prize fighters who had been matched.

Whenever buyer and seller lack faith in each other or when they are widely separated, escrow agreements provide a means of protecting their interests so that they may complete their deal without fear of treachery. One of the largest escrow agreements supervised by a New York trust company in recent times covered the purchase of a ship worth $500,000. The buyer was a Scandinavian firm; the seller an American concern on the Pacific Coast; the ship was tied up in New Orleans.

"They are bothersome things—escrows," complained the trust officer who was charged with responsibility for completing that deal. "We had to retain admiralty lawyers, travel back and forth across the continent, establish not only the title to that ship but her condition as well; and when the deal was completed and we figured out a moderate bill of costs, instead of thanks, we received with the check from overseas a letter squawking because we had charged for our own services."

Among the common patterns that recur in escrow agreements is one in which control of a company is transferred from one group to another by means of installment payments. Another common form of the sealed-envelope type is when patent rights are transferred upon the completion of a series of payments. One that is becoming the fashion is used when there is a dispute between a collector of internal revenue and a taxpayer as to the amount due the Government in a certain year. The amount in dispute is placed in escrow in the form of interest-bearing securities. Pending a settlement, the securities go on earning. Every big trust company in New York holds in escrow insurance policies for vast sums. Business partners insure each other's lives for an amount sufficient to enable the survivor to buy the other's share in the event of a death. These escrows ordinarily include an agreement which binds the decedent partner's executor to accept the amount of the policies as a payment in full for the dead man's interest in the jointly owned business.

That Last Week's Wages

In every bank in the theatrical district of New York there is usually at least one deposit, and sometimes half a dozen, of from $3000 to $10,000 held in escrow to guarantee a week's salary of some company of actors. The rules of the Actors' Equity Association have provided, since the actors' strike, that any producer who was not a member of the old producers' association, or who for some reason is not in good standing with the Actors' Equity Association, must post in escrow the equivalent of a week's salary for the members of his cast before they are permitted to start rehearsals. The form of that escrow agreement was devised by Equity lawyers; its justification may be read in the tables of escrow statistics. About one in every four of those escrow deposits is paid to the actors and represents money they would, in most cases, have failed to get under the old pre-strike system, for in those days the last week's wage of a company that closed for lack of patronage was awfully hard to collect.

If good faith was a thing universally of longer life, perhaps there would be less need for escrows; but men and women who enter into an agreement sincere in every conscious intention, sometimes weaken when the fulfillment of their agreement seems likely to be more costly than they had anticipated. What they lack, of course, is character, and that is precisely the lack that a well-drawn escrow agreement provides for in a myriad forms of our nation's unfinished business.

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To supply you with the best obtainable oil, the makers of Mobiloil have specialized for 63 years in one field—lubrication. When you put Mobiloil in your automobile engine you are *sure* that your oil

★ is made from crude oils carefully selected for *lubricating* value—not gasoline yield.

★ is refined by specialized processes to bring out this rich lubricating quality.

★ is produced in scientifically correct bodies for all cars—as determined by the Mobiloil engineers through constant contact with every automobile builder in the United States.

★ is verified for correctness and quality in the most modern and extensive lubrication laboratory in the world—the Mobiloil laboratory at Paulsboro, N. J.

★ is correctly specified for your particular car by the Mobiloil Chart. 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks approve the Mobiloil recommendations for their individual cars.

Why not use the oil made by the largest company in the world specializing in lubrication? You are always sure with

The World's Quality Oil

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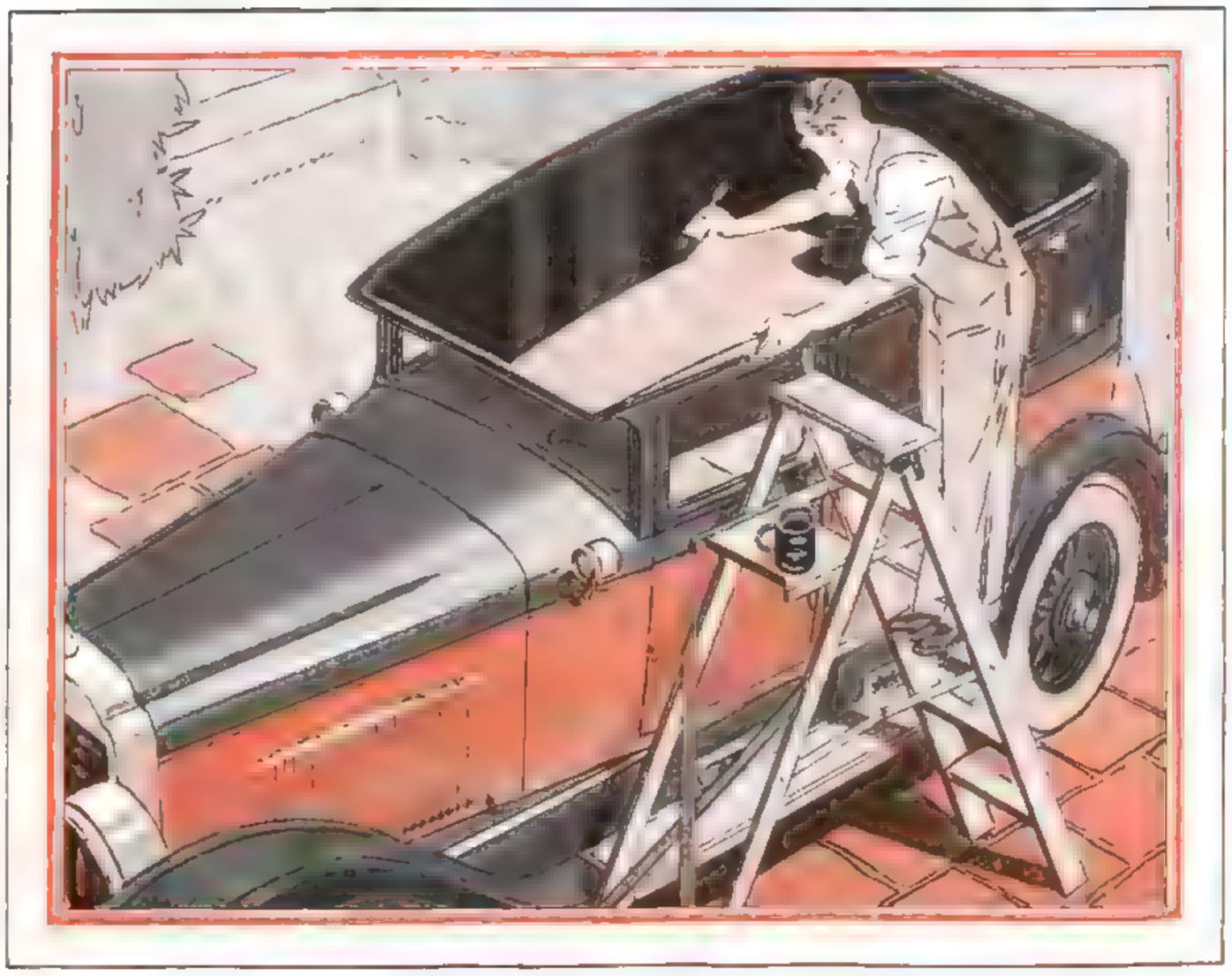

What are the sun and the rain doing to the top of your car?

BURNED by the sun, beaten by the rain, constantly vibrated by the wind and the road, the top of your car is being attacked, day after day, by destructive forces

Now that summer is here, how does your top look? Does it turn a glistening face to the summer sun? Or is it shabby, dull and check marked?

Now is the time to stop this deterioration—to bring back the beauty of your auto top and to protect it from the blazing summer sun.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco and the world's leading manufacturers of auto top fabrics. It was developed to renew top materials and to protect them from the destructive forces which attack them.

What Happens When Your Top Begins to Check?

Not even the most durable top materials can stand up for long under the terrific strain to which they are subjected

Sooner or later tiny cracks form in the smooth surface of the fabric coating. These cracks gradually grow larger and deeper. If neglected they will eventually reach the fabric itself, and your top will leak.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish will thoroughly waterproof a leaking top But why wait until it starts to leak?

Brush on a coat of No. 7 Auto Top Finish every six months, and you will keep the top beautiful and in fine condition

What No. 7 Auto Top Finish Does

No. 7 Auto Top Finish forms a film of protection over the entire top. It fills in all the tiny cracks and checks. It covers the top with a beautiful jet black finish, which is durable, flexible and thoroughly waterproof.

Buy a can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish now. Dress up your car for the spring and summer. Protect it from the sun and rain. No. 7 Auto Top Finish is for use on all types of auto tops (open and closed) and for side curtains, trunk covers and tire covers. You apply it with a brush, and it dries hard overnight. If you prefer, ask the garage man to do it for you

Excellent for your tires

You will find nothing quite so good for your spare tire as No. 7 Auto Top Finish. It dresses it up and prevents drying and checking of the rubber. And if you want to make a really fine job of it use No. 7 on *all* your tires. It will add wonderfully to your car's appearance

. . .

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful No. 7 Duco Polish will remove Traffic Film and bring back the original lustre of the finish. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens the radiator and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following

1 Sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough to paint the spare tire or tire cover)

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Desk S-3, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay mailing cost

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MADE BY DU PONT, THE MAKERS OF DUCO

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE DIXIE FLASH

(Continued from Page 21)

"No," she said sweetly, "I kind of thought it would be nice if you was to tell him how to bat."

His spirit failed to rise to the insult, and he got up and went into the bedroom, whence Lila heard, with stolid concern, a guarded number given into the telephone, and then a muffled, monosyllabic conversation. She tiptoed to the door in time only to hear:

"All right, baby. A little later."

She returned to the table, vaguely hurt. This was not characteristic of Eddie. Secretiveness was his least quality. She wished they could talk it over, but that was impossible. The Dixie Flash sulked in the bedroom, lying on the bed, staring up at the dark ceiling, until the bell rang and glad shouts marked the arrival of the Bradleys.

"Well, the Dixie Flash hisself!" Charlie greeted his appearance from the other room affably, and then turned to Lila. "Did you see what that comical writer on the Mail called him this evenin', just because he ain't hittin' good? He called him the Dixie Squizzle—that's what he called him—the Dixie Squizzle."

Eddie glared at him. "I reckon that don't make you mad," he said grimly.

"I just thought it was comical."

"Well, I think you're comical."

"Say!" Charlie jeered. "You ain't bein' burned up over a little slump, are you? A little slump never hurt nobody."

"You ought to know—you been in one all your life, and not no little one either."

"Eddie!" Lila said reproachfully.

The dinner conversation remained in the hands of Lila and the Bradleys, while the head of the house kept his eyes on his plate and refused to answer even direct questions. This was not a situation particularly objectionable to Charlie, a man difficult to anger, for he appeared to have achieved an epic two-bagger that afternoon and was obsessed of the notion that its details composed fascinating conversational material.

"That baby Drucker," he explained, "he got a idea because I swang on one on the outside I was goin' to keep swingin' on all of 'em on the outside. So he keeps 'em wide, see? They wasn't no more'n waist high, but they was wide, all of 'em. So all I got to do is sit and wait him out, and sure enough, he's in the hole, three and two. Remember, Eddie?" Eddie ignored the question. "All I had to do was get set, because this Drucker, he ain't got the guts to bend one then."

"That Drucker," said Mrs. Bradley, "he ain't got a thing."

"Here it comes, straight and fast and splittin' the pan, and all I got to do is latch onto her—and she went faster'n a whistle straight between short and third, as pretty a little two-bagger as you'll ever see. All I had to do was get set ——"

"Was your eyes open?" Eddie asked.

"Look, Eddie," Charlie said earnestly, laying down his knife, "I know you're feelin' bad, big boy, bein' dropped from second to sevent' in the battin' order, but you oughtn't to make remarks like that. You know I'm your friend."

"Was he dropped from second to seventh?" Lila asked in distress.

Eddie stared at his plate. "It's temp'rary. He ain't got no right to drop me like that."

"Eddie," said Charlie, "I don't want to butt in on you or anything like that, but I just would like to say a word. I been watchin' you the last few days and if you don't mind my offerin' a suggestion, if I was you ——"

"Say," Eddie interrupted, "are you aimin' to tell me how to bat too?" His eyes were angry and he pushed back his chair. "Well, you can try and tell me how to bat when somebody's learned you how to cover the bag on a steal, that's all I got to say."

"What do you mean—learn how to cover the bag?" demanded Charlie with some heat. "They ain't anybody can tell me how to cover the bag on a steal. I been coverin' the bag ——"

"They ain't a fast man in the league that can't steal the tobacco out'n your mouth. You—you tell me how to bat!"

"I'm a gentleman ——"

"You ain't a gentleman that can cover the bag on a steal," Eddie repeated. "I see what it is, though. You"—he glared at Lila—"you ain't satisfied to try and tell me yourself you know more about how to play ball than me, or maybe even Frankie Frisch. You got to call in Class B second basemen."

"Class B!" roared Charlie. "I'll Class B you, you big bust! I been coverin' bags in this show ——"

"Not on steals, you ain't. But don't get up. I ain't orderin' you out'n the house. I'm gettin' out myself. Everybody here gives me a pain in the stomick." He strode across the room and got his cap. "I'll come back when the place is clean," he snarled.

He was furious and miserable. They were against him, every one of them, because he didn't hit—and, he admitted bitterly, he couldn't hit. It was not only that seven days, twenty-eight times at bat, had resulted in but one hit; there was now the unnerving conviction as he stepped to plate that he wasn't going to be able to connect. His eye was gone. He saw the balls, but he couldn't see them right. He swung—and there was no thrilling crash of wood on leather.

He headed for the speak-easy, grateful for the prospect of understanding, appreciative company. This little dazzler, Babe, he hadn't talked to about baseball, but he was certain she was not one to try to alter his style, like Lila—Lila!

"She'd look fine out there tryin' to sock that old apple!" he told himself contemptuously. "She'd certainly look fine, she would!"

He quickened his pace and presently turned into the pseudo table-d'hôte restaurant. Bob greeted him as an old friend

"How's 'at stomick?" he demanded.

"I wisht it was somebody else's."

"Must of th'owed you off your form," Bob commented sympathetically. "I seen you didn't have no luck today—again."

"I ain't interested in baseball," Eddie replied shortly. "Harry here?"

"He ain't been in this evenin'. Babe's in the back. Go in and say somethin' to her. She's been astin' about you—was you comin' this evenin'." He winked as he washed a glass. "Must of sold yourself to her, big boy."

Without replying Eddie went into the back room, and Bob went quickly to a telephone booth and called a Tremont number.

"He's here," he said softly. "He just come in. He's back there with Babe now." He listened a moment and then said, "That's O. K. I'll give you a buzz the minute they get out." Then he hung up.

Then the bell rang and he took two drinks to the back room, where Eddie, not yet entirely recovered from his melancholia but appreciably improved, sat in desultory conversation with a gaudy young woman whose pleasure it apparently was to be known as Babe.

"You didn't know it," she said coyly when Bob had left, "but I was out to the game today."

"Yes!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Sure! I wanted to see what Handsome looked like in his uniform. I was crazy about you."

"You must go crazy over practically nothin'," he said modestly. "You ought to see me when I'm right."

"You was right to me, Handsome."

"I didn't get any more hit than a rabbit," he said, looking dismally into his glass.

"But how could you?" she asked sympathetically. "That pitcher was pitching too fine for anybody to hit—much."

"Maddox!" He set the glass down sharply. "That Maddox ain't got a thing in the world—not a thing! Pitchin' fine! Say, if I was right, if I was just half right, I'd of drove one back that would of knocked his front teeth out. They come up without a thing in the world on 'em. A little bitsy baby could pitch better'n this Maddox." Then he added regretfully: "But I ain't been right lately."

"He looked all right."

"So did Jeff."

"Who?"

"Jeffries, the champi'n."

"I don't believe I know him," she said thoughtfully. "But I bet all you need is a little fun some evening. I bet that's all you need. The trouble with most of you celebrities," she told him, earnestly, "is you don't get treated right by their wife. Most of the time—mind you, I don't say all the time—but most of the time she kind of gets used to you—see what I mean?" He nodded thoughtfully. "I got a idea," she said quickly, as though it had just struck her. "I know a girl that's giving a party tonight. Lot of people to do some drinking and dancing. Her apartment ain't two minutes from here. I'll just take you over there and first thing you know you'll be hitting on all six. What're you say, Eddie?"

He stirred uncomfortably. "I ain't fitten for a party tonight," he said. "I ain't in the mode for it."

She sat back, studying him.

"Ring for Bob," she said. "Let's have another."

He sipped his second glass slowly. "What you said about celebrities, as you might say, not gettin' no breaks at home," he said then "I been thinkin' about that."

"Don't I know they don't!" she exclaimed, as one whose life had been just a monotonous sequence of celebrities. "Look here, Handsome"—she leaned forward again—"what's a celebrity but a guy that's got genius? What have you got but genius?"

"Well ——" he hesitated.

"Sure that's what you got—genius. You can't treat geniuses like you can just any mug you run across. You got to pamper 'em, baby 'em—that's what you got to do. They ain't ordinary folks. They got to be treated just so."

A faint look of injured genius came into Eddie's face, but he said nothing.

"Now look, Eddie, I'm going to ask you something. It may sound personal if you look at it one way. But I like you, Eddie, and I want to kind of get you out of these heeby jeebies. What I want to ask you is—and you ain't got to answer if you don't like me—how does your wife treat you? Is she all right to you?"

"You mean Lila?" he asked, momentarily doubtful as to the propriety of this turn of the discussion.

"Unless you got more'n one wife, that's the one I mean," she responded.

"Well"—he drained his glass and pressed the button—"well, to tell the truth, to get right down to it and not make no excuses for her, she ain't been callin' very good lately."

"Just as I thought!" Babe stated. "Being a little narrow, eh? Probably kicks when you take a drink or so."

"No," he admitted, "she don't care about that."

"Gets silly over you seeing a girl, I suppose."

"No, she don't seem to mind."

"What does she do—complain about you not getting more money?"

"No, I can't say she does."

"Then what does she kick about?" Babe demanded in some exasperation. "Because your eyes ain't green or something?"

"No," he said slowly, "she don't seem to care about that either. The fact is the first

(Continued on Page 59)

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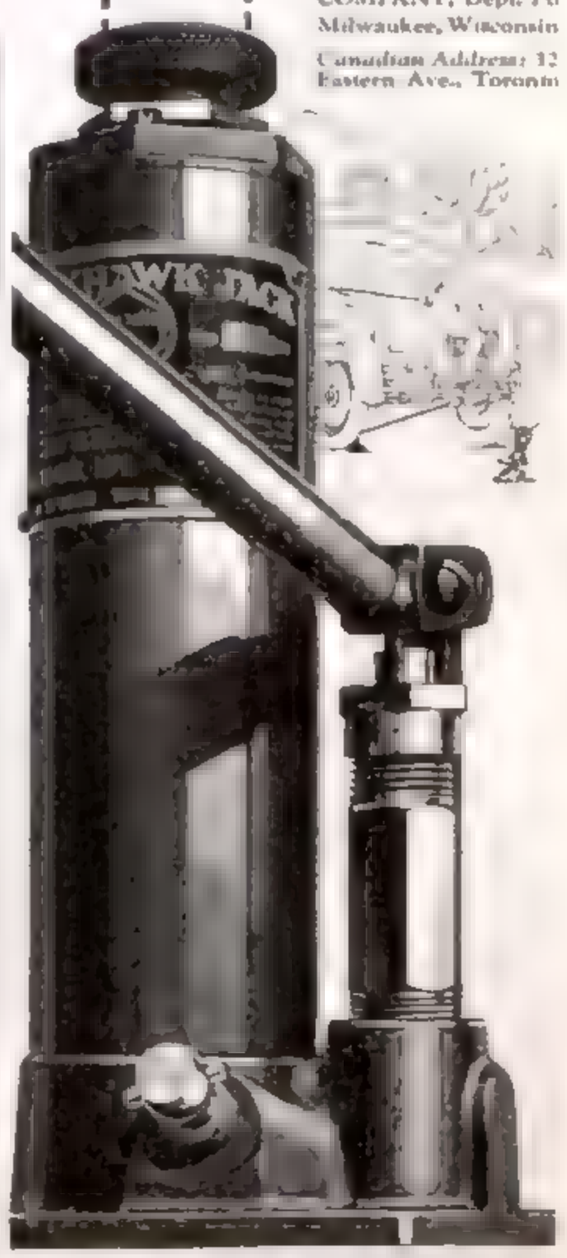

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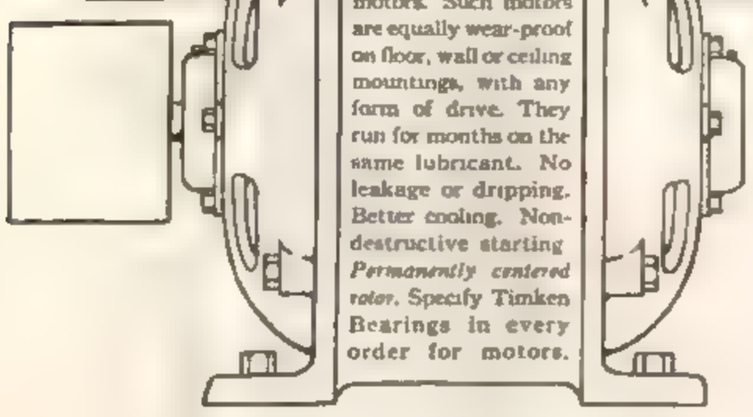
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(Continued from Page 57)

I noticed of it was she said I wasn't playin' this Butterfield right."

"Butterfield?" Babe asked, puzzled. "What's Butterfield—another card game?"

"Butterfield on the Sox. She claimed I ought to play 'im close. He ain't got much of a punch, she said, and if I play 'im close, I'm liable to shag one out'n the air and not have to trap it. What I said was, maybe he ain't got a punch like I when I'm right, but it's a fast field and I aim to cover more ground. Don't you think that's right?"

She stared at him with wide eyes. "If I can make anything out of that at all, you're right," she said finally. "You have many more little discussions like that in your home?"

"Lots," he said. "It wasn't more'n two weeks ago she got the idea I ought to swing over a little to the left on Conroy. She claims he's been pullin' 'em a little, and that in Boston the week before he got two by Boone because he was playin' a middle field. Now my idea was ——"

"Say, Handsome," she interrupted, "does small talk like that go on in your house almost continual?"

"She don't appreciate whether I can play or not," he admitted. "You take this Culver."

"To be a sport," said Babe, "I'll take him. Go ahead."

"He come up to the house one night and what does Lila do but begin to say why ain't he playin' the ball off the wall better. She says why ain't he playin' 'em off about three yards back, the easy way, and not tryin' to catch 'em on the fly. She says ——"

"I see," she interrupted again. "I see it all. What you need, big boy, is a little party with some regular girls and fellows. You drink that one and we'll blow around to my girl friend's house and we'll make a little whoopee with the gang, because that's what you need."

"You was out to the game today," he said, ignoring the suggestion. "I want you to tell me somethin' frank. I don't want you to try and not hurt my feelin's or anything like that. I want you to come clean and tell me yes or no. It's what's eatin' me, and you're a intellectual girl. Will you tell me true?"

For a moment she hesitated, a little sobered by the earnestness of his tone. Then: "Certainly, Handsome, I'll answer the best I can. If it's that serious ——"

"It is," he said, "and I wouldn't ast everybody."

"What is it?"

"Tell me, Babe," he asked, looking appealingly at her, "do you think I'm crowdin' the plate?"

"What?"

"Did you think I was crowdin' the plate?"

"Did somebody say you was?" she asked cautiously.

"She did! She said I was crowdin' the plate!" He spoke a trifle tragically, as the highballs influenced his profounder feelings. "It ain't enough that I got a manager that thinks he's Coolidge or somebody. When I get home I got to hear that a woman thinks I'm crowdin' the plate, like I ain't been playin' baseball ever since I learned to smoke. A woman, I'm tellin' you, my wife, she's tryin' to tell me I'm crowdin' the plate!"

She shook her head slowly, as though to herself, and then reached across the table and took his hand.

"Big boy," she said earnestly, "take it from me, you ain't. You're doin' just right. I watched you today and you're doing just right. I'm telling you the truth, big boy."

He gave her a pleased, sad smile. "I knew it," he said softly. "I knew I wasn't." He held her hand tighter and then withdrew it.

"Let's go," she said. "The party's probably started."

He rang the bell and Bob brought the check. He paid it and they got their hats and went out. The door had scarcely shut behind them when Bob went into the telephone booth and called the Tremont number.

"They've gone," he said. "They just went out'n the door. Be there prob'ly in a few minutes." A pause. "Yeh, he's feelin' a little high. Oughtn't to be no trouble—no trouble at all. And call me later." Then he returned to the bar.

Eddie and the girl walked down the street, her arm in his. The drink had brought his feelings a little nearer the surface than before, and once or twice he murmured to himself, "I knew I wasn't! I knew I wasn't!" Babe said nothing, contenting herself with holding him tightly, and then they turned the corner and nearly collided with a short thick man. Eddie muttered an apology and was starting again, when the man suddenly caught his arm.

"O'Neil!" he said sharply. Eddie turned, and as he recognized the short thick man his face became red. "Know what time it is?" asked the man. Eddie made no effort to answer, and he continued: "It's 11:30. That ain't late for some people, but it's pretty late for a man that ain't hitting the size of his hat. What's the alibi?"

"I just come out to the drug store," Eddie muttered sullenly.

"I can smell the croup medicine on your breath," the man said. "I didn't know you was sick but we'll fix that tomorrow. You can wear out the seat of your pants on the bench for a while." He paused. "Meanwhile, you'd better ditch this broad and beat it home."

"Say ——" Eddie started a virtuous objection, but the short thick man was walking off down the street.

"Say, who was that mug?" Babe demanded

"That wasn't no mug," he said sadly. "That was McGrath."

"John McGrath?"

"Yeh."

They walked along in silence, and then Babe said, "McGrath or no McGrath, where does he get off calling me a broad?"

"That means," he replied, "I'm benched—benched for not hittin'. It ain't enough I'm dropped from second to seventh—I got to be benched." He stopped suddenly. "I'm goin' home," he said. "I ain't got any heart for any party. I'm sorry, but I got to go home."

"What d'you mean?" she exclaimed. "The party's just what you need! I wouldn't let any guy, McGrath or anybody else, tell me what to do."

"I ain't feelin' well," he repeated stolidly. "I'm goin' home. I'm sorry, but I'm goin' home."

For a second or two she glared at him with anger in her eyes, and then they became overwhelmingly solicitous.

"Sure," she said. "You can go, if you'll promise me you'll come over tomorrow night, around nine, say. Some friends of mine are coming in, and I said I'd try and get Eddie O'Neil to come over and they was crazy about it. What d'you say, big boy?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"You mean if your wife'll let you?" she asked craftily.

"Say, I said I'll come, and I'll come. My wife ain't got a thing in the world to do with what I do. Where is your place?"

She gave him a number on Farragut Street, and he put it down on a piece of paper. Then she took his hands in hers and squeezed them. He looked at her apathetically. She waved a hand at a taxi, and when it stopped she got in and called from the door:

"Nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock—I'll be there."

The taxi drove off, and he stood gazing after it. There was no one else in the street, and he suddenly felt utterly lonely. All the gloom of the darkest night settled over him. He walked a few yards toward his flat, and then, changing his mind, he turned about and went around the corner to a speak-easy he knew.

He ordered a beer at a table, and then, without touching it, he folded his arms on

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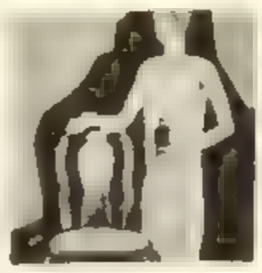

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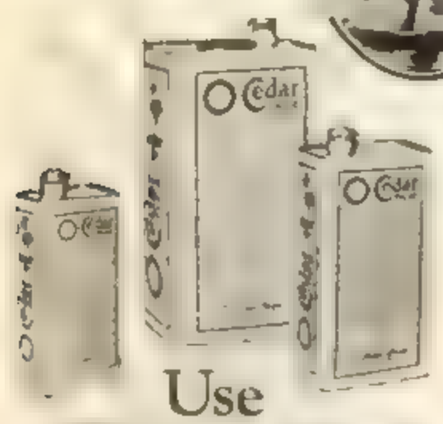


Use O-Cedar Polish

the cloth before him and laid his head on them. The waiter rose to protest and then philosophically changed his mind and sat down again. This wasn't the first despondent he'd seen. Eddie remained so, head down, eyes shut, his heart tortured with unhappiness, for an hour, and then he got up, paid for the beer and left without touching it.

Shortly before nine o'clock Babe stood in front of her bureau in the one-room apartment on Farragut Street which she called home. She was beading her eyelashes. The man called Harry, seated in the only comfortable chair in the place, looked at his watch.

"They ain't no chance of his not comin' tonight, is it?" he asked for the third or fourth time.

"I told you," she said, leaning closer to the mirror, "he's set. I could see it last night. He'd have been here last night if it wasn't for that McGrath. As soon as he seen him, he went all limp, and I saw there wasn't any use of trying to bring him any further. He was just all gone, that's all."

"If he was feelin' high," Harry reflected, "they wouldn't be no trouble about it."

"If he was feeling high," Babe said, "he wouldn't have been in the place the other night."

Harry got up and tried the door knob reflectively.

"Did Thurston see if the keys went in and turned all right?" he asked.

She turned, her toilet completed. "He tried them," she said. "Is this Thurston got any sense? He didn't seem any too bright for me. You think he's going to remember?"

"He ain't got much to remember," Harry chuckled. "You know your stuff, don't you, Baby?"

"When he comes in," she said, "I'll just apologize to him and say the others couldn't come. He won't care about that. I'll give him a drink or two and listen to the way his wife tells him he ain't playing butterflies off the wall right and how he's stepping into the plate or whatever those chummy little matters are that he and the wife gossip over the long winter evenings, and then I'll begin playing him along. All I got to do is keep playing him along until 9:30 and then this Thurston comes in."

"Thurston comes in and walks down to here," Harry said, indicating a spot on the carpet.

"You don't have to act out anything. Just tell me what kind of husband he's going to be."

He chuckled again. "He's a indignant husband, of course," he said. "He ain't pullin' a rod or anything; he's big enough not to have to think about a fight; but he's indignant, and he wants to know how come."

"I'll take care of it after that," she said. "He's just a big boob, after all, and I'll look out for the rest just so long as this Thurston does his part."

Harry looked at the floor. "You think a grand is enough to ast him?" he asked.

Babe reflected. "Well, if it's his personal jack," she said, "a grand is just about the limit. He'd prob'ly die before he'd give any more. But if he talks about calling McGrath, I'd say five grand. McGrath don't like trouble like that, and this Landis don't either. If he calls the club, it's five grand, because they'll pay that much not to have any stink in court or anything."

"Suppose he calls the bluff."

Babe wrinkled her nose. "He ain't got the guts," she said. "Rather than get into any trouble with that frau of his, he'll pay all right. It just depends on how close we draw the line. Too much and he'll blow; just enough and he'll pay—and like it!"

Harry shrugged. "O. K., kid," he said. "I'll get out now. You do your stuff—and Thurston'll be in at 9:30. He's down at the corner now." He went out.

Babe looked at herself once more in the mirror and then sat in the chair Harry had vacated, a confession magazine in her hand to offer a literary touch to the scene. She glanced at the clock; it was two minutes of nine. She opened the magazine idly.

At 9:05 she looked speculatively at the door and then returned to the magazine. Perhaps he had been detained. She attempted the magazine again, and presently, such was the strain on her mind, she began to doze. At 9:30 she was still asleep.

Eddie leaned back from the table and thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. The dinner had been good and cheerful, and a large pile of matches, used as chips, lay in front of him to represent a winning of at least a dollar and a quarter. Mrs. Bradley, the most adept accountant among the four, began checking her score.

"You know, Charlie," he said heartily, "the way we was goin' today, they ain't a chance in the world we won't breeze by them Washingtons in less'n two weeks. Them pitchers of theirs, they ain't goin' to last. They beginnin' to buckle already. Look at that Marlboro today."

"That Marlboro," commented Mrs. Bradley, not looking up, "he ain't got a thing—not a thing."

"He ain't bad in hot weather," said Charlie.

"He ought to ast to be traded to Tampa," suggested Lila.

"What I mean," Eddie insisted expansively, "we ain't but just got started. The way we was goin' out there today, why, it'll be just like little bitsy baby's play to come in first. Marty was pitchin' the game of his life today. He was mixin' 'em up so's they didn't know whether they was playin' horseshoes or in St. Louis. Look at the way Chip was chunkin' 'em down there to second!"

"He was a little wide on Jackson," Charlie demurred.

"Sure, but what's that? The way you was draggin' 'em down out'n the air, they wasn't no call for him to be careful." He turned to Lila, chuckling. "You should ought to of seen the look on that Jackson's pan when Hank called him out! He seen Chip's throw was high and he thought sure he was there in time—and then Hank calls him out! Honest, you should of seen the look on his face! I thought I'd die!"

"He kicked about it," Charlie amplified.

"Sure he kicked, the big bust! And let me tell you right now, Charlie," Eddie added positively, "the way you're playin' that old bag now, they ain't a second baseman in the league can come anywhere near you. Why, boy, the way ——"

"I certainly didn't think that was the way you thought last night," Charlie said. "I could of swore you was sore at me last night."

"Sore!" Eddie exclaimed. "What would I of been doin' bein' sore at you? Kiddin', Charlie, kiddin'—that's all—just kiddin' back and forth. Can't you take a little kiddin'?"

"I thought—I could of swore you was sore."

"My goodness, no! Kiddin', that's all—just kiddin' back and forth."

"I could of swore you was sore," Charlie said.

Eddie laughed heartily at such a silly misunderstanding and called on Lila for confirmation. "Hear that?" he demanded. "Charlie thought I was sore. All we was doin' was kiddin' a little, and Charlie thought I was sore! Can you picture that?" He laughed again.

"Say, Eddie"—Charlie spoke hesitantly, as one who fears he may be making another error—"what did Mac say when he sent you up for Marty in the seventh?"

Eddie's good humor was undisturbed. "He didn't say nothin'," he said. "They wasn't nothin' for him to say. Because you know why he lifted me out'n the line-up, don't you?"

"No. Why?"

"Contrary—that's all—just contrary! He didn't have a bit of right in the world to lift me out like that, and I told him so. But I didn't say nothin' at first. I just said to myself, I just said, all right, if this wise guy wants to wreck his team, it's O. K. by me. I ain't goin' to tell him nothin'. So when he sends Parker in ——"

"That Parker," said Mrs. Bradley, "he ain't got a thing—not a thing in the world."

"When he sends Parker in, I didn't say a word. All right, I said to myself, let him send Parker in, and see what happens. If he thinks he knows it all, all right! That's what I said to myself. I just sit there on the bench and seen the way things was bein' messed up, but I wasn't goin' to say anything to him—not me!

"And then in the seventh"—he grew warmer in spirit—"when they was two up and they wasn't no more chance'n a rabbit of Marty gettin' a thing, I just spoke to Mac, I just said, 'What about it, Mac? That guy out there ain't got a thing—and I can rap him out'n the lot. What about it, Mac?' That's all I said."

"What'd he have to say to that?"

"What'd he say? What could he say? He said, 'All right, but if they's any sign of croup medicine out there, you're practically already sold to Galveston.'"

"What did he mean by that?" asked Lila.

"Kiddin'—just kiddin', see? And now here's somethin' funny I want to tell you, Charlie. Just as I got near the plate, it comes to me all of a sudden, just in a flash, as you might say, why, what's the matter was I was crowdin' the plate. I been edgin' up without knowin' it, and I was crowdin' the plate ——"

He stopped, a runaway jubilance suddenly halted by recollection, and then he looked uncertainly at Lila. Her face showed nothing but interest in what he was saying, nothing but innocence—save, perhaps, the faintest twinkle of understanding.

Not so faint, though, that he did not catch it and understand from it that she permitted him the surface of victory. His eyes, in that brief second, caught it and thanked her and appreciated her tenderly. She smiled acknowledgment and the ghostly exchange of thoughts ended.

"Yes, sir, I seen it right away. All I had to do was edge away about six inches, and when that floater come up, bigger'n a balloon, there I was waitin' for it. Say, I never nailed one like that one! That Milligan, he never had a chance in the world to get under that one, and I have to laugh when I think of him runnin' after it."

"It was one sock!" Charlie agreed.

"It certainly made me all right again. I seen what was the trouble and I fixed it. Watch me tomorrow, kid!" He shoved back his chair. "What say, let's all go out to the movies? They got this Milton Sills there. Get your things, girls; let's hop."

"But, Eddie," Lila objected, "we can't go now—it's too late. It's after nine o'clock now."

"Nine o'clock!" He looked at her blankly. "Nine o'clock, did you say?"

"After," she corrected him.

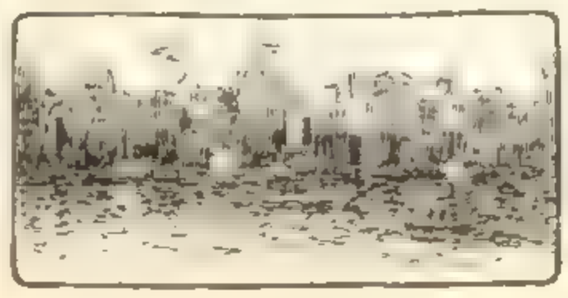
For a full moment he continued to look at her, a vague surprise at the unimportance of a certain recollection holding him silent, and then Lila, staring at him curiously, spoke.

"What's eatin' you about nine o'clock?" she demanded.

His face broke into a sudden smile. "I just remembered I forgot somethin'," he chuckled. "Get your coats, folks. The party's on me tonight. Let's go to the Hartley."

The Bradleys went into the bedroom for their trappings, and Eddie moved with disarming casualness around the table and patted Lila heavily on the shoulder. She smiled, pleased.

"You wanted to go to the Hartley, didn't you?" he asked tenderly.



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For years this company of craftsmen have been making Community Plate. All their effort has been toward the creation of things of beauty—things that also possessed the practical virtues of economy plus long wear.

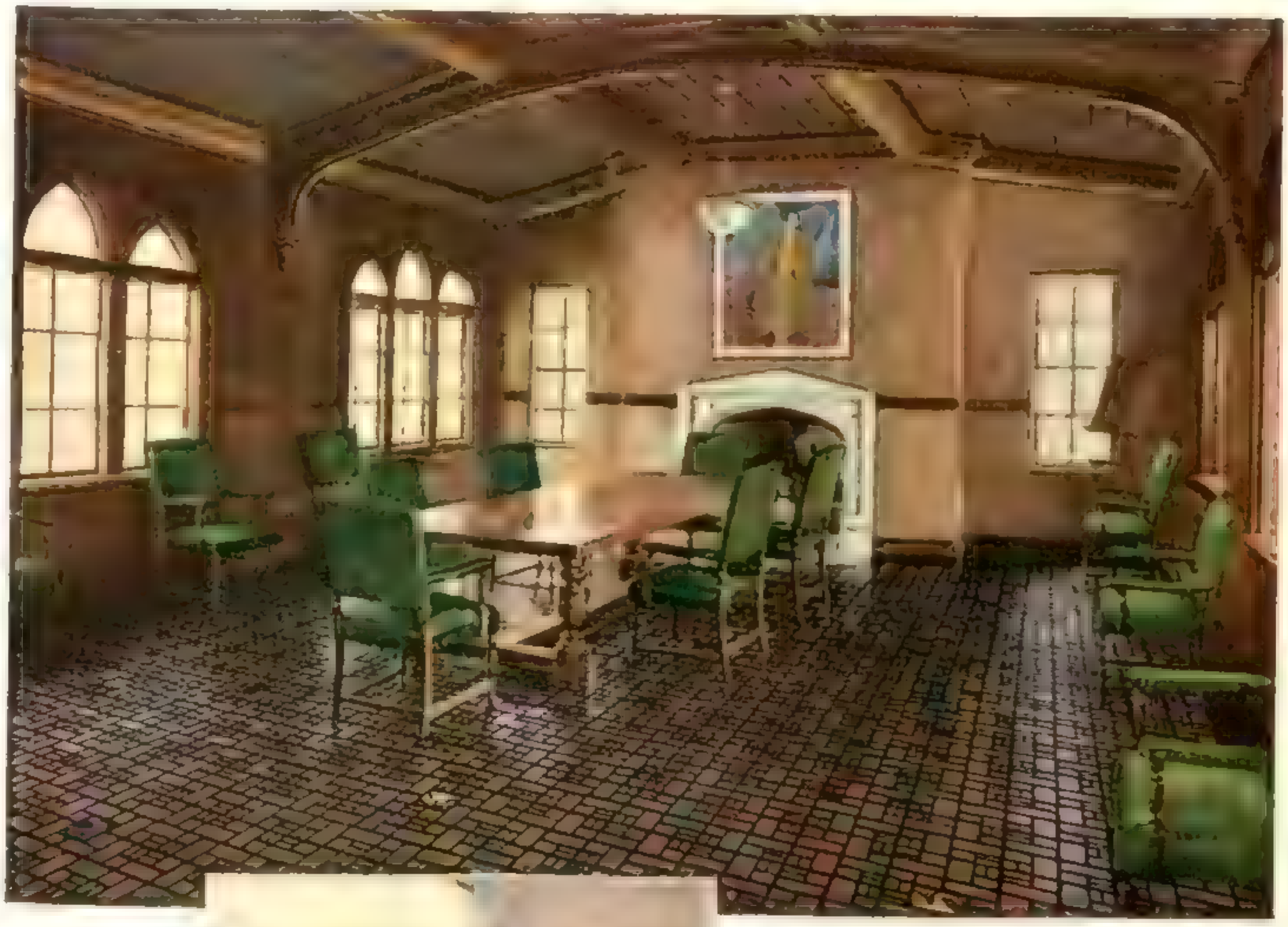
This spirit of beauty combined with the practical has been carried out admirably in their new office building at Oneida, N. Y.

To begin with, the walls and ceilings of the large general office are "plated" with blocks of corkboard made by Armstrong's. Apart from their unusual beauty, these walls of cork are sound-deadening and heat-insulating, and they call for no upkeep expense.

Blending with the walls in beauty as well as practicability are the floors of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum. Wherever you walk, your footsteps are cushioned and quieted by this springy cork linoleum. Wherever you look, your eyes are greeted by its smooth, colorful surface.

Albert L. Brockway, Syracuse architect, who designed this modern business home, will tell you that floors of Armstrong's Linoleum grace his own office, that he has used such floors in schools particularly for over ten years, that they were a natural choice for the new headquarters of Oneida Community Plate.

These new Armstrong Floors can help your own office, store, or shop express the spirit of your business. There are scores of appropriate designs to choose from at good department, furniture, or linoleum stores near you. Any floor you select can be laid quickly and inexpensively—



ABOVE: *Board room of Oneida Community, Ltd. Ceiling of Armstrong's Corkboard, natural finish. The floor is Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 6033 with border of black linoleum . . .* LEFT: *One of the corridors with an Armstrong Floor that adds to the lighting effect. Marble Inlaid Design No. 85*

cemented in place over builders' deadening felt.

New book brings complete story. "Enduring Floors of Good Taste," a 48-page book on floor facts, will be sent you free. (In Canada, 25c.) Just address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 305 W. Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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for every room in the house

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RANCH WONDERING

Continued from Page 25

a turkey buzzard. And an awful tramp. Must of worked here three-four spells, different times. Then he'd light out for anywhere; didn't matter, so long as it was down the pike. Drift back busted. I guess the boy was trampin' when he hit here and run into Florimel."

Wherever he had hoboed, I was sure that a great Basque had shown the way to that brushwork. But his vision of the West he had learned from no one. He had been born in the West, and, I was sure, his hoboing had included the West—to his own wisdom.

The Egyptian nudes were before us again. Grief had flown down the wind before a pride that strained Florimel's seams. She flung out a skinny, triumphant arm toward the top rim of a greasewood-corrupted hillside where cattle gathered at a spring. "I'm glad that the quicksands covered him, if he had to go. I think of him roaming free by night, under the peaks." There was, too, something about genius and a vibration from a rarer plane, and then Florimel caught sight of someone across the room and left us.

"Ever see a buck Indian put on a sunbonnet and a swallowtail coat?" Idelle's eyes followed Florimel's retreat. "I've known the time when the government issue had to be full of lace petticoats or every buck on the reservation would start singin' Injun and tell you his heart was bad. Strut? My land, a little short-haired wench with her first engagement ring wasn't in it with a Piute chief hitched into a bustle! Well, Florimel she hungered all her life for art in Windsor and then the vibrations let slip a genius."

Florimel was crossing the floor toward us again. Ann was with her—Ann and another. If one had told me that Ann's blond and fragrant loveliness could be dulled by anyone, I should have been skeptical. But one looked perforce not at her but at this tall, dark, deep-breasted girl who walked like some legendary mountain nymph, her head thrown back smelling the dawn, and her deeply pallid cheeks like white water in sunlight.

"This is my poor, poor girl," Florimel introduced her to me, "whose whole life was wrapped up in Atherton."

No emotion clouded the serene loveliness of the poor, poor girl's face. She looked away from Florimel and me, and her eyes were drowsy. Florimel spurted on. We understood that Rhoda had loved art and had loved Atherton, and chiefly both of them. We understood that love led somewhere toward the vibrations and that this would eventually be a wondrous glory for Rhoda, even though genius was a spook by night under the peaks.

Rhoda moved away from her aunt's embrace, and if that pallid, perfect forehead could have wrinkled, I should have said that she was mad clear through. But that was obviously absurd, for genius was dead and only Florimel was left her.

"Which picture do you think Mr. Gay thought most of, Aunt Florimel?" she asked.

Florimel blinked. "Why, the Hollyhock Home of course."

At any rate, she had given it the best place. And one could fairly hear the artist snickering as he moderated the desert sun to a sentimental glow and painted in a dear, dear collie before such a cottage as grandmothers have in the movies.

"He did it to make fun of you, one day when he was biting mad. He was laughing at you." Her placid voice did not sharpen, but two tears coursed down her cheeks. "And I think you never knew anything at all about him."

She moved away, not hastily, but as an immortal taking leave.

"My land!" Idelle said. "Between you and Rhoda, there's enough tears for a wake. You sure what kind of exhibition this is, Florimel?"

"Her eyes haven't lifted from the ground since he died."

"You sure they were in love?"

"Passionately. They would have married. And it's a blessing the radiance is left her."

"I'd think she would a sight rather eat a beefsteak across from him than fiddle round with the radiance of not havin' him."

Obsequious art lovers again relieved us of Florimel and we could devote ourselves to Mr. Atherton Gay. That desert sun and those uncannily understood desert folk held me for another hour. On our way out we paused to arrange with Florimel the purchase of the two canvases that were to adorn the sandstone mansion, and the homesteader that was to be mine. Rhoda glanced an entreaty at us and followed us to the door.

"Mrs. Yancey," she said, "would you take me to the ranch with you tomorrow? I can't stand another day of this."

Idelle nodded vigorously. "What's more, I'll go out to see that Florimel stays here with the vibrations."

The cold perfection of that face, I decided, did not reflect emotions from the depths. Yet somehow it was evident that the girl was as hysterical as perfection can bring itself to be. She looked Idelle fair in the eye and then looked, more defiantly, at me.

"Do you want to see those two pictures of me?" she demanded.

I understood the compulsion that was on her. "Sometime," I said, "it would be an honor. Just now, with so much confusion, it would be unfair to them."

"They're in there." She nodded toward a locked closet. "I won't let Windsor point its fingers at me. But you're Mrs. Yancey's friend."

Idelle laid a weathered old hand on the girl's shoulder. "I think maybe Florimel counted more fingers than there are. My land, child, wouldn't any painter that ever lived be glad of the chance to paint you? But don't let that give you the big head. A painter don't see you—you're not Rhoda James—you're only something like three lemons and a dead fish on a platter."

Just discernibly registered there, I could see gratitude in those intoxicating eyes. "But I'm sure Aunt Florimel will follow me to the ranch," she said.

Emerging on the sidewalk, we found the bearded ranch hand about to enter. He approached us, more dilapidated still under a week's more dust. "Lookin' for you, ma'am. Steve Foote sent me down to get a new cook. Charley Moy, he high-tailed out day before yesterday."

"Did you get one?"

"Didn't have to, ma'am. I found Charley Moy and scared him into comin' back with me. Oh, don't you fret, ma'am, I'll drive all night. There'll be a cook there when you roll in."

Idelle drew a bill from her hand bag. "You burn that shirt first and buy you a new one."

The bearded one grinned, pocketing the bill. "Thank you kindly, ma'am. Maybe if Steve Foote ever spent a nickel for soap I'd wash it. Is this a private circus inside here, or can anybody get in?" He strolled inside.

We were off early the next morning, Rhoda in Ann's roadster, which Ann had denied me on the ground that Idelle preferred an older audience for her yarns, and Idelle and I with the chauffeur in the sedan. All day long we fled through canyons that narrowed toward the divides beyond, gaunt planes of granite and sandstone crazily leaning over us. Idelle's worn old cheeks heightened to the landmarks of the old days. It was a stern and unsoftened life she conjured up for me—drought years and harvests stripped by black beetles, herds of white-faces wiped out by Texas fever, old tales of children born or women dying in blizzards three days' riding from any help, a harsh, resistant race of men death-locked with the desert. The sedan sang along concrete roads that soared lightly over divides—and men had passed this way laboriously prying at seven-foot wheels that oxen could hardly turn. We plunged into canyons and whistled through spruce forests—and men whom mirages had betrayed had lain unburied on our right of way.

Idelle had the chauffeur stop at a hairpin curve some fifty feet above a flash of water. Getting out, she beckoned me beside her to the edge of the road. The mountainside slanted down to the river, its naked shale unsplotched by greasewood. Below us, the river was only shallows that trickled slowly among bowlders and flood-killed willows.

Idelle's lips relaxed in a brief, assured smile: "All my life I've never seen enough water in the Ophir in July to drown a hummin' bird. Not to mention that there's no quicksand for ten mile, either side, and anybody that ran off here wouldn't need either water or quicksand to finish him."

Ann's siren squawked behind us. We returned to the sedan and hurried onward. Idelle's reminiscences were over. I saw her forehead knitting. In some obscure way the West of her enchantment had been injured.

"Ranch wonderin'," she said, after a time. "Never heard of it? You never was a ranch wife. Sun and wind and dust all summer, snow and wind and blizzard all winter. Weeks and months at a time without seein' anybody but the family and the stock. Some didn't stand it any too well. Then they'd start looking off toward the peaks. They'd think and dream and wonder. See pretty little towns with shade trees, and the neighbors droppin' in to borrow bakin' soda, and water running in the garden—see all sorts of cool, pretty things. Then, maybe, there would be that little town right spang there in the sage. Well, when it got that far, that was ranch wonderin'."

"Yes?" I said.

"Nothing. Only, Florimel spent years hoping some day she or Rhoda would be an artist, or anyway an artist would come to Windsor for her to worship. When Pete Gay's boy did come, she must have paraded him something awful. Still, you'd think he'd take his pictures with him."

I pondered. "Hasn't the idea occurred to anyone else?"

"They searched for weeks and weeks. But all his belongin's were at Florimel's, and there was the car upside down in the river. So it must have been quicksand. . . . Humph!"

It was late afternoon when we reached our destination. Fred Yancey's ranch was no part of the distant township that had begun his father's prosperity, but a rich man's hobby. The home ranch filled a small valley covered with fields of alfalfa and wheat, whose profits supported the two or three thousand white-faces that were now hidden in the uplands and the forest ranges over the divide. A low, rambling, plaster building, with aspens on one side and cottonwoods on the other, filled with Navajo rugs, heads of elk and bears and cougars, and cobbled fireplaces, was more a hunting lodge than a ranch house. Evening was lavender in the valley when we arrived and a stratum of wood smoke hung level above it, tantalizing us with odors of supper.

Ann's siren brought Bill Yates from the corral on the run, but he checked short, and after a long glance, dashed into the house. In a moment the foreman, Steve Foote, emerged, his cheeks scrubbed red and his hair watered flat. He welcomed us and filled his arms with baggage.

"What's the matter with Bill Yates?" Idelle demanded.

Steve sighed. "Crazy as a mud hen, Mrs. Yancey. Some might say coot or loon, but I say mud hen. Oh, he says now you told him to buy a shirt and it went and slipped his mind. After eight months of him, ma'am, I've formed the habit of tellin' him what I don't want him to do."

"Where did he come from?"

"Showed up here astride a burro about Thanksgivin' time. Said he'd been drivin' a scraper on a road gang. We didn't have no need for another hand; but maybe you noticed he's a persuasive cuss, and so I took him on. End of the month, I cut his wages down to ten dollars. He's mighty near worthless with a horse, but he can run our pumps and tractors. Crazy as a mud hen, though."

Charley Moy's admirable supper comforted us. We found ourselves relaxed and gay, now that the mountains had closed round us and given desert weather a merely historical existence. I stepped outside, later on, to verify my memory of how the canyon winds carry a tangible fragrance from spruce forests. I hastily went back for a sweater and then wandered on to where a white creek tumbled out of its gulch among cottonwoods. The glow of a fire beyond the bunk houses drew me in that direction. I stood in darkness, watching the vermilion light play on the faces of two ranch hands who were straightening the knives of a mower. I wished idly that Atherton Gay had put that fire on canvas before making occasion to disappear. I strolled back through gauzy darkness to the house. I saw the blur of a face on the porch and found Rhoda alone, wrapped in a blanket half an inch thick. I sat beside her and was pleased to find that she did not chatter. Windsor, desert weather, and, I assumed, genius and heartbreak, dissolved away in that spruce-perfumed peace.

After a silent hour she rose and stretched that invisible, miraculous body. "I'll hear an automobile tomorrow and know that Aunt Florimel has come." No untoward animation disturbed her voice. "I'll jump off a cliff."

But Florimel did not appear the next day, nor any of a series of indolent days it began. Idelle, whose seventy years meant little on horseback, and Ann, who was made for the saddle, rode tirelessly over the ranch and into the neighboring canyons, while I whipped the creeks that brawled through smaller gulches. Rhoda discovered to us an unsuspected self-absorption. She climbed into the spruce-hung ledges above us or rode deep into shadowy canyons, but always alone. We saw her at breakfast, those long, miraculous legs memorably set off by riding breeches. There would be a flurry of ranch hands at the corral and the porch, saddling her horse and suggesting the unimaginable dangers of riding into the hills without a guide. Then, when she was lost among the trees, the ranch went reluctantly about its business and we saw no more of Rhoda till evening came down from the peaks and Charley Moy was beating a steel triangle with a piece of railroad iron. Her cheeks and her throat under the open collar of her silk blouse turned golden brown, and I thought her inexpressive eyes had still more peace in them.

I heard her gravely thanking a distressingly shaved youngster. "I think I can find my way," she said slowly, "and I asked Mrs. Yancey about bears. She said she would pay high for even a rumor of a grizzly anywhere near here."

The young hand grinned and squirmed his heel into the dust. I turned to Ann, who was observant at my side. "You'll forgive me," I said, "if I hope that heaven never makes you her competitor for a young man's heart."

Ann smiled. "Put down a bet on me, darling. I can yield a point or two on legs and features. I stem from Idelle, and the chromosomes carried brains."

Sun glinted from the silk blouse, cantering across the cleared space, and piebald shadows checkered it a moment before the cottonwoods closed in. I found myself

Continued on Page 67

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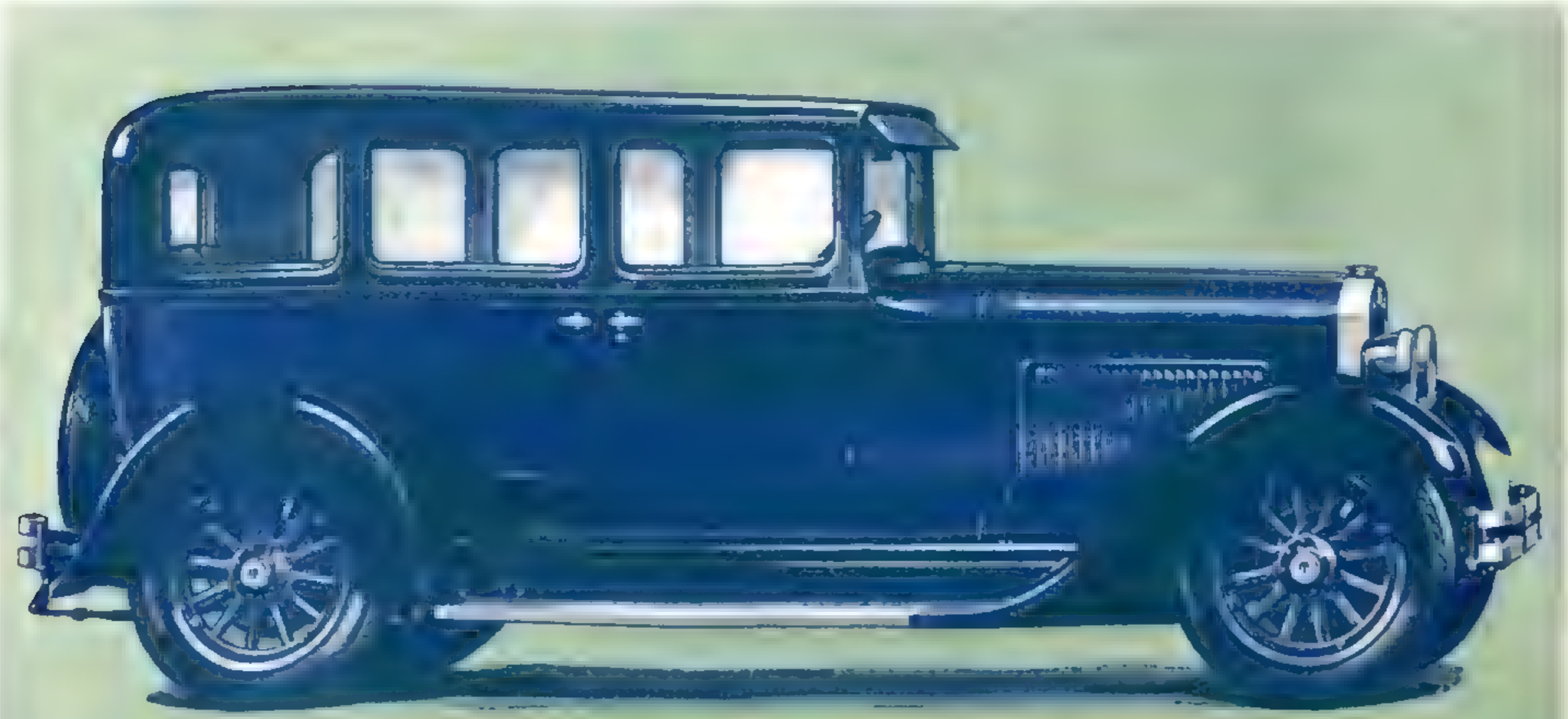

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Don't be fooled by "*cheap paint*" Bally-hoo

THE bally-hoo artist of the circus with his noisy bragging and vivid exaggerations is still a comparatively innocent chap.

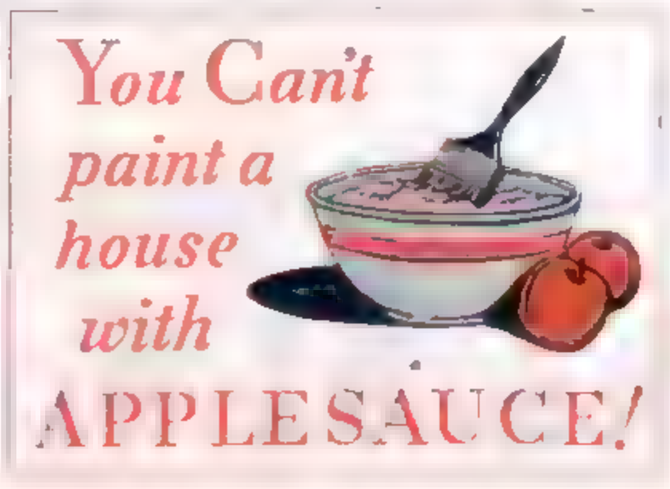
His wild ravings about the "sword swallower" and the "fire eater" are just applesauce and you *know* it.

But "cheap" paint bally-hoo is far more insidious. The highly colored claims, alluring promises and low gallon price usually entice some unsuspecting or inexperienced home owner.

He buys the "cheap" paint *in good faith* —only to find that he has been *fooled*. *His* losses are often tragic—a thousand times the price of a side-show ticket.

"Cheap" paint is skimped either in the *materials* or in the *making*. It *must* be, to permit the *low gallon price*.

To be *really economical* paint must be made of *finest materials, which are costly*.

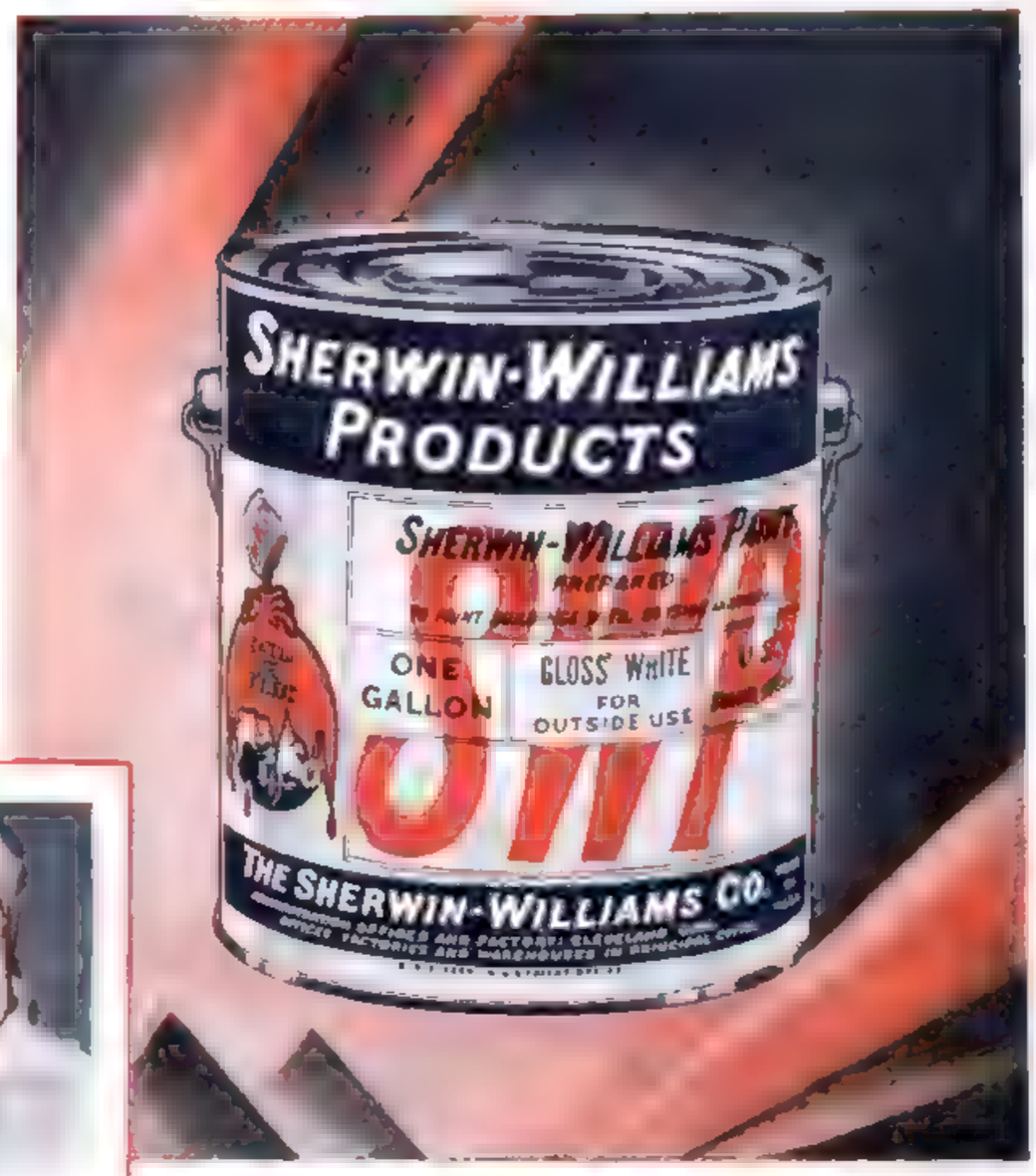


Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, costs more per gallon. That is because it is made of *superfine materials* under supervision of the great Sherwin-Williams Paint Laboratories.

But, because of this superfine manufacture, every gallon of SWP House Paint covers *360 square feet* of surface—two coats. "Cheap" paint, cheaply made of inferior materials, covers only *250 square feet* to the gallon—two coats.

Only *7 gallons* of fine old SWP will give the average house a beautiful, rich, colorful finish. To give the same house a *cheap-looking* finish, *over 11 gallons* of "cheap" paint are usually required.

Up-to-date Painters endorse and use fine old SWP. They know that its equal in flowing, covering, hiding, durability, colors, cannot be produced by hand mixing alone.



That four gallon difference makes the "cheap" paint cost *practically the same* as SWP by the job.

But that is only the beginning.

A finish of SWP House Paint will last for five years or more.

The fragile film and wishy-washy colors of "cheap" paint deteriorate rapidly. In a five-year period you will pay two, sometimes three and even five times your original cost for repainting. This is the big expense you avoid by using fine old SWP.

The Master Touch

You may see the identical formula of fine old SWP on a "cheap" paint label. Don't let that mislead you. The two paints are still miles apart in quality. Just remember that the *quality* and *blending* of the materials are even more vital than the quantities used.

A "cheap" lead or zinc or linseed oil makes a "cheap" paint, regardless of the formula.

The SWP formula has been published openly for years yet none has ever duplicated SWP House Paint.

That is because, in addition to superior materials, there is another element in SWP that can never be successfully imitated. It is the "Master Touch" of the scientific men in the Sherwin-Williams Laboratories.

These men are to paint what Edison is to electricity—what Marconi is to wireless.

Their genius shows in the super-fine raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams—in the delicate, scientific *balancing* of ingredients—in the beautiful weather-proof colors—in the great power-driven mills that grind and mix SWP to creamy-smooth texture—in the critical checking and rechecking that follow each step in the process.

No "cheap" paint maker even attempts such perfection and even the most skillful cannot *duplicate* the Master Touch. It is purely *Sherwin-Williams.*

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you start any painting, varnishing, lacquering or enameling job, see your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. He is the recognized "Paint Headquarters" in your locality. Get his advice and material estimates.

If you want the name of a painter who will finish your home in SWP House Paint, write us. We will also send you literature on any paint, varnish, lacquer or enamel, and a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide. which saves costly mistakes in painting.

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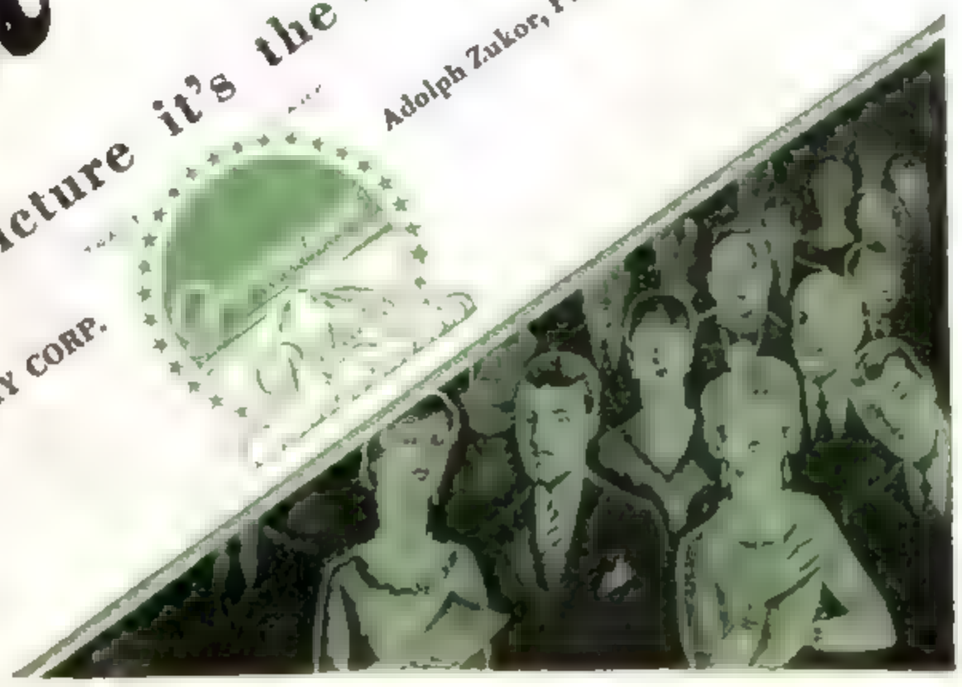

Continued from Page 62

pleased by the kindness we had done Rhoda. "There'll be no reminder of Atherton Gay here, at least. But if she would accept the admiration of some young ranch hand, she would have less time to brood upon him."

Hereupon Ann whooped joyously. "I must say, Roger, you don't learn easily from Idelle."

"Well?"

"Ask her sometime, if you're interested."

Idelle, I understood, watched the girl keenly. It was her habit to untangle the knots she saw about her, whether or not the possessor of them desired the service. At luncheon one day, the meal at which we never saw Rhoda, she chuckled enjoyably. "How many pretty sketches of the peaks have we seen? I'd say if Florimel wants art saved for the family she'd ought to come a-runnin'."

Ann waggled a finger at me. "Roger understands Rhoda to the depths. Let him talk to her."

That afternoon, tiring of trout that were too easily hooked, I remembered a volume of Croce which I had brought against the impossible contingency of a rainy day. I proposed an hour or two in a camp chair among the aspens. But there was no Croce in my room, nor could I find it anywhere about the house.

"It wouldn't be one of the hands took it," Idelle said when I mentioned the loss. "You could scatter bank bills all over the place, and they'd only put a rock on them to keep 'em from blowing away. You know that. They might freeze onto a newspaper, but not a book—that's private property."

Ann sat up suddenly. "Then I did bring them! One Conrad, one Galsworthy and a bundle of magazines. I was sure I put them in my bag, but I couldn't find them when I wanted them after I got here."

We summoned Steve Foote, who grinned resignedly. "That's Charley Moy all over. You can't learn him. The place for a book is that mantelshelf, and if he finds one ain't there, then that means it's been throwed away. I'll look in the bunk house, ma'am. If he ain't burned 'em for stove wood, maybe he made a present of them to the boys. They don't get much readin' matter."

He returned in a few minutes bearing my Croce. "Just like I said. I found this in Bill Yates' bunk. Charley probably burnt the rest."

"That crazy Chink!" Idelle said. "What got into him to quit on you the week before we came?"

Steve looked puzzled. "Charley? What give you the idea he wanted to quit, ma'am? You couldn't lever him away with a crowbar. Charley learned to ride this last year, and he's put for the rest of his days. The boys give him a pair of hair pants out of thanks for the show. Looks like a floor rug in 'em."

Idelle said nothing, but I saw the intent look I was familiar with come into her eyes.

It was several days later that we found Rhoda discontented at the corral and protesting to Steve Foote. He was patiently explaining that she must not, because of the difficulty of the trail, ride to Golden Eagle Pass alone.

"But you promised to send a man with me this morning."

"And I sure told off Bill Yates for the job and spoiled the day for a bunch of wuthless ranch hands that was hoping to go with you, ma'am. But we're in the wheat today, ma'am, and I can't spare anybody that can handle a team. Bill Yates, he said he'd go, and then he's off in the flivver to Log Bridge at sunup this morning for a new fan belt. Crazy as a mud hen! Anybody else would of made one from a boot lace. You know yourself, ma'am, I can't go out to be responsible for no mud hen."

Rhoda said serenely to us, when Steve had walked away muttering, "That's twice that hideous, bearded man has avoided me. Everybody else seems actually eager to do things for me."

"You will wear riding breeches, darling," Ann said.

Rhoda was puzzled. "Why so do you, Ann?"

"Not so efficiently. Oh, I have my minor conquests too. But neither of us seems effective on the mud hen's heart. He hasn't come within fifty yards of me. I'm sure he's an ex-convict."

"Nor me, either," Idelle said. "He goes by me on the run. But you guessed wrong, Ann."

At noon the next day I had another disappearance to report. "Do you suppose Charley Moy uses cigars for stove wood?" I asked. "I brought two boxes; exactly one box has vanished."

"I never did care a hoot for folks that didn't have ranch blood in them, one time or another," she said surprisingly. She went on with calm irrelevance: "I think we'll all ride over to La Plata in the morning. Never heard of it? Oh, there was a silver stampede there once. The vein run out and the camp died. There's a few old shacks still above ground and you can see the shafts. Nice ride."

Ann whispered to me as her grandmother went out to instruct Charley Moy, "Do you recognize Idelle's eagle look? She seems to be reading sign."

There were five horses, not four, at the corral gate the next morning. While I waited, Bill Yates emerged from the kitchen and busied himself tying well-wrapped packages behind the saddles. Our luncheon, I supposed. I had never before, I reflected, seen quite so much grime on a human countenance—and really he should have bought that shirt. He seemed to be enjoying himself hardly at all. He swore eloquently, and when a horse flinched away from him, kicked it solidly at the girth.

He climbed into the saddle. "You folks can catch up with me," he said, and rode off toward the trail.

Idelle and the two girls joined me. Idelle was grim. "I and Bill Yates had words. He believed he'd rather run a tractor today."

Before we caught up with him Rhoda's horse went lame. Not drastically lame, but enough, in my uncertain judgment, to obligate her to walk it all the time. I fell behind with her. And soon, as the trail bent upward, I found that she was talkative. That meant, with Rhoda, a word or two every quarter mile. She called my attention to the powder-blue mist that hung in the spruce below the ridge.

"Could you put it on canvas?" I asked.

At once I inwardly rejoiced, for I had found an emotion mirrored in those crystal eyes. Any earthier girl might have been said to be scowling. "I thought no one would mention paints to me here. I thought that, once in my life, I could forget them."

I observed the troubling of the depths, or perhaps guessed it from the first animation I had seen in her. She found inspiration for still further words, almost hurried. "Aunt Florimel packed a case with colors and brushes and canvas and palettes. She always has. I've carried them to the dentist's with me sometimes. I threw it into the first creek we crossed coming here."

She stared straight ahead, while the horses plodded onward. When another stretch of trail was behind us she faced me again, stimulated to a great discovery. "Roger, I believe if Ann or Mrs. Yancey was in my place, she wouldn't stand for Aunt Florimel. If she didn't want to paint pictures—well, she just wouldn't."

I looked away. "Conceivably," I said very gravely—"conceivably, she wouldn't."

"They wouldn't daub messes on good canvas if they hated it."

"My dear child"—I managed to keep my voice severe—"I thought you were an artist."

Almost she achieved vehemence. "I'm not. I'm a pair of old shoes. I don't think I have to try to be any longer."

We had topped another rise and were heading downward into the blue shadows of a gulch, when a further implication occurred to her. "If Aunt Florimel didn't badger me into painting I think I could forget about Mr. Gay."

I watched her eyes placidly dwell on the shadows below us. Unclouded, serene. I made out that, somewhere in that vacancy, there was regret for a lost unfruitful romance. One could hardly guess it from the surface.

The others had been half an hour at La Plata when we caught up with them. The abandoned mining camp had for me little of the glamour it had for Idelle, to whom its forgotten saga was intimate knowledge. She led us about the crumbling ruins of its shacks and the tumbled-in shafts, choked with a growth of willows already old. At a spring that issued from one shaft, Bill Yates sulkily set out the luncheon we had brought with us. Awaiting it, the girls climbed to another shaft, higher on the mountainside. Idelle was studying the horses.

"You pick out these horses, Bill?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Steve Foote said to get the ones you always used. But that chestnut roan Miss—is it James?—always rides, he cast a shoe yesterday, so I didn't aim to bring him."

"So you picked out one with a rope burn on its fetlock?"

"Well, ma'am, I choosed the one that was handiest."

"Not countin' on it going lame the first mile. Don't claim to know a lot about horses, do you?"

"I like 'em fine," he said with profound conviction, "when I'm sittin' on a wagon seat and drivin' them at long range. Maybe you noticed I ain't what you'd call a rodeo champeen in the saddle."

Idelle chuckled dryly. "Don't mind if I say you probably done more riding on the rods."

For the first time that morning he grinned. "I don't mind, ma'am. But I usually always do my ridin' inside an empty."

He became absorbed in the coffeepot that he had poised on flat rocks over a singularly large fire. When the girls came back Charley Moy's adequate luncheon was spread for them beside the spring. Bill Yates moved off downstream, embracing a tin plate heaped with his choice.

"Eat with us, Bill," Idelle called after him.

He did not turn, but said over his shoulder, "You might find my manners wasn't up even to my ridin', ma'am." And he found a place on the edge of a willow thicket.

We ate to the pleasant chatter of the spring. Blue and open day was otherwise quiet about us. Idelle gave us lazy, drawling chapters of La Plata's history, while Ann plaited grass stems and Rhoda listened with reverent attention. Downstream Bill Yates lay in the sun, his hat over his eyes, only his atrocious beard showing below it. The languorous afternoon drifted slowly westward to Idelle's drawl. After a while Ann slept frankly and Idelle fell silent.

There was a sudden snort from Bill Yates. He sat up, yawning. "Mind if I ride back now, ma'am? You can depend on them chaps wreckin' a tractor once every day, and I'd ought to be on hand."

Idelle was energized. "No, Bill, they'll get on without you. I told Steve Foote to make out somehow. Someone will have to stay back with Rhoda while her horse walks in, and I want to talk to Roger."

I saw his beard waving with rebellion, but Idelle added calmly, "Put those embers out, too, while you're at it."

"Pete's sake, what for?"

Idelle picked up the bridle and forced the bit into her horse's mouth. "You study hard and figure it out. Dirt or water—both do the job."

I found nothing in Idelle's conversation that seemed specially important. Indeed, she let her horse choose his own quicker gait on the homeward trail and little conversation was possible. At the house, we had

Continued on Page 69

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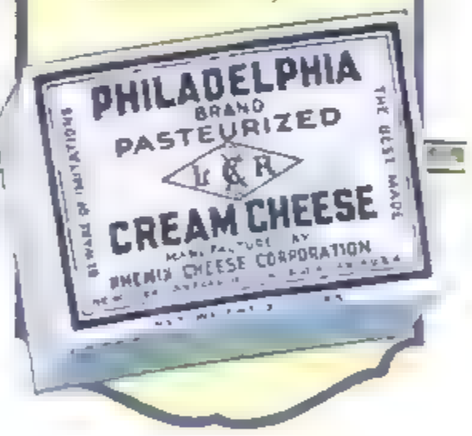

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hardly freshened ourselves and gathered on the wide screened porch when Rhoda cantered into the corral alone.

Idelle sat up expectantly. Outside, the hands, just in from the reaping, surrounded the girl's horse and contrived ways of helping her. Laughter floated across the dooryard, Rhoda's quiet voice, somehow puzzled, joining it. She turned away and approached the house.

"Well?" Idelle demanded.

"My horse went so lame that Bill Yates said he'd lead it in. So I took his and rode home."

"Where did that happen?"

"After about a mile, or maybe two."

"That all?"

"All what?" Rhoda gazed at her with candid surprise.

"Didn't you find anything to talk about?"

"With Bill Yates? He never says much, does he?"

"I guess neither one of you was ever a bright shining star at a conversation. . . . Humph!" Idelle dismissed the subject. "What kind of cigars you smoke, Roger? You tell the chuffer, anyway. I'm sending him to Windsor early in the morning."

I fancied that I observed a slight warmth in Rhoda's attitude toward me. At least, she volunteered to accompany me the next morning when I set out for a stream I had not yet whipped. She faithfully followed me through all the brush that blocked our course, and she was obedient. The necessity for silence agreed with her temperament, and when I waved her back she docilely awaited my return, selecting any convenient bowlder and stretching out on it in the sun. Heaven, I concluded, had designed her for no less decorative purpose. Long-limbed, indolently graceful, serene as a plaster cast, she was meant to adorn the world, not illuminate it.

Her behavior on the trout stream, however, where I usually prefer solitude, was so unimpeachable that I undertook to teach her fly casting. Lacking waders, she would, nevertheless, have walked into the water if I had required such literalness. She bent her attention on the technic I expounded. She made no great progress at it, but a few broken leaders were a small price to pay for the pleasure of watching that perfect body flow fluidly from posture to posture as she cast for the stream and landed in the cottonwoods.

She looked up once and her voice carried a faint surprise: "I had no idea it was fun."

The next day I resolved to go on horseback to a more distant stream. Rhoda, it developed, was going with me and had already instructed Charley Moy to wrap up a luncheon for us. I gave her a rod for her own, and while I waded some miles up the creek, she remained where we had hitched the mounts. When I returned at noon it was evident that she had practiced faithfully, for she could now put a fly within twenty feet of the spot she had intended. We ate our sandwiches, and now I discovered that surprisingly yeasty ideas had been working in Rhoda.

She lay back on one elbow and watched the swoop of kingfishers at the water's edge. Her eyes glowed with reflected sky and canyon foliage, not, I was aware, with the discovery she now broached to me with an appalling solemnity. "Roger," she said, "I don't think I have to try to be a painter any more."

I mastered my ribald impulses and succeeded in replying with something of her own solemnity: "Perhaps not."

"I don't have to ruin any more canvas. I don't have to go to any more art schools."

"Even one more glance at a maulstick," I said, "would be an imposition."

"It doesn't matter if Mr. Gay did paint me in a scarf. Every artist does, hundreds of times, and I was only three lemons and a dead fish on a platter to him."

So for a while the creek ran pleasantly and Rhoda was silent, turning on it those grave, bewitching eyes. Afternoon was blue and golden in the upper peaks. Another conviction slowly phrased itself for her and I saw her gaze again: "Don't you think that, maybe, Aunt Florimel has been a little ridiculous?"

"If you decided so I think that Mrs. Yancey would agree with you."

"Then," Rhoda said, "I think I'll gather up all the tubes of paint in her shop and dye every inch of her skin till she looks like a crazy quilt."

The idea was appealing. I sprang to my feet and helped her up. "I'll borrow Ann's roadster and drive you to Windsor this evening—yes, if it takes all night! Florimel as a crazy quilt fascinates me."

I promised myself at least a highly interesting case of rebellion. I fancied that Rhoda would bring her native thoroughness to the scene, and paired with Florimel's capacities, it would make excellent beholding. We rode down the canyon we had ascended and took the trail for the ranch. The shades of the western peaks were stretched across it when we came out of the cottonwoods and approached the corral. And there was the sedan, returned from Windsor, and shrill cries of recognition were hailing us from the porch.

"It's no use, Roger," Rhoda said, as I helped her down. "See, she's beaten me to it. I'll be sketching the peaks in the morning."

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" I said. "Tell the old idiot ——"

But Florimel, rushing down upon us with glad cries, had gathered Rhoda to her breast. She was exclaiming, "My poor, poor child!" And the fountain of her tears had begun to play. I perceived that Rhoda's accustomed apathy had returned, I supposed permanently.

Idelle approached hastily and, behind her, Ann's eyes were mirthful. Perceiving her smile, I saw also that what I had mistaken for anger in Idelle's bearing was only her mighty suppression of a mighty laughter. "I sent for a man I want you to see, Florimel, before you go carryin' on about your poor, poor child." A chuckle escaped her leash. "I guess I lived too long on a ranch."

From the corrals came Steve Foote and Bill Yates, the latter staggering under a bale of straw. Steve sat down at the gate and we could see him wave Bill on in our direction. Idelle called to him to make it snappy. He stood a few yards off, balancing the straw and leaning away from it.

Idelle said conversationally, "Bill, if you'd been much of a ranch hand, you'd know it wasn't your shirt you'd ought to keep grimy, but your finger nails. Ever see Bill Yates before, Florimel?"

At the name, Bill wheeled half right, saw Florimel, let the bale of straw fall to the ground and started away. He put the two horses between us, and Rhoda's craned its neck to nip him in the shoulder. At once he turned on the horse, kicked it in the belly and began beating its nose with the reins. Strange oaths penetrated the rising dust, the horse reared on its hind legs above him and Steve Foote came running from the gate. He reached the combatants and pulled the horse away.

"You dumb fool, Bill," he said dispassionately, "that don't improve a horse none."

The rage of Bill Yates evaporated as suddenly as it had appeared. But before he could remember his intention of departing, Idelle walked up to him. "I saw your pa lose his temper, I guess a dozen times." Her hand went to his vest. She turned to me. "Like a cigar, Roger? It ought to be pretty good—it's one of yours. . . . Well, Florimel, I've found your genius for you."

Her day's work gratified her deeply. I heard Florimel scream beside me, and other noises suggested that Rhoda's tears had begun. I supposed that a girl must cry when the quicksands yielded up her lover; yet she delayed throwing herself on his breast. I had no eyes, however, for either Florimel or Rhoda, being intent on Bill Yates, who was Atherton Gay. He had flung out his arms in a momentary intention of bolting, but changed his mind and came forward. There was a tall cottonwood a few feet from Idelle. He leaned back against it, at his ease, and grinned.

"I would pick out the one ranch in the West that belongs to a dowager," he sighed. He turned to Steve Foote. "You can take my traps up from the bunk house to the house, Steve. I'm staying on as a guest."

"Like hell I will!" Steve informed him. "You broke an arm or something?"

"You might take the horses away, Steve," Idelle said.

The foreman's eyes pleaded with her. "It's hard, ma'am—terrible hard. Maybe there was a worse ranch hand, but that was before my day. Crazy as a mud hen." But he surrendered and led the horses away.

Happily, Florimel's emotions were busy with her. She collapsed, sobbing, into Ann's arms. Rhoda had moved forward till she was staring at Gay, hardly an arm's length away from him. Still she refrained from flinging her arms about him. It occurred to me suddenly that she wasn't going to.

Our bearded genius was still grinning pleasantly. "It's a relief to shed the argot of the corrals. They call you Roger, eh? What do you think of my ranch talk, Roger?"

An imperfection in it suddenly became significant. "You should leave off the *t* in 'kept'!" I cried. "I recognize it now. Ranch hands say kep'."

He reached for Rhoda's hand, which she yielded to him. "You should not stare so, my child. Your aunt will tell you that the vibrations have restored your lover to your arms. You do not rush to embrace him. That will be a great grief to Florimel."

Suddenly he advanced on Florimel, who was engaging Ann's ministrations, and shook his finger under her reddened nose. "You exhibit my pictures, eh? You strut about telling Windsor it is a great man who does them and lo! you have been his patron. You sell them. Am I to think you will build me a monument with the proceeds?"

Florimel's sobs ceased. My delightful Ann drawled, ever so gently, "Was Florimel right about temperament, after all? I'm sure, Mr. Gay, if anything about you deserves a monument it is your idiocy."

"My what?"

"Idiocy. Even I can see now that you haven't been bright. Idelle will tell you it was a poor place to drive the car off, though of course it was spectacular. Roger will tell you that volumes of Croce ought to be safe on a ranch. I'll tell you—but I won't either. I'll merely ask you ——"

"I'll ask him, Ann. You be maidenly," Idelle said. "What about Rhoda?"

"Mrs. Yancey, heaven will do me the kindness of letting me remember that two women have comprehended me. Do I refer to the emotional Miss Brett and the unemotional Rhoda, whom one cannot believe to be her niece? No, I do myself the honor of meaning you and your granddaughter. But Rhoda is the question, isn't she? She always was."

He put his arm about Rhoda's unresponsive waist. "My child, a few days more and I would have made love to you even in such a beard as would disgrace a House of David cornetist." He paused, but the girl moved no nearer to him. Instead, she looked away, and if those lips had been capable of a sneer I should have said they were wearing one. "It is the beard, perhaps? I will shave it before sunset. Then you will kiss me—no?" He shoved her away contemptuously. "Bah! You are a cold little wench. Even Florimel would kiss me. But you—*toujours* an icicle, and I doubt if you would yell if I stuck a pin in you."

Idelle said, "Go ahead and kiss him, child."

Rhoda's tranquil gaze swept the bearded one from head to foot, taking in, I supposed, the coarse boots he wore, the immemorial shirt and the hair that had been

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ranch-barbered for eight months. She confronted Florimel. "Aunt Florimel, have I got to marry this tramp?" she asked.

Ann, who had abandoned Florimel, giggled at my shoulder, then pinched my arm penitently.

"Why, Rhoda!" Florimel's voice was an agony. "When your lover comes back to you from the grave!"

"But do I have to marry him?"

Idelle amiably shrugged a shoulder. "There's your poor child who's been wasting her heart away grievin' for her lost genius. So I kept them together all one day and her heart never picked him out under a beard."

"Precisely!" The lost genius again flung himself toward Florimel. "She was wasting her heart away for me before I left, eh? And she has kept it up since I disappeared? I think you were lying all the time."

"Only ranch wonderin', Atherton," Idelle corrected him. "You just happened to be the first artist Florimel ever had staked out."

"Weeks and weeks she told me how the child worshiped me. So presently I made a little love to the child. You are a devilish handsome girl, Rhoda—don't think it came hard. Well, one makes love to many women, and these Western girls—not many of them are unused to it. But Rhoda is a little icicle. I think she kissed me from a sense of duty—yes, the aunt would tell you how I worshiped you, no doubt. Then the aunt begins to devil me to paint her niece's portrait. Well, they have both been kind to me—they found me a hobo and started me painting again—and Rhoda is a handsome girl. But, it develops, this is not to be an ordinary portrait. It must be—presently I have undertaken to paint Rhoda with fewer clothes on than she is used to wearing. The poor child cried all through the sittings. By heaven ——"

Here inspiration descended upon Atherton Gay. His voice roared through the cottonwoods and returned to us in a distorted echo from the cliffs. He was dancing in the dust. Once more he waved a fist under Florimel's chin

"I did not need to disappear! She did not want to marry me! I could have stayed on and painted till my feet itched to move on! Your yarn about how I had compromised the girl, and how the town was snickering and how the child cried herself asleep from shame and love—it was one more lie!"

"Only ranch wonderin'," Idelle said again. "You don't need to yell—I knew your pa. Florimel just had to get you married, somehow, and into the family. Nobody talks about a shotgun—nobody genteel."

"I am not genteel!" Atherton roared. "I am a bum! I am a loafer! I am a good-for-nothing hobo!"

"I meant Florimel. . . . Well, that's that. Florimel, it wouldn't hurt much if you was to drive back to Windsor and think it over, while we think up a way to have this genius come alive. I'd go a bit slow tellin' anybody else how your niece busted her heart over the great man."

Gay grasped both of Idelle's hands. "What a woman! I would do what you said—even marry the icicle. So I ask you now, is it proper to speak to her?"

"Well," Idelle drawled lazily, "if I was you, I'd clear up her mind about marryin' you. She thinks it's only a stay of execution."

He dropped her hands to seize Rhoda's. It was a pleasant tableau—our bearded, unimaginably dirty genius and the tall girl in riding breeches who was surely some nymph out of happier times.

"Your aunt thinks we artists are great men and desirable nephews and perhaps gorgeous gentlemen on milk-white chargers. She is a fool. We are not. We are bums. You are reprieved from marrying me, my child. You will go back to Windsor and select one of those young men whose hearts turn handsprings when you pass. Believe me, you must choose the dumbest possible. Then you will lovingly clean up his cigarette ashes, and by and by you shall make some hideous daubs of your children to hang above the crib."

Slowly the frozen perfection of her face began to put on the faint omens of a smile. It was a triumph. I wanted to shout aloud.

Gay, too, approved it: "Good! Now we will send aunty back to the city. I will shave at once. Then, perhaps, I will make a little love to you, eh? -so long as we both know it is not in earnest."

"It wasn't your beard, Mr. Gay," Rhoda assured him gravely, "and I didn't think you were a bum in Windsor. Only, I hate everything about paints. I didn't want to marry a painter. I didn't want a painter to make love to me."

Gay fell back. "We shall see whether the painter is not more attractive when the good stupid husband becomes tiresome."

The world had been made altogether desolate before Florimel. Now, however, I saw her eyes revive. "You are a dissolute man," she breathed—raptly.

"Ah, art is preserved intact," Gay said.

But Idelle grunted. "No, just ranch wonderin'."

Gay took me on one arm and Ann on the other. He faced us about and marched us away from the others. He was buoyant. I expected him to sing. "I dread to say which is the greater blockhead. Phew! I am returned from the dead—and solvent. I must make love to someone. Have you a prejudice against painters, Miss Yancey?"

"Not painters," Ann said; "but go clean up, for I hate bums."

"You would not force me to declare myself to Florimel?"

Rhoda called to him from behind us: "Mr. Gay, what shall I do with those two pictures?"

He did not even look over his shoulder. "Give them to your husband," he shouted—"when you have been married for a year."

THE USES OF VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 36)

and broken glass. He felt better then. It always soothed him to break glass and crockery. One time he busted forty dollars' worth of glassware in the Eagle Bird at Blueblanket, account of the barkeeper, Al Dearduff, telling him he hadn't ought to take two drinks at once until he got his mouth enlarged."

"Fine doings!" commented Mrs. Kane. "Uncle Samuel, I reely think —— You know Eileen ain't ——"

"Yes, I am, ma," said Eileen. "Please go on, U. S. Do you mean he drank out of two glasses at the same time? I'm going to try that."

"Let me catch you at it! And it ain't respectful, calling your uncle that."

"He loves it," Eileen assured her. "And he's telling me about this cowboy as a warning. He says he's every bit as violent when he's drove to it."

"I must say!" exclaimed Mrs. Kane.

"No, but you mustn't," declared her daughter. "Not now. Go on and tell about some more violent things he did, U. S."

"I don't know as I can call 'em to mind," replied Mr. Stegg. "As I said, he was as nice and pleasant-spoken a boy as you ever seen excepting for these little outbreaks. I can understand just how he felt, though. There ain't no doubt but he was put on a heap by folks that thought just because he was so polite and mild in his disposition they could razzle-dazzle him all they'd a mind to. It seemed real sudden when he turned loose, but it was most always account of one of these last straws. He'd been holding himself in with patience and long-suffering while they was a-piling it on, not even letting 'em know that his feelings was lacerated, until the backbone of his temper was broke. I don't say that all his speros was like that. He might pound his thumb with a hammer out of a clear sky, as you might say, and turn loose. You take one of these here chairs, for instance. If a man got up in the dark, barefoot, and hit the end of a rocker with his ankle bone, you couldn't blame him much if he took the dod-gasted thing up by the back and slammed it into kindling wood—now could you?"

"I certainly could," said Mrs. Kane grimly.

"You didn't smash it, though," Eileen laughed. "I heard you, U. S. I heard every word you said. If I hadn't been afraid of waking ma, I'd have got up and brought you the arnica bottle. Of course I didn't hear every word," she added. "Only some of 'em—the ones that wasn't so bad."

Mr. Stegg looked decidedly embarrassed. "I was putting a case," he explained. "There wasn't nothing personal about it. What I mean is that anybody might fly off the handle unexpected when something unexpected happens. That business of Jess Runyon and his wife was a sort of a combination of the two things. He'd been put on and put on and had held himself in, patient and long-suffering, for about a year, and then this here unexpected bucket—which you might say was enough of itself—put the finishing touch."

"What bucket are you talking about?" Eileen demanded.

"I'm going to tell you if you don't interrupt," said Mr. Stegg. "Look at your ma. She sets there quiet and attentive, not chipping in, like the lady she is. If you want to hear about Jess, you got to keep that rosebud mouth of yours shet and just listen. You can't begin at the end of a story, nor yet in the middle. I reckon the beginning of it was at Ed Temple's dance on Squaw Creek the night of ——"

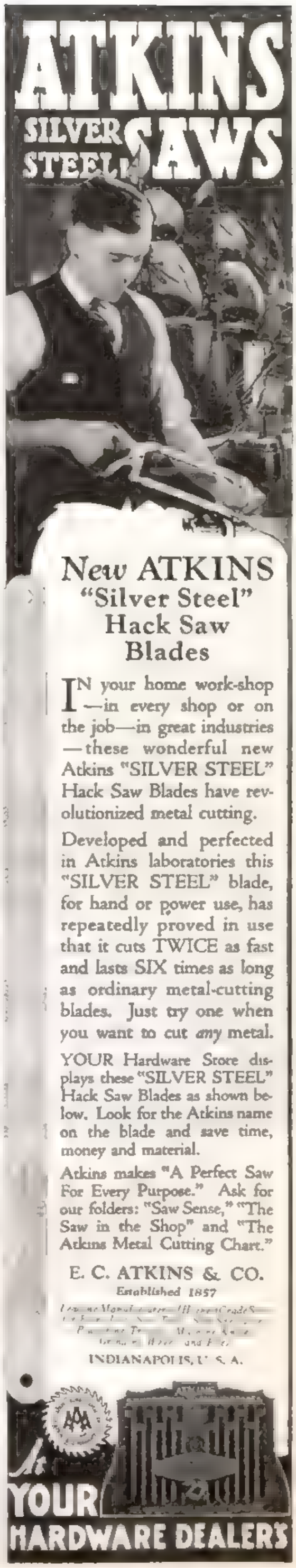
"When will we have a dance here, U. S.?" Eileen burst out. "Why couldn't we have one now? I mean next week, maybe. I'm just a-dying to dance! You know how it is at Lebanon. If you mentioned dance there, they'd throw a fit. Oh, there are dances, but respectable ladies don't go to them—only respectable men. . . . Where did I put that spool of thread? Oh, here it is! . . . Can we have a dance here next week, U. S.? Say yes, please! Pretty please!"

"I guess we'll wait until we get this house cleaned up and straightened around a little before we give any dances, and that won't be next week nor the week after. . . . What did you say, Uncle Samuel?" It was Mrs. Kane who spoke.

"Nothing much," replied Mr. Stegg. "A crick in my neck. Bessie, my dear, was you aiming to scrub the outside of the house—or the roof? I knew a man oncet that got his leg broke scouring a lightning rod on his roof that had got rusted some. His wife was a Dutch girl—Holland Dutch. I don't know whether you'd have called her or Jess Runyon's woman the most particular about her house, but I'm beginning to think that you —— Well, I was telling you about Jess a while back, wasn't I?"

"Oh, yes!" said Eileen. "You said it began at a dance. Excuse ma, please, for interrupting you—and excuse me, ma, for excusing you. Go on, U. S. It began at a dance. I'm afraid I don't know how to dance very well, but I'm still young and I can learn, can't I?"

"I'll learn you all you don't know," volunteered Mr. Stegg. "We'll give your ma a comb and paper and she can furnish the music. . . . Yes, it was at Temple's dance and Adeline Booth was there. She was a mighty pretty girl, Adeline was. She had a whole lot of hair, I mind; reddish



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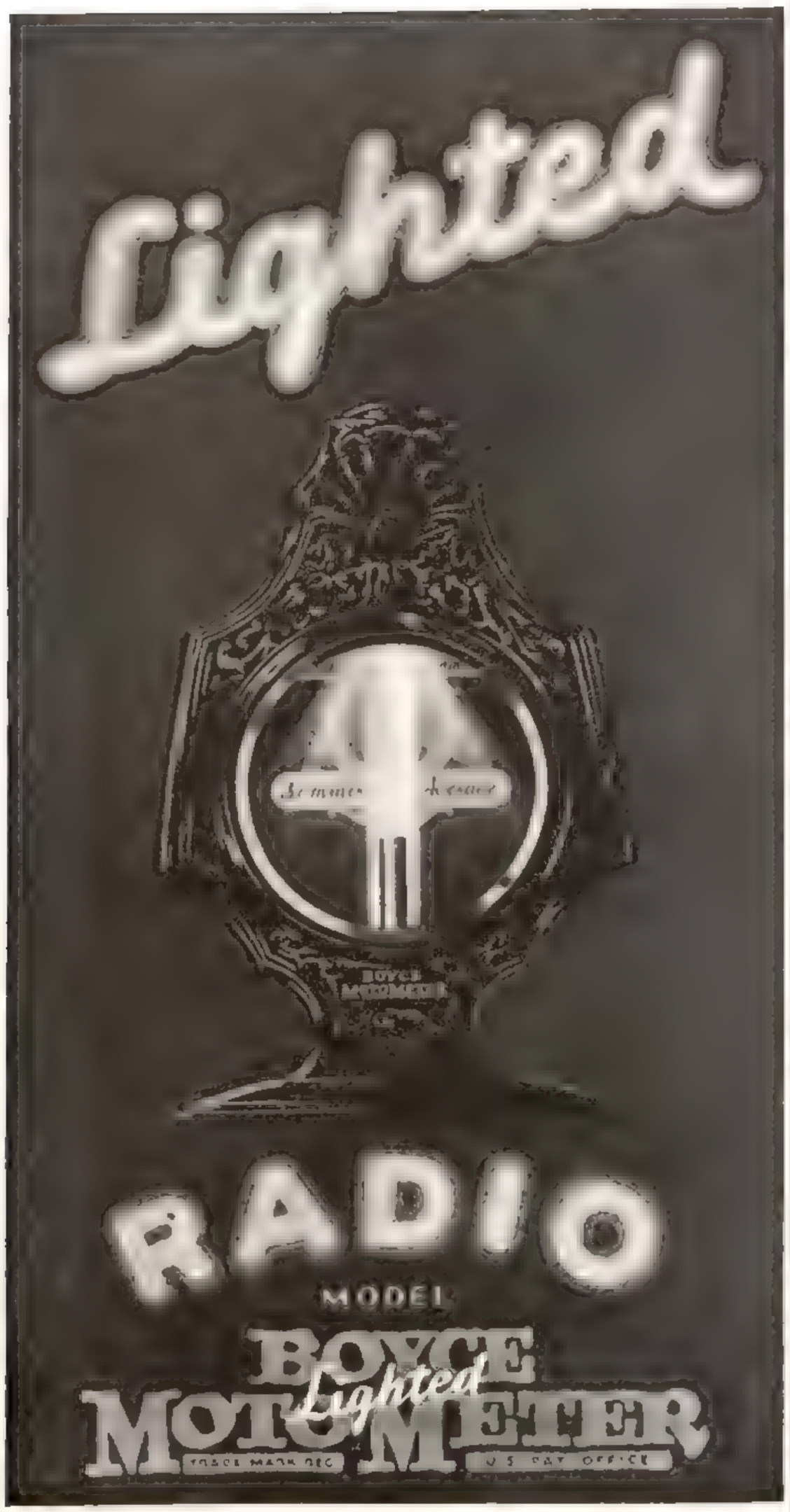

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brownish, and she had two freckles on the bridge of her nose."

"Blue eyes?" queried Eileen.

"No," said Mr. Stegg. "She had hazel eyes—color of a hazelnut and bright as di'monds. My favorite color eyes for a young girl."

"I bet they was blue," said Eileen. "Did she have a dimple?"

"No," said Mr. Stegg. "She could have had one if she had wanted, but she was too sensible and well-behaved. Anyway, Jess Runyon took quite a notion to her the moment he laid eyes on her. Now that's a foolish thing for a young man to do when a girl takes a dislike to him the moment she sees him. 'Specially if she keeps right on disliking him and he keeps right on being in love with her—but this wasn't one of them cases.

"Adeline took just as strong a notion to him as he did to her, although of course she didn't let on. Yes, sir, she thought he was a wonder. He might have been bigger than what he was, but he couldn't have been better-looking and worked for a cow outfit at the same time, and he looked extry good in his good clothes, which some don't. He was dark complected and he had a straight nose and white teeth and a cheerful expression, and he wrote a good hand and had read several books, some of which he talked like when he had a mind to. . . . What for are you nodding your head that away, Eileen?"

"I was thinking of someone I knew that was just like that," Eileen answered, glancing at her mother. "He must have been per-fectly lovely! Did he really drink?"

"Didn't you hear your uncle tell you he did?" demanded Mrs. Kane less amiably than was her wont. "Drank and tried to murder people. Yes, he must have been a jool! I guess this is going to be a warning to you, sure enough."

"Oh, Jess was all right," said Mr. Stegg "He may have had his faults, but there ain't none of us but has got some blemish if we was examined real careful. Jess was one of the best riders I ever seen and he didn't think he was too good to turn his hand to anything around the ranch that needed to be done—in reason. I been out with him at noon in a driving sleet and ten mile from the chuck wagon and the matches wet, and he was as chipper as a chipmunk. That's something. But be that as it may, he got introduced to Adeline and didn't lose no time letting her know that he thought favorable of her.

"'If you see me a-turning handsprings or I start yelling all of a sudden, don't you think nothing of it, Miss Booth,' he says to her. 'It won't be nothing but my emotions of joy a-breaking loose and demanding suitable expression. I'm a-trying the hardest I know how not to make myself conspicuous thataway, but I won't gar'ntee that I'll be successful,' he says.

"'Is it some sort of fits that you're subject to, Mr. Runyon?' Adeline asks him, sort of sympathizing.

"'Yes and no, Miss Booth,' Jess answers. 'You might call it a fit and you might call it a stroke that I got when you come in a while ago like a heavenly vision a-busting on my sight. I ain't never been subject to it, though,' he says. 'I've seen a many's the young lady that was cracked up to be the fairest of the fair and the knee plush ultra and magnum bonus of female beauty, and ne'er a one of 'em ever made me bat an eye, let alone want to holler,' says he. 'I done told you that it was emotions of joy, in the first place, account of being privileged to gaze upon a face and form so ravishing; and when you pile onto that my being p'mitted to speak to you and to listen to the music of your voice, you can, maybe, sort of sense why I feel like whooping. All I need to complete the rapture of my happiness is the priceless boon of what dances you can spare, including of the next and all following.'

"'I reely couldn't dream of thinking of it,' says Adeline; 'not even one single dance. Piling that on would be sure to have a turrible effect on you, after all the rest. Besides which, I promised the next to Mr. Allcott.' Saying which, she smiled the sweetest kind on Mr. Sim Allcott, one of our boys, who had just come up, and placing her lily hand in the crook of his arm she floated off with him without giving Jess another look."

"Goody!" cried Eileen. She had dropped her work and had been listening to Mr. Stegg's account of this episode with almost breathless interest. "Goody!" she cried again, and clapped her hands.

"Why?" demanded Mr. Stegg, bending his shaggy brows on her. "What had the poor boy done to deserve a raw deal like that?"

"He was too smarty," replied Eileen. "Even if he didn't mean to be, Adeline done quite right. How could she tell whether he was in earnest? And if she did know, she acted like she should."

"To make him miserable? To cause him grief and anguish and make him think that life was a holler mockery that wasn't scarcely worth living? To plunge a feller being into the deps of despair—is that what you call acting right?"

"Certainly it is," Eileen told him. "That's the way men ought to be until a girl thinks proper to lift 'em out for a while. They'll be all the more grateful to her and they'll be mighty careful in future. You know that, U. S., if you know anything."

Mr. Stegg turned to the girl's mother. "Where has she got all this here, Bessie?" he asked. "You been posting her?"

"Not me," said Mrs. Kane. "Eileen knows a right smart that I never learned her and that ain't so. I never plunged none of my beaus into grief and anguish—not deliberate—I know that."

"No, but you plunged ——" Eileen bit her lip on the rest and picked up her work. "Go on," she said to Mr. Stegg. "I want to hear what happened after that."

"You're starting that sleeve on the wrong way, darling," Mrs. Kane told her gently. "The seam goes underneath. . . . That's right."

"Well," resumed Mr. Stegg, "what happened was that Jess backed up against the wall and fingered his little silky mustache and give himself up a prey to unhappiness while he watched Adeline and Sim a-cavorting in the mazes of the Highland schottish. He sure was feeling far from turning handsprings. Then his emotions took another turn yet. He called to mind that Sim had been putting on him aplenty in the last month or so. One morning at breakfast Sim had taken the last hot biscuit right after Jess had asked him to pass it, which certainly wasn't no gentlemanly way to act. It wasn't only the last on the plate; it was the last of the batch the cook had baked, and Jess had to finish up with slices off'n a cold stale loaf. Another time this yahoo had borrowed Jess' razor and put it back in the case without wiping it, and it had got all rusted, so honing and stropping it never brought back the same good edge. Another time yet Sim had put a cactus button in between the saddle blanket and well under the skirts of the saddle of Jess' horse, and less than a week ago he had bet Jess five dollars that there was only one a in 'daguerreotype' and proved it by the dictionary.

"On all of them occasions Jess had held himself in, controlling his temper and being pleasant and friendly and trying to forget, but as he watched Sim with his arm around Adeline's waist a-swinging her, he couldn't help but remember them. He had done some extry chores and come in late to breakfast that morning and was right hungry. Sim had et all the biscuits he wanted already, before he hogged that last one. Now he was hogging Adeline's smiles! That razor would never be the same again. By gosh, there was dry lather on it! A devil of a thing to do when a man had been accommodating enough to lend him the loan of a fine imported razor with a genuine ivory handle!

"And the little gray! There was the smartest, best-broke and kindest little horse

(Continued on Page 74)

THE SEED OF GROWTH

ONE day in May, 1872, a slight young man of twenty-three paused in his work in a humble garden at Lancaster, Massachusetts, and looked carefully at a seed which he held in his hand.

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Kampkook is the all-purpose, all-weather camp stove; equally efficient and satisfactory for preparing picnic lunches or big camp meals for healthy, out-o'-door appetites.

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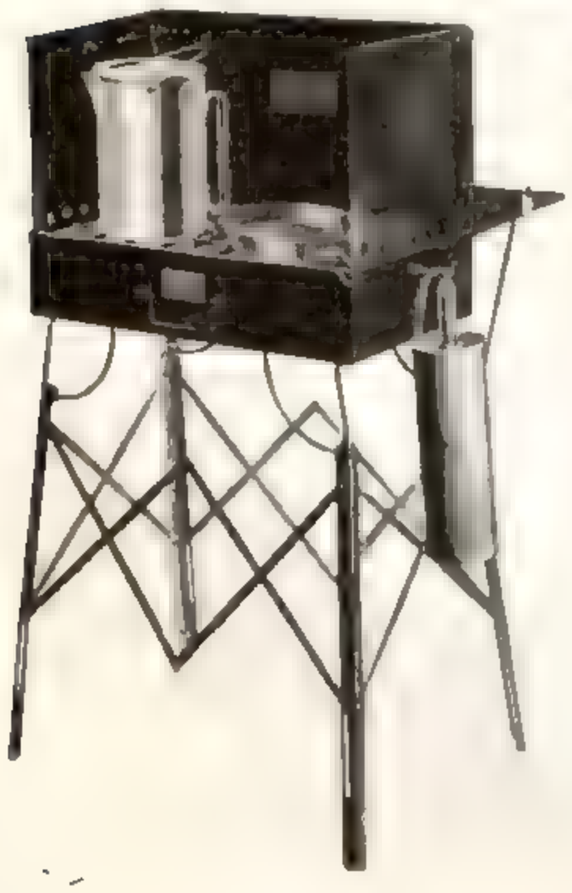

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Send me full particulars about American Kampkooks.
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(Continued from Page 72

on the ranch—had been. He'd plumb forgot what bucking was, or acting up in any way, shape or manner. But now every time a person forked him he'd put in ten or fifteen minutes trying to dump a person before he was convinced that there wasn't cactus under the saddle. Plumb spoiled! And what would you call a man who would bet on a sure thing that he'd looked up in the dictionary previous, and then take the money? A picayune trick!

"All of them offenses kep a-growing in Jess' mind. Seemed like to him Sim had imposed on him a heap more than a man was called on to take. Still, he was a-going to control himself. He didn't want the name of being violent no more than he'd got already owing to accidental circumstances for which he wasn't noways to blame. Yes, sir, he was going to keep right on being long-suffering and patient. When the dance was over he watched Sim hand the lady to her seat and grin at her like a simpering ape, and he bore that too. But when Sim come up to him and says to him, 'Well, I sure got ahead of you that time, you little tarrypin,' still grinning, and slapping him on the back—well, that was the last straw. When Sim done that Jess just naturally hauled off and smashed him. He done it so violent that Sim's head hit the floor ahead of any other portions of his anat'my.

"Sim didn't stay down. His head was tolerable thick and he hadn't got enough brains in it to get concushed, so he got up real prompt, and not having no control of his temper like Jess had, he made a swing that if it had landed might have had serious consequences. But me and some other gentlemen that was near by wasn't a-going to p'mit no such disgraceful doings, and I got Sim by his coat collar and jerked him back, which was how come Jess was spared to his loving friends and fam'ly for many years. At the same time two-three others tried to grab Jess and conduct him outdoors to cool off. That wasn't so easy, because he fought like a wildcat, and as we all went over the doorstep he hit old Jerry Booth, Adeline's father, in the eye.

"There was considerable of a me-lee for a few moments, account Sim Allcott going out in front of me and taking me with him, making three that had to be held. Howsever, it come to a stop all of a sudden and peace and quiet reigned supreme. Mis' Booth had seen old Jerry a-mixing up with the proceedings, and she and Adeline and Mis' Temple had come out to satisfy their cur'osity. Adeline was the first to see the old man in the light from the window, and noticing that his shirt collar was tore loose and dangling and his eye bunged up, she let out a little scream.

"'Why, pa!' she says, running up to him. 'Who done that to you?'"

"What did her pa say?" inquired Eileen.

"If you'll stuff some cotton in your ears I might whisper it," replied Mr. Stegg.

"Some of those words that I didn't think proper to hear when you knocked your poor ankle against the rocker?"

"Eileen, I'm s'prised at you!" said her mother in a tone indicating deep distress. "Uncle Samuel, you mustn't pay any attention to her. Seems 's if the very Old Nick has got into that girl since we left Lebanon. Everybody there always said how well-behaved she was."

"Never a breath against me," Eileen corroborated. "Well, never mind what he said. What happened?"

"Jess apologized," replied Mr. Stegg. "He simply rolled over on his back and crooked his paws. He apologized most humble to Old Man Booth, he apologized to Adeline and Mis' Booth and finally apologized to Sim Allcott, and then before e'er a one of them could answer him he started off tords the corral fence where the horses was tied, with his head a-hanging with shame. He'd got about halfway and was going along the edge of the woodpile when he stumbled over the handle of an ax that was stuck into a log, and the next thing he'd jerked that ax loose with the violentest kind of a motion and slung it with all his heart and soul against the side of the barn, fifty yards away. It sounded like a cannon when it struck and scared all the horses, which started to yank back on their halter straps and fight for freedom. Two of them broke loose and lit out, and after that Jess didn't lose no time climbing his own cayuse and lighting out after 'em. I might mention that he rounded up them runaways and brought 'em back and tied 'em a little later when nobody was around; also that he sent word to Temple that he would pay for wrecking his barn. I want you to understand that Jess had a good heart."

"Well, I must say!" exclaimed Mrs. Kane. It was a fact that the lady had to. There was a force within her that impelled her to utterance on most occasions. "If that's the way dances is here, ex-cuse me," she continued. "Fighting and knocking people down and blacking their eyes! I never heard the like!"

"No," said Mr. Stegg, "that ain't the way they are. I been taking in all the dances within a reasonable distance of me ever since I could double-shuffle and sashay my way through a Virginia reel, and in all them years I don't call to mind but one other case where there was fighting in the presence of ladies, and that one time it was an accident that couldn't be foresaw, like this here instance. If two or more gentlemen has any misunderstanding they always go outside and settle it like gentlemen. You might hear a few shots, and if the music wasn't playing too loud, some dying groans; but there won't be nothing to alarm you. And then you and Eileen being from the East, the boys would be extry careful. The worst trouble is in the middle of the winter, if there's much snow and the ranch wagons can't get through with grub. That throws the boys back on a straight diet of hay and whisky and it gives 'em the pink eye, which is a disease that brings out all the worst that there is in a man. But winter's well over now and there ain't no danger."

"You can't fool me," said Mrs. Kane. "I know you're joking, because nobody could live on hay. Nobody would try."

"If it's well soaked in whisky a cowboy would," said Mr. Stegg gravely. "Anybody in the cow business will tell you that. I've heard it oftener than I've got fingers and toes."

The hoary jape of the ranges left Eileen cold.

"Mr. Raymond told me that one," she said. "U. S., you keep on stopping in the most exciting parts of the story. Why don't you keep to Mr. Runyon and Miss Booth? What happened after he'd blacked her father's eye and all?"

"Oh, they got married, of course," Mr. Stegg told her. "They would. There was opposition at first. Old Man Booth didn't take Jess' apology in the sperrit in which it was offered, and he objected. Right stiff-necked he was about it too. Then Mis' Booth, she objected. She said she wouldn't never have an easy minute the rest of her life if Adeline married a man of that violent disposition. That wouldn't have amounted to so much, maybe, but Adeline, she objected likewise. But I ain't a-going to take up time telling how Jess done his courting."

"But that's the very part I'm interested in," Eileen protested. "Who cares about what they did after they was married? I spose they lived happy ever after. That's what I'm going to do when I'm married, but I don't expect anybody will care whether I do or not, excepting Joe."

"Eileen, take shame to yourself!" said her mother sharply.

"I told you that ma thought I was too young to think about such things," Eileen murmured to Mr. Stegg. "Well, tell how they got around her father and mother objecting. . . . Wait just a minute; I want to get me a drink. I guess all this is making me feverish. Would you mind if I took just a little of your water?"

(Continued on Page 76)

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NEW SERIES

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 74)

"Drink hearty," said Mr. Stegg as she left the room.

"And take a look at them pies while you're out there, dear," Mrs. Kane called. "Don't leave the oven door open longer than you have to." She lowered her voice. "If we do give a dance, Uncle Samuel, I hope some nice young men will come, not cowboys. There's that storekeeper's son at Buffalo Gap, and Mr. Raymond told me that there's two young lawyers in Minnekahta that ain't married. I'd like to have Eileen —— I never burned a pie in my life, once I got the hang of the oven."

Eileen, at the door, wanted to know if she should put another stick of wood in the stove. Mrs. Kane bustled out to see and Eileen seated herself and gathered up her sewing material. "Now, U. S.," she said, "we'll go on."

They waited a minute or two, at Mrs. Kane's request, however. It seemed that the pies would bear a little longer stay in the oven to brown them.

"Is there much more of it, Uncle Samuel?" she asked on her return. "I want to hear it, but I'll have to put on the potatoes and whip up a little batter to fry the chicken pretty soon."

Mr. Stegg opined that the important things should come first and expressed his very genuine willingness to tell the rest of it when the relation would not conflict with anything of such paramount importance as a chicken dinner. Eileen said that was all nonsense. Nobody wanted dinner before noon and how long did it take, for goodness' sake, to boil potatoes—even if it meant a trip to the spring to get the water?

"Then the first question in order before the meeting is how Jess got around Adeline's objection, I reckon," said Mr. Stegg. "Well, he didn't have no luck the first time he called. He'd been smart enough to call in the daytime when Jerry was out in the field plowing corn with a mule that took up his undivided attention, and he come up on the opposite side of the house from the cornfield and made it up to the kitchen door without any trouble whats'ever. The trouble begun when Mis' Booth come to the screen door and looked at him. He wasn't no horrible sight, having on his black bearskin chaps and a new blue shirt and a red necktie drawed through a carved blue poker chip that matched his shirt. His boots was blacked and he'd took pains to polish up his spurs with an emery cloth and he'd give himself a mighty clean shave, considering that he'd done it with the razor that Sim Allcott had plumb ruined. He took a new fifteen-dollar hat off his head and made a pretty bow and says, 'How do you do, Mrs. Booth? I trust you are as well as you look, and Miss Booth likewise—and Mr. Booth the same.'

"She kept right on a-looking at him, and her eyes was as cold and blue as a new-forged horseshoe out of the cooling tub. 'Oh, yes,' she says, 'I reco'nize you now. You're the young man that acted so disgraceful at the dance, ain't you? Well, what do you want?'

"'I allowed I would ask you for a drink of water, if you'd be so kind, ma'am,' says Jess, blushing so's his face was a match for his tie. 'And also ——'

"'You'll find a tin cup out at the horse trough,' says Mis' Booth, 'and when you've got your drink,' she says, 'I'd advise you to get on your horse and keep on riding until you're out of sight.' She turned her back on him, and through the screen her back didn't look no more encouraging than her front.

"'And also to inquire after your health and Miss Adeline's health,' says Jess, desp'rit. 'And if Miss Adeline was anywheres around, and if she would allow me to see her for a minute or two, I'd sure esteem it as a particular favor that would never be forgot, and ——'

"'So's you can sling an ax at her?' Mis' Booth asks him, facing about.

"'No, ma'am,' Jess says, meek and humble. 'I just wanted to see her a minute or two so's I could explain to her how come ——'

"'You won't see her for a couple of minutes nor for half a second,' says Mis' Booth. 'And you needn't go to the trough,' she says. 'There's Pass Crick not a mile north, where you can drink and take your time to it; but if you ain't out of this yard in no time at all I'll holler for Mr. Booth to come and see if he can't p'suade you. Now you git!'

"She went to the stove, where there was a kettle of water a-b'iling, and poured about a quart into a big dipper and brought it to the door. Jess was just turning to jump, having come to the conclusion that his presence wasn't desired, when he heard Adeline's musical voice. 'Now, ma,' says the voice, 'if there's anybody calling to see me I'm quite equal to speaking for myself. Give me that dipper. . . . Thank you, ma. . . . How do you do, Mr. Runyon?'

"Jess turned and his face brightened a whole lot. Adeline was a-standing out on the doorstep, a-smiling at him real unpleasant. 'I understand you are wishful to speak to me,' she says. 'It's real flattering, I'm sure. What did you want to say, if you'll be so kind?'

"'I thought—I mean—I was a-hoping that you'd pardon and overlook my unwar'nted and in-decorous behavior at the dance the other night,' says Jess. 'If you knew,' says he, 'how bad I feel about it—if you only reelized my remorsefulness, I know you'd give me a chance to explain how come, like the gentle rain from heaven twice strained, as Shakspere says.'

"'Did you come all this way special to tell me that?' Adeline asks him.

"'I'd have come a hundred miles on my bare bended knees to get your sweet forgiveness, Miss Booth,' Jess says, still not liking her smile.

"'What a pity!' says she. 'Because I ain't got nothing to forgive,' she says to him. 'You didn't knock me down, nor yet nearly put my eye out for a-trying to do you a favor, and if you had I couldn't blame a brute beast for acting like a brute beast—not reasonably blame it. All I could do reasonable would be to keep out of its way—which I propose to do.'

"'There's such a thing as cruelty, even to brute beasts,' says Jess, 'and cruelty ain't according to the loveliness of your looks, if you'll excuse me for mentioning 'em. I ain't all the time studying to fuss with folk, but quite the contrary. I'm too much the other way, and that's the trouble with me. I let folks put on me and put on me until I just can't stand it no longer. My nature is peaceable. If I'd have knowed it was your parent I'd hit—I mean —— Well, it was an accident. If Mr. Booth would like to take a crack at me ——'

"'He'll be mighty apt to if you don't keep out of his way,' says she. 'Well, now you've explained, so we'll excuse you from remaining any longer and ask you to be so kind as to stay away permanent.'

"Mrs. Booth come to the door. 'Why don't you come in, Adeline?' she says. 'He ain't a-going as long's you stand out there a-talking to him. Listen, young man! I told you once to git. Are you a-going to?'

"'Yes, ma'am, if you're wishful I should,' says Jess, and done so.

"I felt real sorry for Jess," said Mr. Stegg. "Right after that call, he went around looking like the last rose of summer with one of these here canker worms a-gnawing at his roots; his appetite fell off; he didn't take no pride in how he looked, and he shunned s'ciety and bought him a jew's-harp that he took with him out back of the hay corral evenings after supper when the weather p'mitted and tried to learn to play Sweet Belle Mahone. The boys put on him a heap at that time, but he didn't seem to notice it; and even when things happened unexpected, there wasn't no outbreaks. Job couldn't have been patienter and Jeremiah couldn't have been fuller of woe. Pretty soon there was another dance, and nothing preventing, all hands went; only Jess he stayed to spend a heart-rending evening with the jew's-harp.

"'Brute beasts ain't required,' he says when I tried to argue him out of the notion. 'If I went I'd prob'ly bite off some person's ear.'

"I told him he knew he was a-talking foolishness and that he was too sensitive, but he was mulish, so we left him to Belle Mahone and misery.

"Well, there was quite a crowd at the dance, and among them present was Miss Adeline Booth. I danced with her three times and she was extry-special nice to me, but I didn't say nothing to her about Jess and she didn't say nothing to me about him—until the last of the three times, and then she allowed that she was glad we wasn't likely to have the dance all spoiled, like the one at Mr. Temple's.

"'What's the reason Mr. Runyon didn't come and start a free-for-all?' she asks me.

"'I wouldn't let him,' I replies.

"She raised her eyebrows, and then she says, 'I'm glad you didn't. I'm certainly glad he ain't here to spoil things. I like a gentleman to act like a gentleman.'

"'He ain't no gentleman,' I says. 'He ain't got no idee how to behave. No manners and no morals and no sand.' I shook my head. 'Somebody ought to break his worthless neck,' I says. . . .

"'Is that so-o?' says she. 'I thought he was real polite and respectful and gentlemanly when I met him, and I thought he had plenty of sand, tackling that big lummox, Mr. Allcott, and then the way he handled himself when the crowd jumped him! Of course I don't know nothing about his morals, but I don't reely b'lieve that he would take a person's character away behind his back, or lie, and I don't b'lieve that you could have stopped him from coming here if he had wanted to come.'

"'I might have stole his pants and hid 'em,' I told her. 'Hows'ever,' says I, 'it's a-going to be a heap of comfort to the pore boy when I tell him the good opinion you've got of him. To tell you the honest truth, he's just about heartbroke and going into a decline account of what you said to him when he called around at your house.'

"'Did he tell you about that?' she asks.

"'He did,' I answers her. 'Me being a clost and confidential friend of his; otherwise, he wouldn't have. All the reason he ain't here is that he thinks the sight of him would be cold poison to you and he'd die a thousand deaths afore he'd have you hurt your little finger.'

"'You think you're smart, don't you?' she says. 'Well, he don't need to stay away from any place account of me. I don't have to look at him.'"

"I think you were pretty smart, too, U. S.," Eileen declared. "Honest, I'm going to be afraid of you. So the next dance they had, Jess went to it and she was there and he walked right up to her and asked her if she wouldn't give him this waltz and she said, 'Why, certainly not! How dare you have the impudence to ask me? But I'll give you the polka.' And then the clouds rolled by, Jennie."

Mr. Stegg slapped his leg and laughed delightedly. "Just about what happened, by gosh!" he cried. "But there was still a few clouds that didn't clear away. Adeline kept him on the anxious seat for quite a while, and Sim Allcott and Cory Schenk, Morgan's drug clerk and one or two others helped her to keep him there, and it would have been mighty hard for Jess to bear if he hadn't been a peaceable disposition and Adeline hadn't told him that she'd lose what little good opinion she had of him if he showed any signs of violence. He had to hold himself in a considerable. Another thing was that the old woman give him to understand, unmistakable, that his visits wasn't welcome. There wasn't no hot water throwed on him when he came, but it wasn't needed. It was a dandy house, all right, with plenty of rooms in it, and Mis' Booth and Adeline kep' it so's it just shone; but it didn't have no privacy, seemed like. You couldn't be alone with a person in the setting room or on the porch for a minute. It wasn't only because of Temple's dance. Besides that trouble all the property that Jess owned was his riding outfit and a saddle horse and pack horse and his clothes and what was left of his last month's wages; and all the Booth fam'ly, excepting of Adeline, was foolish enough to think it was their duty to discourage him."

"Goody!" cried Eileen again, and beamed gloriously. "'Foolish enough!'"

"I'd like to know what there was foolish about it," said Mrs. Kane. "When poverty looks in at the door love flies out of the window. This being romantic is all right, but it takes money to pay groc'ry bills and buy shoes. There's many a silly girl has found that out." She spoke with some heat.

"Maybe so, maybe so," said the old bullwhacker. "Circumstances depends on cases. In a country like this here Black Hills country, if a man is willing to work and has got horse sense, he can always make money; and if he's got them qualities and the girl is the right kind of a girl and willing to work with him, there ain't a terr'ble sight of risk getting married first and rich afterward."

"I like you a whole lot, U. S.," said Eileen—to her work apparently.

"Anyway, that was what Jess and Adeline done," said Mr. Stegg. "They rushed right in where angels fear to tread only a little more than a year from the Temple dance, and enduring that year, Jess held himself in with a spade bit, never making a move out of the way to'rds Allcott or Schenk or so much as cracking a plate, and on top of that he saved his money and bought and sold and traded until he had between six and seven hundred dollars. His only recreations was dances that was attended by Adeline or other doings that she favored. But it finally come to a showdown.

"One night Jess drove over to Booth's to take Adeline to the Lyceum that they'd started in town, and when he got to the bars in the fence that was by the road quite a piece from the house, he seen two other rigs tied there. He figured he knew who it was had brought 'em; but he wasn't caring a heap by that time, so he drove up to a post and tied his horse so's he could let the bars down and drive through. Right then three dark forms come out of the shadows and he made out they was old Jerry and Allcott and Schenk.

"'We was a-waiting for you, Jess,' says Allcott.

"'We got a little piece of advice to give you,' says Schenk.

"'Which is that you get right back into that buggy and turn around and drive to some place out of here, and that you keep away from my daughter from this on,' says the old man.

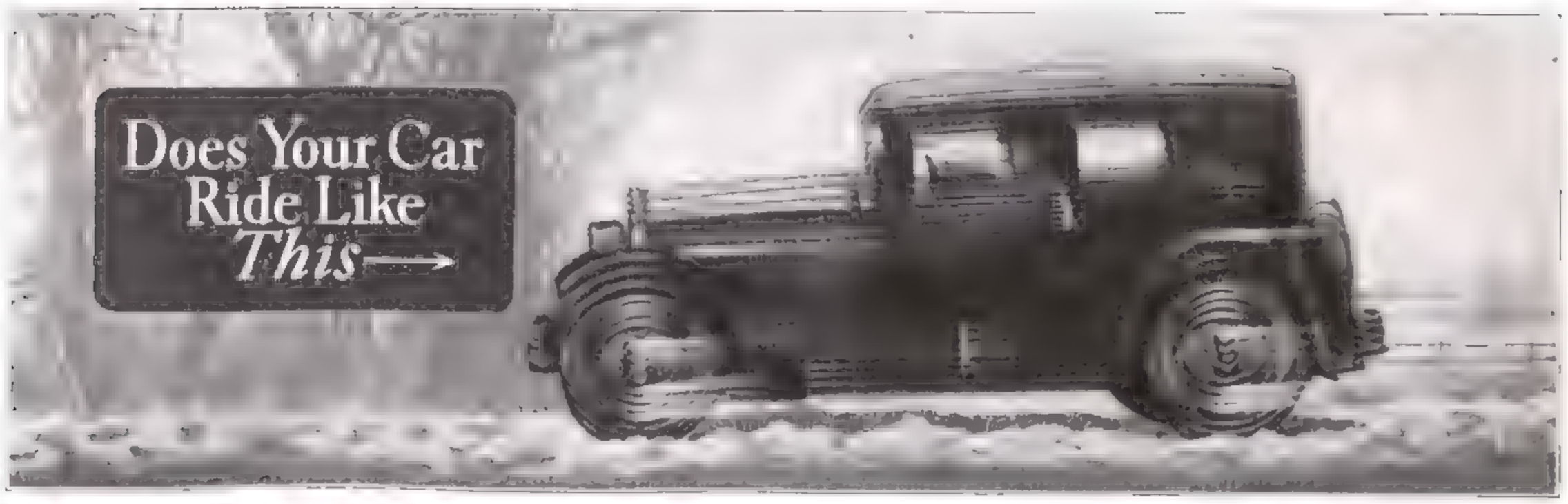
"'I'm sure complimented,' says Jess. 'Three of you and a shotgun!'

"'When I brung that shotgun out I come alone,' says Jerry. 'These two boys come up later on, one at a time, and I ast 'em to stay so's I'd have witnesses that I warned you before I cut loose.'

"'Well,' says Jess, 'I ain't aiming to be violent—not unless forced to be—but I'm a-going to take the liberty of walking up to the house and speaking to Adeline afore I do what you request, and all that place you mentioned ain't a-going to stop me long, if at all. . . . Nice evening, ain't it?'

"'I warned you,' says Jerry as Jess stepped over the bars. He started to shift his shotgun into position. It wasn't so much he was too slow as it was that Jess was so dog-goned quick. The first thing Jerry knew the gun was twisted out of his hands and he got the butt of it in the pit of his stummick and sat down hard. Allcott made a rush and he got the butt on the side of his head and dropped. Schenk made a rush—for the road, and Jess, before he thought, let go both barrels. Cory always denied that he run and that he was shot any place, but the boys in town claimed that he sat down mighty careful and as seldom as possible for a week or two after. Well, the sound of the shots brought the two women out of the house, Adeline getting there first, so there was time for Jess to explain to her how come her pa's stummick attact before

(Continued on Page 80)



WAHL TWO-WAY SPRING-BRAKES

make every road a boulevard

The jolting ride means nerve tension, physical weariness, difficulty in steering.

The smooth ride means relaxed nerves, bodily comfort, easy steering, roadability and a big reduction in wear and tear on the car.

The cushion-smooth ride over any road is accomplished by Wahl Two-Way Spring Brakes—"The Better Shock Absorbers." They stop the jolts and hold the car to the road.

Their two-way braking action stops both bouncing and "bottoming," or bumping the axle.

No straps or cables—nothing to stretch or require adjustment.

Braking action increases as needed; the bigger the bump the more firmly they take hold.

They operate at lowest cost, with least attention—no greasing or adjustment required.

Wahl Two-Way Spring Brakes are supplied in two sizes, the Jr. size for light cars at $22.00 per set of 4, or $11.50 per pair; the Standard size for heavier cars at $31.50 per set of 4, or $16.50 per pair; slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies.

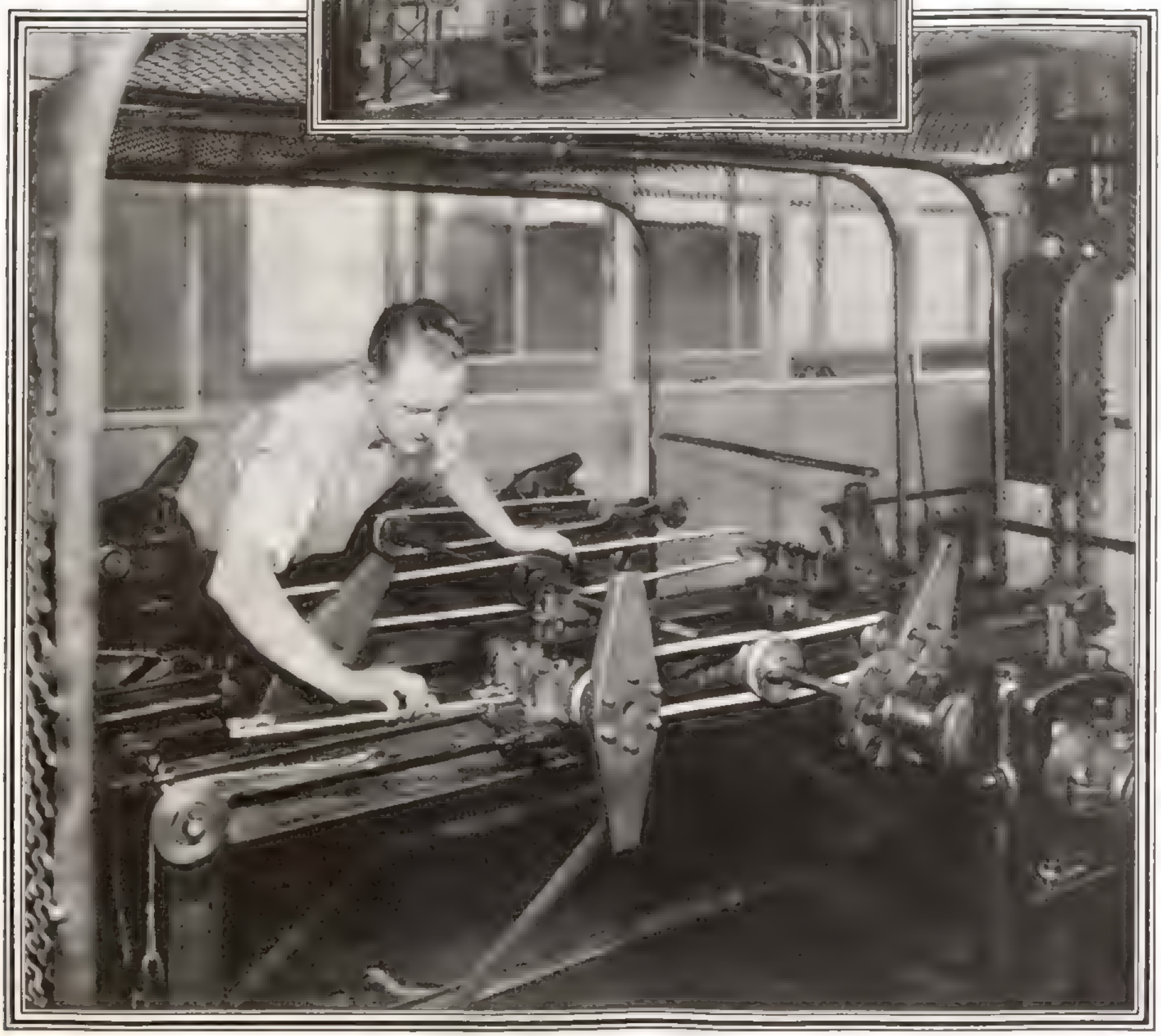
If you want riding ease surpassing any previous experience, equip your car with Wahl Two-Way Spring Brakes. There's a set to fit. Write us for free booklet and name of nearest dealer.

For scientific spring control look for this sign

THE WAHL COMPANY
1805 Roscoe Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE WAHL COMPANY, *Ltd.*
104 Stirling Road, Toronto, Ontario

Many of the tests performed at the Laboratories and the Proving Ground are entirely new, so that machinery had to be designed by General Motors engineers for conducting them. This applies to the testing of fan belts. The large photograph shows an engineer adjusting a fan belt on the machine that will run it night and day until it breaks. The smaller photograph gives some idea of the size of the apparatus necessary for testing even this very little part of an automobile.



GENERAL

FAN BELTS *and* THE OPEN MIND

THE best fan belt on the market a few years ago would render good service through an average year's driving, or perhaps two or three years. It seemed a satisfactory product, but it did not satisfy General Motors.

The laboratory engineers constructed a machine to run a fan belt under high tension at terrific speed, hour after hour, day after day. Under this stress and strain, the best fan belt lasted only seven hours.

General Motors engineers strengthened the belt, and the relentless machine tore it to pieces in eight hours.

They strengthened it again and raised its life to nine hours—to ten.

Then the engineers adopted a quite different principle of construction, producing a belt that resisted the test for more than fifty hours.

Again the specifications were changed and the score was 120 hours. At this point, when most men would have been content, the General Motors engineers felt they were just beginning. With the cooperation of belt manufacturers they proceeded to construct a belt that withstood all that the machine could do to it for 800 hours.

This is the belt that is now being used on General Motors cars.

An improvement of 11,000 per cent in a minor part which was considered quite satisfactory even before the testing began! Thus it is that General Motors automobiles grow continuously better, as every part is studied with an open mind.

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"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
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All with Body by Fisher

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General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost G M A C Time Payment Plan

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BENDIX DRIVE

Starting your car with the Eclipse Bendix Drive is as easy as ringing an electric door-bell. When you touch the starter-button, you merely establish an electrical connection . . the Eclipse Bendix Drive does the rest—*automatically* takes hold of your engine . . cranks it . . and *automatically* lets go.

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO. Elmira, New York

Eclipse Machine Company, East Orange, New Jersey
Eclipse Machine Co., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

On Most Cars

(Continued from Page 76)

ma got there to take care of it. 'I ast them not to force me to no violence, sweetheart,' he says, 'and I wasn't reely so, at that. You can see for yourself that Sim is reviving and that Mr. Booth is just temp'ry indisposed.'

"'Well,' says Adeline, 'be that as it may, we'll be late if we don't start—unless you want to explain to ma.'

"So they piled into the buggy and drove hickety-split to the Lyceum. The Reverend Spotkin was in the chair, but after Jess had whispered to him some he got up out of it and announced that the subject for debate had been changed to Resolved that Marriage is Not a Failure but a Big Success, Jess Runyon and Adeline Booth for the affirmative, and if anybody knew any just cause or impediment they could forever hold their peace. Follering onto that, he ast Jess and Adeline a few questions and then declared that they was man and wife.

"Jess and Adeline got back from Rockford about a week after that, and the Star had in a piece that they had bought the Frank McGinnis house that had been vacant since Frank died and his widow went back East, and was fixing it up for their residence, staying at the Palace Hotel meantime. There was another piece telling that Mr. Jess Runyon had resigned his position with the Flying V and had entered into pardnership with our popular hardware merchant, Ole Peterson, and the new firm was laying in one of the completest lines of cutlery, builders' hardware, household utensils, farm machinery, sporting goods, stoves, paints and oils west of Omaha.

"There was a well at the house and everybody claimed that the water was the best in town, but Adeline set Jess to clean it out the first thing to make sure. Then they painted the house outside and cleaned the inside from top to bottom until you could have et your dinner off the floor. All the inside woodwork was painted snow-white and the ceilings calcimined and newspapers and carpets was laid down, and after that they got in the new furniture, and finally they moved in themselves.

"'Well, it took a pile of work, but she sure looks elegant,' says Jess when they'd got the last lace curtain hung and tied back with blue ribbons.

"'Now all we've got to do is keep it thataway,' says Adeline.

"And that was all they had to do. No trick at all. You had to be careful not to track in any dirt, and what blowed in through the keyhole was easy cleaned up by a-scrubbing and mopping and sweeping and dusting, which didn't take more'n fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, except wash days. Jess was down to the store between meals, or else out in the country educating the grangers to buy farm machinery; so all his part was to be careful and to haul on the well rope and tote in water, so you can imagine how nice it was for him to come home and sniff in the steam and soapsuds and furniture polish and get the glad welcome Adeline give him regarding wiping of his feet. If ever a young couple was happy it was them. Everybody said how loving they was and what a neat little housekeeper Adeline was—everything just a-shining and you could eat your dinner off her floor—and what a nice, soft-spoken gentleman Mr. Runyon was. There was a big blowhard at the store the other day, kicking like a bay steer in a corn patch about something—just scand'lous! And the gentle way Mr. Runyon answered him! Anybody else would have slapped his big ugly face.

"'I know,' says Adeline, smiling and prideful in her handiwork. 'That's the way Mr. Runyon is. Never a cross word out of him, no matter what.'

"And that's the way Jess was. Adeline's folks forgave her after a while and come to see her, and even the old lady owned up she'd been mistook about Jess. While she was there, Adeline come to Jess with a fruit jar she couldn't unscrew the lid off. It was sure stuck, and Jess wrenched and wrenched on it, until all of a sudden it give, breaking the top of the glass and cutting Jess' thumb and spilling about a pint of juicy red rosb'ry preserves all over his pants and the floor. Did Jess say one word out of the way? He did not. Only 'Oh, dear! I'm so sorry, Adeline darling! Ain't that clumsy of me!' And he stood right where he was while she run for a dishpan to put the jar in and cloths to wipe up the muss. Never mentioned his thumb. Things like that!"

"Now wasn't that lovely of him!" commented Eileen.

"It was his natural disposition to be lovely, same as it is mine, but he had to hold himself in," said Mr. Stegg. "You see, my dear—you see, Bessie, after a while he begun to take a dislike to the smell of soapsuds. If it hadn't been all the time he wouldn't have cared, but seemed like it was permanent, and he hated to see Adeline a-working all the time; and when she'd say the house was looking like distress and she'd have to do this cleaning or that cleaning he'd feel his hands itch to get holt of some dishes and slam 'em into fragments. But he'd jam his hands down into his pockets and just say, 'It don't look thataway to me, by no means, sweetheart lamb,' and she'd say, 'That's because you're blind as a bat, you silly old darling.' Then she'd run the tip of her finger along some place and get a little dark on it and show it to him and then rub it on his nose and kiss him. But all the same, it got old, month after month. One day I was in the store and seen him lifting a lot of nail kegs around 's if they didn't weigh nothing. 'Pretty husky boy!' I remarks.

"'Feel of my arm,' says he, and sure enough the muscles was a-bulging under his shirt sleeve and strong as iron bands with brawniness. "'I get that a-hauling on the well rope up at the house,' he says. 'I wish,' says he, 'that the blame well would dry up and we'd have a dry spell and a water famine and get put on an allowance of water.' I'm just telling you what Jess said, Bessie."

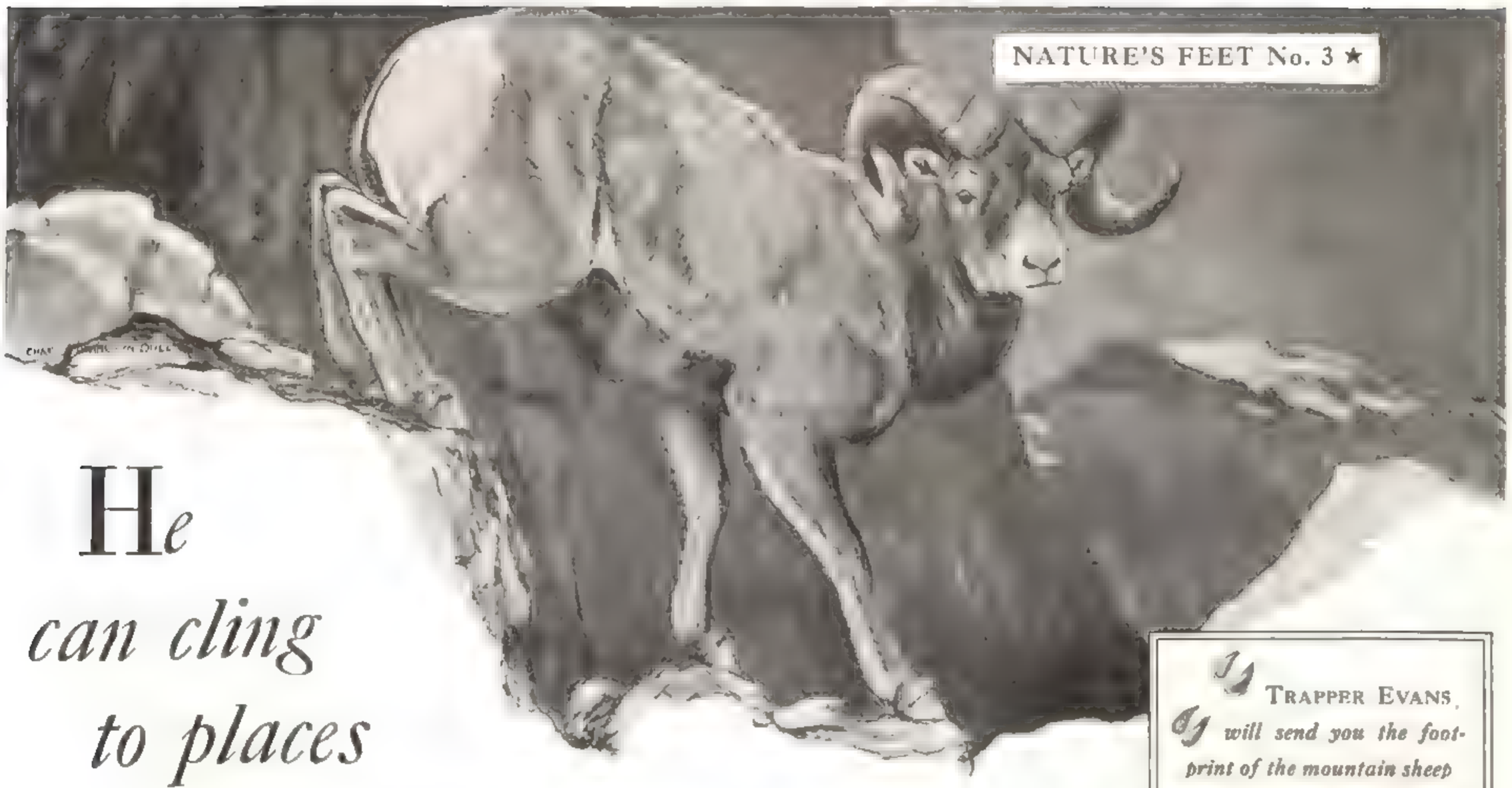
"Why did he wish that?" inquired Mrs. Kane amiably.

"I reckon it was the way he felt about it," Mr. Stegg replied. "He certainly felt 's if he couldn't hold in his feelings much longer, and finally, when he come home one noon and nigh onto broke his shin bone against a bucket of soapsuds that was a-standing in front of the setting-room door, the breeching busted that had been holding back his load for a couple of years—excepting of the time when he put old Jerry and Allcott and Schenk horse dee combat. Maybe if Adeline hadn't been upstairs he wouldn't have done it, but, as it was, he just naturally kicked that bucket and the rest of the suds into the setting room, where it landed on the center table and smashed the glass shade that was a-covering some wax peaches and grapes, and rolled over on the floor.

"'Oh, Adeline!' Jess yells.

"She come down in a hurry. First off, she thought that something turr'ble had happened to him, and she was so anxious and loving that he felt kind of mean. 'Mighty nigh broke my leg over that blame bucket,' says Jess, mighty gruff and a-pointing his finger at it. 'I tell you what, honey,' he says in harsh tones, 'there's got to be less of this here everlasting cleaning and scrubbing. I ain't a-going to have it morning, noon and night, the way it is. I don't want no house just for the fun of seeing my wife slaving all the time; I want it to be comf'table in and smoke a cigarette in without a ash tray in my lap. I want to lop on the sofa if I've a mind without worrying about the springs, and lay my head on the cushions even if I leave a dent in 'em. If there's a stray speck of dust somewheres around it ain't a-going to kill nobody, but you're just a-killing yourself so's a passle of old hens will brag about how clean everything is. And I'm sick of the stink of them suds. I—I—you—you—you don't need to look at me thataway.'

(Continued on Page 82)



He *can cling to places* where the slightest slip would mean instant death

"I WANTED a ram's head," says Trapper Evans—old-time Montana woodsman. "I wasn't hunting meat particularly, but was anxious to procure a good specimen.

"I sighted in the distance, on the mountainside, about fifteen ewes and kids walking on a trail, but no rams were in the bunch. I knew if I followed them they would lead me to where the big-horned fellows were themselves.

"The ewes hadn't sighted me, as I was above them. You know a sheep never looks up. It always looks below.

"Shortly they came to an abrupt stop. A five-foot jump across the wash was facing them. The ewes made the jump safely. Turning to look back they found the kids had not followed them. Back they went and returned to the side of the wash where they had left their young. They jumped back and forth across the wash several times until finally the least timid kid made the leap. This gave the others courage and they followed.

"When I arrived at the spot over which they had leapt and looked down at the chasm below and the distance across, I decided to return to Camp and not to follow them.

"You may wonder how the sheep dare make the dangerous leaps they do. Nature has taken care of this by providing a special cushion protection on the heel of their hoof. This cushion acts like a shock absorber and also gives a gripping quality which enables the mountain sheep to cling to places where the slightest slip would mean instant death."

Trapper Evans

KEDS give to the human foot much of the protection and springiness of the mountain sheep's hoofs.

Watch the joy with which children change from their hot, heavy, stiff shoes, to cool, light, springy Keds. They are gayer, lighter-hearted, better-natured. They can scarcely keep from dancing.

It's when we interfere with nature that our foot troubles begin. The farther we get from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are our chances of having good feet. Keds, with their elastic springy soles, represent nature's way to normal feet, for Keds encourage the foot muscles to exercise freely and the arch to develop normally. Leg muscles keep their tone.

Many of the evils of stiff, ill-fitting shoes can be avoided by wearing Keds as often as the season and climate permit. Keds are today the most widely used shoes in athletics in America. They are the shoes of champions. Last year, for instance, Keds were worn in 18 national championship tennis matches.

Keds tough rubber soles not only wear and wear; they absorb shocks and jars and prevent slipping or sliding. Keds uppers are light with a good snug fit around the ankles, yet strong enough to protect your ankle against sudden twists and strains. A special insole of Feltex keeps your feet comfortable every minute you wear Keds. Ask for them by name, and be sure that the name Keds is on the shoes. Keds are made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50.

THE "GLADIATOR"—*for boys' all-round use. In brown, white or gray with distinctive, non-skid sole.*

THE "ADONIS"—*a new sports oxford with crepe sole and cushion heel. White with black or tan trimming. For men and boys.*

THE "CLEO"—*a smart oxford with crepe sole for women. Trimming of crimson, jade, blue, black or tan.*

THE "SPOR-TIE"—*upper of fancy mixed basket-weave sport cloth with olive trimming and corrugated sole to match. For growing girls, misses and children.*

★ That account of the mountain sheep by Trapper Evans is the third of a series of his experiences [illegible] at this time by the makers of Keds. The grizzly bear's story will be [illegible] the June 26th issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

TRAPPER EVANS

will send you the footprint of the mountain sheep

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans the makers of Keds now offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in clay-like material, hardened and mounted on felt—original, identical footprints. Write to Keds Outdoor Dept., Desk C, 1790 Broadway, N. Y., enclosing 50c. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will send you a mountain sheep's track (postpaid in U. S. or Canada). A postcard will bring a complete list of these wild animal tracks free.

United States Rubber Company

They are not *Keds unless the* name *Keds is on the shoe*

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THIS OAKEN SHIP LASTED 1,000 YEARS

This ancient ship, the funeral barque of a Norse sea-king, was found about 1900 along the coast of Norway. Although it had lain buried in sand and water for 1000 years, it was in almost perfect condition

Nature gave oak the qualities to last 1,000 *years – just as she gave Pure Pennsylvania Oil the qualities to last at least* 1,000 *miles*

BIRCH and poplar, when exposed to weather, go to pieces in a few years. But oak endures for centuries. Why?

You'll have to ask Nature for the answer. She favored oak with qualities that enable it to last long after other woods have broken down—just as she favored Pure Pennsylvania Oil with qualities that enable it to function perfectly in a motor long after many other oils would have "broken down". For Nature made this one oil of different materials—gave it qualities no other oil possesses.

That's why a filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil gives at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication—and many more miles with an oil filter! That's why 2,100,000 motorists use this oil exclusively. That's why experts call it, "The highest grade oil in the world!"

Here are some of the qualities that make Pure Pennsylvania Oil the finest motor lubricant money can buy:

Characteristically greater resistance to heat—consequently a low consumption under extreme heat.

Free-flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures, thus assuring a ready supply of oil at every point.

Least "break-down" or thinning out when heated—hence, the safest body or oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

These qualities together mean more efficient piston seal, greater power, minimum dilution, smaller gasoline consumption.

With such an oil to use, how foolish to take a chance on unknown oils! Oils that may only slow up your motor—oils that may hurry it to the junk-yard.

Instead, look for the emblem shown below. It appears on many different brands of oil—it is your proof that all of them are made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude Oil. No other kind or grade of oil can use it.

Find the dealer near you who displays this emblem. Order any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crankcase drained and filled with this oil. Then see how smoothly your motor hums! Maintain the oil level, of course. But you can drive at least 1000 miles before you need to drain again!

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Yours for the asking ... a valuable booklet on motor oils! ... Send for it!

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114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.

Please send "The Inside Story of Motor Oil." Worth money to every oil user.

Name

Street Address

City State

(Continued from Page 80)

"Adeline had drawed back and was a-staring at him with her eyes wide and a look in 'em that reminded Jess of her mother. Her face hadn't a particle of color.

"'I see,' she says, hissing it. 'How did that bucket get into the setting room?'

"'I kicked it there, by gosh!' says Jess. 'It smashed that glass shade and I'm glad of it. Now, honey ——'

"'Don't you honey me!' says Adeline. 'You just pick that bucket up and then get the broom and dustpan and sweep up the glass, and I'll see what I can do to the carpet. Your dinner will have to wait, that's all.'

"'If you wait for me to do any sweeping, it'll be a long time,' Jess tells her, 'and as for the bucket, it can stay there where it is until it falls to pieces for all of me, and 's far's dinner goes, I can eat some place where I won't smell suds, for a change.'"

"Well, I must say!" exclaimed Mrs. Kane. "But that's all the thanks a woman gets! If I had been her I'd have let that bucket lay there until it dropped to pieces."

"That's what Adeline done," said Mr. Stegg. "It certainly made talk, because she didn't make no bones of taking company right into the setting room and she most gen'rally didn't wait for them to ask about the bucket. 'Mr. Runyon kicked it there and he hasn't got around to picking it up yet,' she'd say, as ca'm as you please, and then she'd go on to gab about this or that or the other, and there wasn't no further questions—excepting by Mrs. Booth the next time she come to see her daughter.

"'Ma,' says Adeline, 'I've said all I'm a-going to say and you've said all you're a-going to say—leastaways to me or to Mr. Runyon. If you feel you can't hold yourself in I'll ask you to go before Mr. Runyon comes home.'

"'I'd like to tell him what I think of him,' says the old lady.

"'I know you would; but it ain't ness'ry—nor yet to tell me,' says Adeline.

"'I knew from the very first that this would be the way it would turn out,' says Mis' Booth. 'I told you so twenty times if I told you once. Now, Adeline, I want you to come home. You go upstairs right now and put on your coat and hat and I'll go and get your pa and we'll drive around for you.'

"'You don't seem to reelize that I'm at home now,' says Adeline. 'I'm quite contented and happy here, thank you,' she says.

"You wouldn't have thought that she was, to see her and Jess eating their meals together and not saying a word except when they had to, and then just comp'ny-polite," said Mr. Stegg. "Nor yet when they was in the setting room, one each side of the center table and the bucket, Jess a-reading a book or a paper, and her the same, or sewing or something, a little afore she went up to bed. When she'd gone Jess always laid down his book, and sometimes he'd stare at the bucket for an hour on end afore he went to his own bed in the spare room; but he never laid a finger to it—no more than Adeline done when she'd set and look at it after Jess had gone to the store."

"All I got to say is she was a fool," declared Mrs. Kane. "In the first place, to marry a wild, desp'rit character like him that couldn't appreciate a decent wife that didn't want her house looking like a hog-pen, and in the second place she ought to have gone back to her mother—which is a girl's best friend, all said and done." Mrs. Kane arose. "Well, I got to see about dinner. Ain't you about got that done, Eileen?"

"Just a few more stitches, and then I'll be in to help you," said Eileen. "May I show it to him, ma? Would it be proper?"

"Don't be silly," her mother reproved, and departed.

"Now you can tell me the rest of it, U. S.," said the girl.

Mr. Stegg made a gesture of despair. "Oh, what's the use?" he cried.

"You said I might take warning. Well, did they make up? But of course they did. And she cut down on the soap and furniture polish and let him knock the ashes of his pipe out on the floor. But she didn't pick up the bucket, U. S."

"No," admitted Mr. Stegg. "Jess done that—and swept out and picked up the glass and had a new breadth sewed in the carpet where it had got stained and a new basket of wax flowers, and he never done another violent thing. He fixed up everything and had it for a s'prise for Adeline when she come downstairs, she not having been down for over two weeks."

"Uh-huh," said Eileen. "Was it a boy or a girl? There! That's done at last. Stand up, U. S., and let me see how it is for length. A nice lover-lee nightygown for my dear uncle! See?"

Again Mr. Stegg threw up his hands. "A nightgown!" he cried. "Me wearing a nightgown! Oh, what's the use?"

Mrs. Kane appeared at the door. "Uncle Samuel, I hate to trouble you," she said, "but I've just poured the last of the water into the stove ressyvoy."

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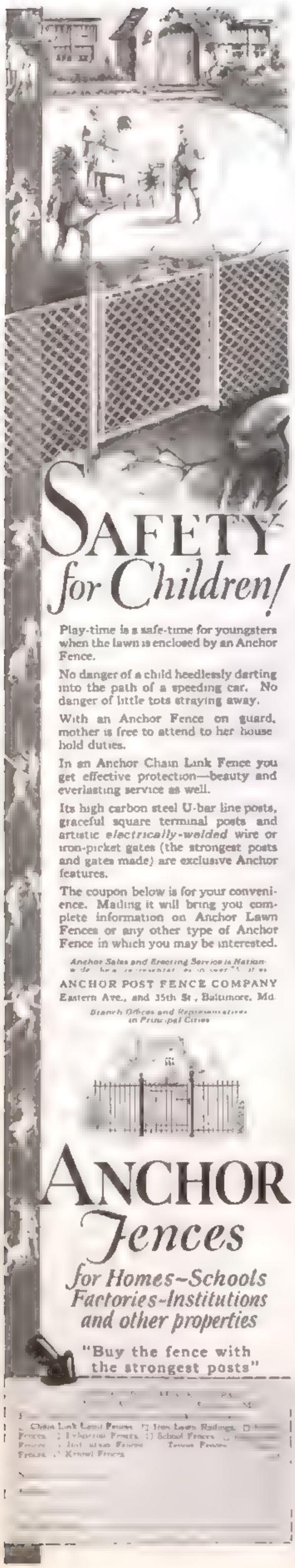
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THE TAKEN CHILD

Continued from Page 29

"because after September comes October and after October, November, December, January and February. Them are terrible months, son. You can look March in the eye with a stripped wallet and an empty stomach, and laugh. But when October's past and gone, if a showman can't roll down to Florida on his own rubber tires, he's in for sadness and woe."

"Why did you put that piece of brick in your pocket, Cap?" asked Harry.

"Just for luck. I thought we might need it where there ain't no loose bricks around. You were wrong not to of left me try to send you back to Birmingham, son. You never gave me a chance to promise you I'd come for you in the spring."

"It wouldn't have made any difference," said Harry, his thin lips setting in a straight line. "I don't know why, Cap, but I'd rather go to jail."

"You would, eh?" said Cap thoughtfully. "Well, perhaps you will—only they don't send such little shavers as you to the lockup. You're a nice boy, Harry, and a good boy. I don't mean there's anything mushy about you, but you was born to be a straight shooter, with plenty of pluck on the side to keep anybody from selling you the same shell game twice. I'm worried about you now, but I ain't worried about you later on. You know I'm the best friend you got, don't you?"

"You and Banco are the only friends I've got," said Harry.

"I was forgetting Banco," said Cap. "If there's any dog fanciers in Trenton we'll have to sell him this very morning."

"You won't sell Banco," said Harry thickly. "He's my dog and nobody's ever going to sell him."

"Why, of course not," said Cap with mild sarcasm. "He only eats two pounds of meat a day, and if you do all your trading with one butcher, he'll likely let you have neck meat at ten cents a pound."

"I don't care," said Harry sullenly, his eyes smarting with rage at his impotence, "nobody's going to sell him."

They had penetrated to the shopping district. Cap stopped, his hands in his pockets, and turned to look down at Harry, who was holding Banco on a short leash.

"So that's the way you feel, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know I hold a lot by you, Harry? You know I wouldn't ask nothing from you that wasn't for your own good?"

"Sure, Cap, I know that."

"Would you do something for me if I asked you to, no matter what it was?"

"Anything except sell Banco."

"Word of honor?"

"Cross my heart, Cap."

The Captain drew the half brick from his pocket. "Do you see the big plate-glass window over my left shoulder?"

"Yes."

"Take this bit of brick," said Cap slowly, "and chuck it through that window. It's the last thing I'll ask from you for a long while. Do it when I count three." He walked away, counting his steps aloud. When he said "three" Harry threw the half brick.

Then a number of things happened all at once. There was a mighty splintering crash and Banco plunged forward, thinking it was a game of fetch and carry. As Harry was straining not to be dragged headlong he caught a glimpse of Cap walking unconcernedly away, and before he could quite believe his astounded eyes and admit that he was being deserted, he saw a policeman hurrying toward him from one corner and a night watchman in uniform running from another. He reined Banco to his side and waited.

"You hold that dog, bub," said the policeman. "If he makes one little move at me, I'll shoot him."

The watchman closed in from the other side. "Was this the guy that done it?" he asked angrily.

"It sure was, because I seen him. There was a chunky gent walking away from him when he did it and nobody else was around."

"What did you do it for?" said the watchman, reaching out his hand toward the back of Harry's neck.

The poodle leaped with snapping jaws for the menacing wrist. He missed only because he was violently dragged down and away by Harry, who ducked at the same time, quickly undid the leash snap and set him free.

"Heels!" he whispered into the dog's tulip ear. "You follow me, Banco, and mind you don't bite the law, even if they start to beat me up."

"You're under arrest," muttered the watchman, with one distrustful eye on Banco.

"Yes, I am," agreed Harry. "I'm under arrest to this policeman and it's lucky for you he's here, because if he wasn't, my dog could have a clock-punching watchman for his breakfast."

From that moment, without knowing how or why, the policeman was on Harry's side.

"Be careful what you say, bub, because whatever you says will be used against you. You better come along with me quiet, and remember what I said about shooting the dog."

Harry looked up at him and smiled. "Go on! You wouldn't shoot a dog. You wouldn't even shoot me if I run."

"You give me your hand as if we was friends," ordered the policeman. "There isn't going to be any running between here and the police station."

Harry obeyed and the two started off, Banco following with the proud air of a bodyguard. Something was evidently puzzling the law. "Son," he said presently, "you don't seem to be afraid of a policeman, like you ought to be."

"Policemen used to be my best friends until I met Captain Bill," explained Harry. "My father was a policeman and when he was killed the force looked after me."

"Is that so? What's your name?"

"Harry."

"Harry what?"

"Never you mind what."

"Say, don't you get cheeky to me."

"I'm not cheeky, only I don't want to go back, see?"

"Back where?"

"Never you mind. I'm not going to say anything for you to use against me."

They arrived at the station house and Harry told Banco to wait outside.

"This is a cop, Banco," he said, indicating the policeman, "and cops are all right. Don't you ever bite a cop or you'll be sorry."

"Well, sergeant," said the policeman by way of introduction, "here's a nipper for you—says his father used to be a cop."

"What's he done? Vagrancy?"

"Oh, no; nothing gentle like that. He threw a brick at a plate-glass window."

"Did he hit it?"

"A bull's-eye."

"Housebreaking—burglary, eh? Where's the proprietor?"

"Nobody was in the store. It's a new one, only just ready for occupancy, so you can't rightly call it housebreaking, and there wasn't any attempt at burglary. The only charge I can make is disorderly conduct, and between you and me I think we ought to run him around to the juvenile court before the night watchman on the block gets to buzzing in the proprietor's ear."

"Was your dad really a cop, kid?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, sir."

"Killed in the line of duty," interpolated the policeman.

"Now where and when was that?"

"He don't want to say," interjected the policeman hurriedly, as he saw Harry's lips grow set. "He says it might incriminate him."

"I guess perhaps his dad must have been a shyster lawyer."

"He wasn't," said Harry hotly. "He was a mighty good policeman and he could have ——" He stopped.

"He could of what?"

"I was going to say he could have licked the two of you, but perhaps that isn't true. Anyway, he could have licked you one at a time."

"Better let me get him over to the judge," suggested the policeman conciliatingly. "He likes to talk, and if you give him half a chance he'll keep us jawing all morning."

"All right, rush him over, put in your charge and get back on the beat. Look out he don't trip you up or push you in front of a trolley or nothing like that."

Banco had waited for them outside the door as instructed, but at the juvenile court he managed to push in unrebuked beside his master; and though he was quiet and on his best behavior, at once drew the attention of the judge to Harry.

"Well, officer, what is the charge against that boy with the dog?"

"Disorderly conduct, Your Honor," said the policeman, and told his story with all possible leniency to the culprit.

"Why did you break the window, my boy?" asked the judge.

"I don't know what for," said Harry.

"That can't be true," said the judge gravely. "You'd better tell me the truth. Come on now, what made you do it?"

"A man that's my best friend said would I do him a favor. I said yes, anything except sell my dog. He said 'Word of honor?' and I said 'Cross my heart.' So then I had to, whatever it was, and he handed me half a brick and said when he counted three please to throw it through the window. So he walked away, counting out loud, and when he got to three, I—I did it. So, you see, I don't know why or what for and I was telling the truth all the time."

"I see. Was this friend of yours a man of independent means?"

"No, sir. He had been playing in hard luck and he was dead broke."

"What did he take out of the window after you had broken it for him?"

"He never looked back, judge," said Harry, frowning. "Besides, the store was empty and there wasn't anything to take."

"Is that so, officer?"

"Yes, Your Honor. Nothing but show cases and fixtures waiting for the new tenant."

"Plate-glass window?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"You didn't tell me that."

"It was a plate-glass window," admitted the policeman grudgingly.

"Boy, that's a valuable dog to be in the possession of a youngster like you. Whose dog is it?"

"He's mine," said Harry, his hand making an impulsive movement toward his pocket. But he stopped it as he remembered his own name in full on the bill of sale, as well as that of his best friend.

"How can you prove it?"

"I can prove it quick enough if anybody tries to take him away from me," said Harry promptly. "I guess I can prove it anyway. Stand up, Banco, and dance." Banco obeyed, standing as straight and taller than his master while he pranced and revolved on his hind feet. "Throw a kiss to the judge." Banco lifted his right paw to his pointed nose and flipped it in the direction of the bench with such a significant gesture that everybody, including His Honor, could not help but laugh. "I guess he's my dog all right."

"I think he must be," admitted the judge. "Frisk your prisoner, officer."

Before Harry realized what was about to happen, the policeman had encircled him with one arm and was going through his

(Continued on Page 87)

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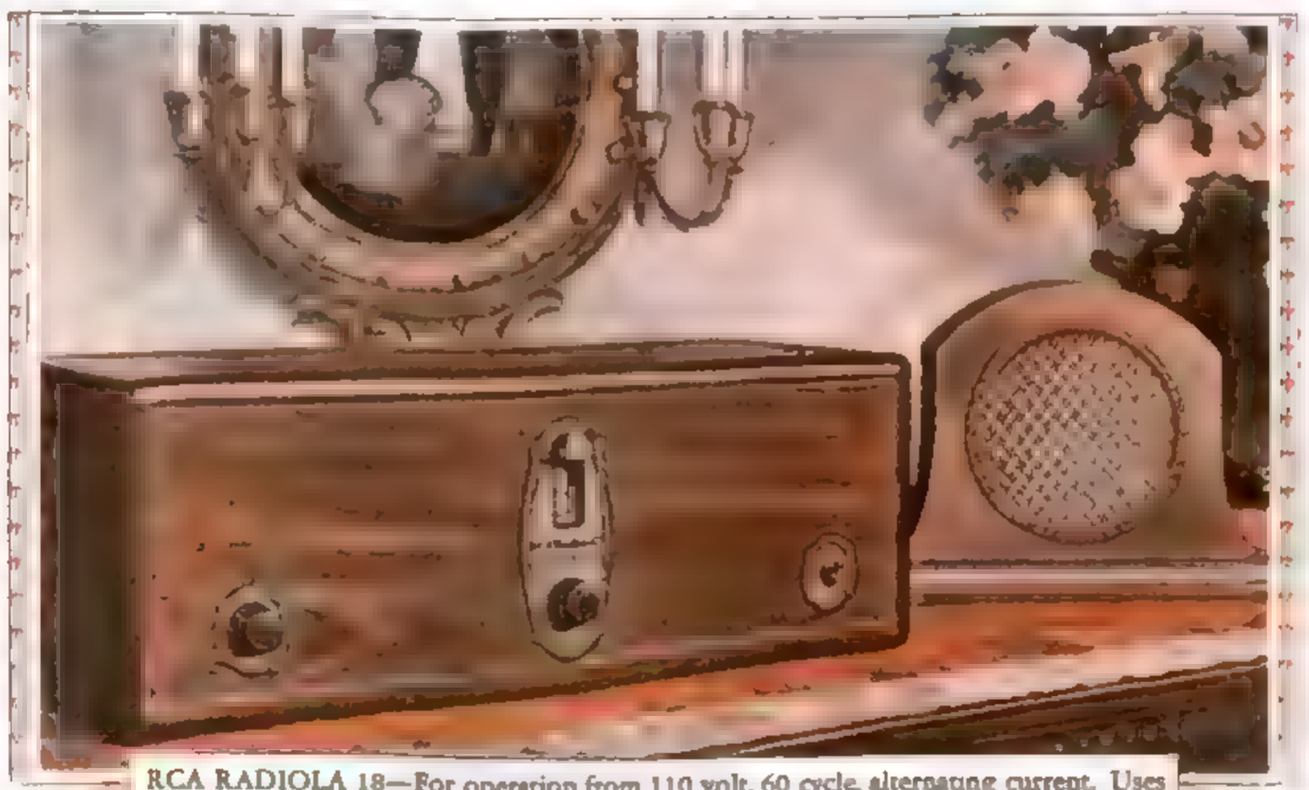

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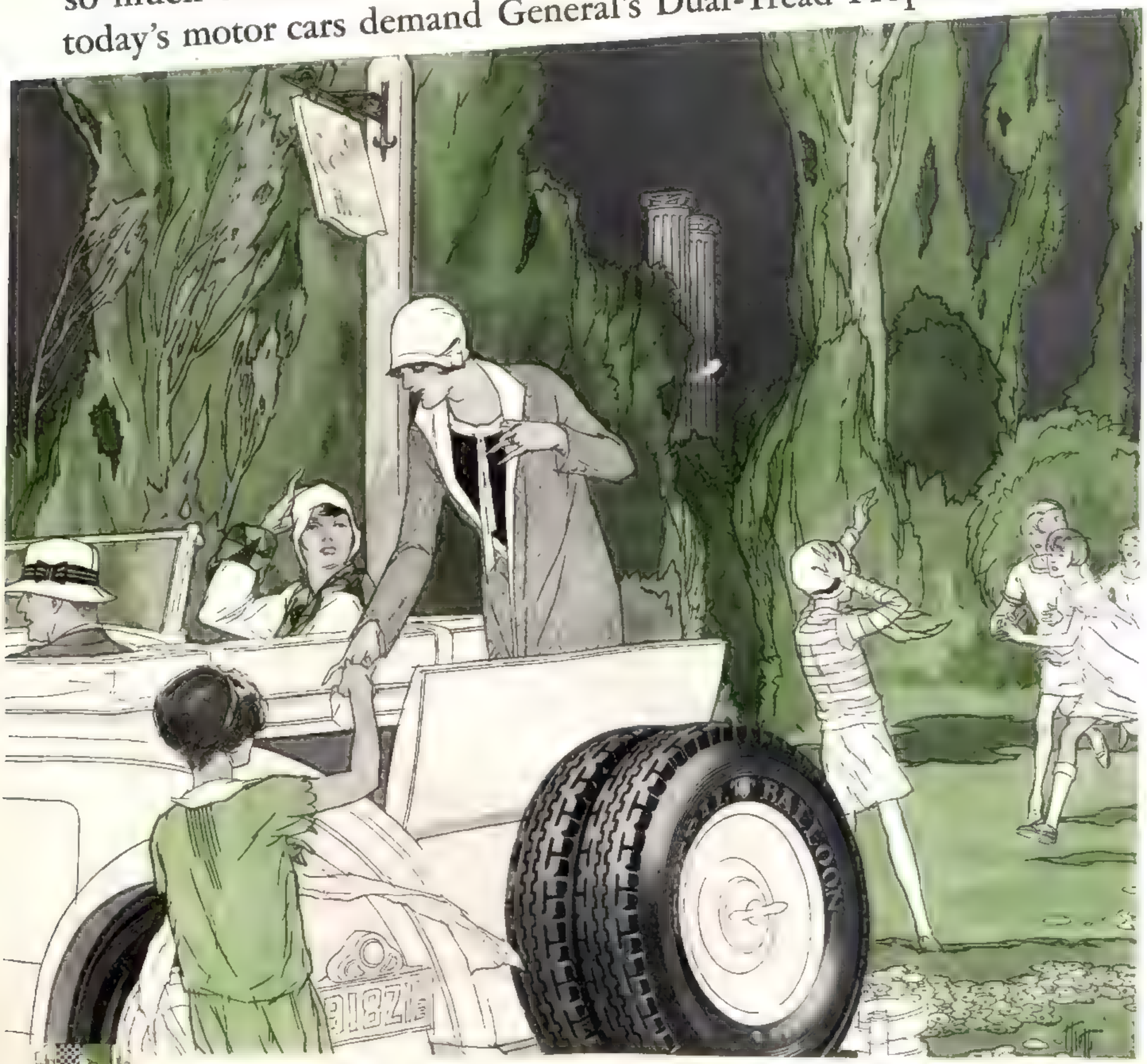

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(Continued from Page 54

pockets with the other hand. He drew forth a soiled handkerchief with the quarter knotted in one corner and the bill of sale.

"Don't read the paper," ordered the judge. "Hand it to me." He studied the document for a moment and began to write; then he returned the bill of sale to Harry and handed a note to the policeman. "Officer," he said, "I don't think this is a case for a correctional institution. The court will settle for the damage done until this boy has earned enough to pay the amount. In the meantime take him over to the Children's Society with this order."

Harry gulped, but realized that he had reason to be grateful. He nodded toward the bench.

"Speak to the judge, Banco. Say thank you."

Banco barked and bounced at the same time, all four legs pointing stiffly to the floor, and the court was still convulsed with laughter when the policeman and his prisoner, hand in hand and followed by Banco, started for the door.

V

HARRY was subdued rather than depressed at finding himself once more in a home for orphaned children, but now he was a little older and a lot wiser than when he escaped from the Birmingham institution. One thing more than any other tended to reconcile him temporarily to his fate—through some cabalistic charm in the judge's note Banco was admitted, though separately, to the new environment and had been allotted an empty stall in the barn.

It was a bit of a strain to be cut off from him for hours at a time, but Harry endured the separation stoically because he was determined it should not be for long. He had already sized up the general situation. The place, too small to be called a farm, was not even fenced, and these people were kind in a different manner from his former overseers

Their wards, almost without exception, were years younger than he, and prevention of the escape of one of them was evidently the last thought to trouble the busy lives of their guardians. They permitted him to take his own bath, subject to a thorough subsequent inspection of ears and neck, and fitted him out after some trouble with fresh clothes.

Under such conditions evasion looked so easy as to lose some of its fascination and became simply a matter of choosing his own time. He decided to be a good boy, even a meek boy, to perform willingly all the tasks assigned to him and win the confidence of all with whom he came in contact. Gradually he was sure to attain to certain privileges and would have more and more chances to store up food as well as to be with Banco. Some day when everything was right, weather, provisions and the opportunity, they could slip away and not be missed for hours.

Finally everything seemed set for a propitious start. Food was so easy of access that Harry was almost ashamed to take it, nor did he have to. He had been useful to Frezia, the cook, a good-natured darky of huge proportions, and she would have given him all he could carry at a moment's notice. Furthermore he felt confident she would lie for him even without his asking her to do so.

Banco as a problem had been eliminated, for as soon as it had been discovered that he would not eat except from his young master's hands, Harry was ordered to feed him three times a day. As he would almost as lief have cut the dog's throat as give him more than one meal in twenty-four hours, they had the other two occasions for visiting and learning new tricks.

The one thing that delayed them was the inertia which is apt to attack the most ripened minds when opposed by no obstacle whatever. It never occurred to Harry that since they had fallen into such a soft nest there was no sensible reason for departure. His objections to being fed, cared for and restrained by an organization, however benignant, were fundamental, but far too subtle for analysis. All he knew was that he had an uneasy feeling bordering on shame and that the only way to cure it was to make another break for independence.

He was on the eve of putting the project into execution when something occurred to rob him of the chance forever. A stranger appeared at the home, and half an hour after his arrival Harry was summoned to the office and introduced. There was nothing startling about Mr. John Galloway in either feature, get-up or manner. His dress was the worn fustian of a farmer and his chin was covered with the stubble of a two-day beard, but in spite of these drawbacks he managed to impress even so young an observer as Harry with a definite personality.

He was quiet, self-possessed and unassuming, but behind his crinkled blue eyes one sensed a reservoir of inactive power, an immovable rock rather than a rushing torrent. He sized up the boy before him calmly and deliberately without asking a question aloud, and yet by the time the examination was over Harry felt as if his brain had been rifled and all his muscles prodded.

"What do you think of him?" asked the matron anxiously, alarmed at the delay.

"He's made all right," said Mr. Galloway pensively—"the boy's made right."

"Does that mean you want him?"

"It does and it don't. He's got the makings of a tolerable fine boy, a boy that could likely become handy with hosses, but it's this way, ma'am: If he doesn't want me it wouldn't do any good for me to want him. That's the kind of a boy I take him to be."

At first Harry had been inclined to resent the inspection to which he was being subjected, but gradually he was carried away by its very impersonality. There was something massive about Mr. Galloway's simplicity, and the fearlessness with which he gave an opinion when it was asked could not fail to strike an answering spark in a youngster who had already passed a stiff course in the reading of men.

"Do you hear what he says, Harry?" asked the matron. "Mr. Galloway has been recommended to us very highly. He can offer the right boy a good home, but there will be plenty of work."

"What kind of work?" asked Harry.

"All kinds," said Mr. Galloway uncompromisingly. "Mostly hosses."

"You understand, Harry," explained the matron, "you won't be a servant; you'll be a taken child, and our rule is that if you're unhappy you can come back." At that Harry smiled unexpectedly, enjoying some joke by himself. "Of course," she continued hastily, "there would have to be some good reason for your unhappiness—not just because you had to work, for instance."

"Work don't owe me nothing," said Harry in a vernacular Mr. Galloway found quite intelligible. "I'd like mighty well to go along with Mr. Galloway, but I won't go alone."

"You got a friend?" asked Mr. Galloway hesitatingly.

"He means his dog," the matron explained.

"You got a dog and everything?" remarked Mr. Galloway with mild sarcasm.

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Does he sleep in or out?"

"He sleeps wherever I do—sometimes in and sometimes out."

"Why, Harry," exclaimed the matron, "you know he's been sleeping in the barn ever since you came here!"

"I was telling where he's going to sleep," said Harry slowly.

"I don't hold much by dogs sleeping in," said Mr. Galloway mildly, as he arose, but Harry could read his doom in the quiet words.

"Please, Mr. Galloway," he said hurriedly, "you don't know Banco. If you want I should sleep in the barn with him, that will be all right with me."

Mr. Galloway indulged in a fleeting smile. "That sounds fair enough," he said, after a pause.

"Will you let me fetch him for you to look at?" asked Harry eagerly. "Please, Mrs. Bancroft, can I go get Banco?"

"Yes, run along."

Mr. Galloway turned to her with a puzzled frown when Harry had gone. "He's some bargainer, ma'am. I never heard of anybody taking a child with a dog, but you notice that ain't the argument. The argument is whether the dog gets the run of my house"

"He's not an ordinary dog," said Mrs. Bancroft. "He's so remarkable that we'd be glad to keep him forever if Harry would leave him. But I don't think he would stay."

Harry returned with Banco mincing at his heels. Mr. Galloway stared wide-eyed at his incredibly pointed nose, his trembling tulip ears, his shining shoe-button eyes, his ruff, pompons and cuffs of curly jet-black fur and his lion-tipped tail.

"Is that a dog?" he gasped.

"Speak, Banco! Tell him if you're a dog."

"Yes," said Banco with an ear-splitting bark, bouncing into the air.

"Stand up," ordered Harry. "There's a lady here. Throw her a kiss." Banco flipped a kiss at Mrs. Bancroft. Then Harry pulled the latest trick, one that would have made Captain Bill's mouth water. "Bees, Banco! The bees have got you!"

The dog shut his eyes tight and began pawing at his nose frantically, squirming backward and yelping as if he were in agony.

Mr. Galloway and Mrs. Bancroft began to laugh—they laughed until their ribs ached and tears ran down their cheeks. Running footsteps approached from three directions and the door to the office flew open. An infuriated nurse stepped in at the head of a small mob.

"What are you doing to that dog?" she asked with quivering lips, her eyes blazing and her cheeks white with anger.

"It's the bees," explained Harry solemnly. "Poor Banco, the bees are eating him up."

"Can't you do anything?" stammered the nurse. "Ca-can't you help him?"

Then mirth struck her like the reverse wind of a cyclone. She began alternately to weep and to shriek with laughter. Harry thought things were going too far. He stepped forward, beat the air around Banco's head with his cap and whispered, "It's all right, Banco. No more bees now."

"Son," said Mr. Galloway, wiping his eyes with the back of his hairy hand, "that dog can have my bed. Whenever you're ready, we'll go."

It was a long ride, and the roads south through Burlington, Camden and Gloucester counties into Salem were not what they are now. Their route did not take them quite into Salem, the county seat. Instead of bending west with the turnpike at Woodstown, they kept on due south along a sandy gullied road, full of ups and downs in spite of the general flatness of the country, until they came out at the ancient village of Alloway.

There they stopped only long enough to fill up with gas and then proceeded still southward, until almost within a mile of Quinton, where they turned sharply to the right into a long lane. On the left were well-tilled fields of no special interest to a boy, but on the right ramshackle fences inclosed what would have been a mystery to a less experienced youngster than Harry. Nobody had to tell him he was looking at a half-mile track, nor did he need any assistance in coming to the conclusion that the rich, carefully tended lands on the left of the lane had no relationship except proximity to the wild acres which stretched to the right.

"Which is your farm, Mr. Galloway?" he asked rather breathlessly over the lump of hope that was rising in his throat.

"Which do you want should be my farm?" retorted Mr. Galloway with his nearest approach to gruffness.

"The one with the track," whispered Harry. (Continued on Page 89)

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Continued from Page 87)

"You've guessed it, son," said Mr. Galloway, with a strange detached chuckle which Harry was destined to discover was his employer's most emphatic signal of approbation. "Alloway Deep is what we call it. . . . So you knows a track when you sees it, do you?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, and continued excitedly: "And I think I saw you at Trenton, only you looked a lot different. If it was you, you had on a cap and mud goggles, and you were up behind a bay colt in the Dealers' Sweepstakes."

"Well, well, now I wonder could that have been me. You never saw the colors, eh?"

"They were green and black and you took second money. . . . Was that you, Mr. Galloway?"

"I won't say it wasn't."

They came to a sharp rise and took the right fork at the end of the lane, drawing up before a slant-roofed shed which dropped from a high peak in the center to low, far-flung wings. It harbored wagons, a corn-crib and a variety of neglected farming rig. To the right was a very old brick house built in the severe lines of the Colonial period, so strongly that little care had been necessary to keep it standing. A broken roof line and huge pillared flues at each of the unequal gables softened the mass so that one was haunted by a suggestion of beauty not easily grasped.

The house stood on a bluff, almost on the banks of Alloway Creek, and so long ago had it been built that it faced the waterway and not the highroad from which they had come by the lane. Embedded in the sharp drop to the level of the water stood a thick-set fringe of trees, noble oaks directly before the dwelling, shading off, down and up stream, into a tangle of maple, beech, mulberry, tallow, holly, dogwood and sour gum.

Beyond the river, and as far east as the eye could follow without colliding with a bend in the stream, stretched a broad expanse of salt marsh, blocked in on its farther side by a ridge of full-grown timber. Although October was well on its way, only a few sprigs of sweet gum down in a hollow to the right had begun to don their scarlet, and in sharp contrast to the starved fields, here beside the water a summer lushness seemed to drip peace, warmth and plenty.

Harry was quick to recognize a boy's paradise, but before his eyes had had half enough of the scene they were dragged away to a long frame building in excellent repair which stood a little beyond the dilapidated house. Anybody could tell it was no ordinary stable, for it was built low and rakish, like a pirate craft, and by its lines alone drove home the thought of speed.

"Tired?" asked Mr. Galloway, whose gaze was also fixed on the stable.

"No"

"Hungry?"

"No, sir"

"Come along then. I guess Crapsey and Rip has got more'n they can do Better chain your dog"

"Banco doesn't have to be chained," said Harry scornfully. "He's never been chained in his life. He'll stay where I tell him to stay."

"All right, he's your dog; but if he jumps up at one of the hosses I'll be obliged to loan him the wrong end of a hay fork."

A moment later, having left Banco in the car, Harry stood awed in the presence of royalty. Though nobody troubled to introduce him, he could feel in his bones that every occupant of twenty-four used stalls out of the twenty-six could trace his lineage back on both sides for generation upon generation of star performers, trotters and pacers all. It was a warm evening and the horses were unblanketed. Newly returned from the battles of the season, they were short on meat but long on training, sleek, slender and avid for their feed. Two darkies were waiting on them—Crapsey, stocky and yet tall, a powerful pillar of a man; and Rip, short, thin and nervous.

"Get busy, son," said Mr. Galloway as he shed his coat and put on his overalls. "Rip, you stand by the well and let the boy run in the water."

Here was work for which Harry needed no teaching. He carried in the pails faster than they could be filled, and while he stood waiting he studied Rip at the pumphandle, wondering whether he was going to like him, trying to place him, to make him out, and failing. Never had he seen such huge eyes in such a small face. They moved about continuously, as if they had half a mind to jump out and roll around by themselves.

"You a taken child?" asked Rip in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," said Harry, "I am."

"I thought so," whispered Rip, nodding his head solemnly.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothin'. It's all right around here daytimes."

"Hey, Rip," called Mr. Galloway, "if you can't pump that water any faster, let the boy show you how."

Soon the horses each had had his fill. "Please, Mr. Galloway," said Harry, "can I break out the hay?"

"Sure, son," chuckled Mr. Galloway, "you can do any of the heavy work you're a mind to do. Rip, throw down the hay to Harry."

There were two rows of box stalls facing each other across a broad gangway, which ran the full length of the building and was fitted at both ends with double sliding doors so high that a loaded wagon could be driven through. Each stall also had a sliding door, solid to the height of the horse's shoulders and heavily wired from there to the top. The method of locking was by thrusting an iron pin into a socket behind the door when it was closed.

Every animal had his own trunk, as variously if not as elaborately fitted as a lady's dressing case. A double hook made of two horseshoes tied together and dropped from the ceiling held the harness handy for soaping and there were lines stretched on each door to carry the blankets. Above the gangway, broad enough for two sulkies to pass, and covering the stalls as well, was a loft where the hay and other feed were stored. It had a feed chute in the middle and traps at each end through which Rip tumbled the bales.

Harry had provided himself with a spike. As soon as a bale fell he would snake it away from the trap, slip in his spike and with a knowing twist snap the wires. Neither in moving the bale nor in breaking the wires did he use strength so much as knack, and the trick marked him from the start as a fast worker. Crapsey watched him for a languid moment and then gave the boss a slow wink.

"What you got there, Mr. Galloway?"

"He's a taken child, Crapsey. His name is Harry."

"If I was you," said Crapsey, "I'd go easy on him. Wrap his legs and lay him off till spring when you can take him out to show your colts some speed. They need it."

"You poor old swipe," retorted the boss, "did you think I was planning to speed you up? I got him so you and me can sit around and play pinochle this winter while we watch him do all the work."

When every horse was watered, fed and bedded, Harry stopped before the two empty stalls.

"Either one of these would do for me and Banco, Mr. Galloway. We could fix ourselves fine in here."

"We'll have to hear what Mrs. Galloway has to say to that," said Mr. Galloway, getting rid of his overalls. "I reckon perhaps she'll want you nearer to call. Come along in."

He started for the house, but as they reached the door of the stable Harry hung back to speak to Rip, who was seated on a horse trunk weaving his eyes around through the smoke from a cigarette.

"What did you mean, Rip?" asked Harry hurriedly.

"Huh?" said Rip.

"About its being all right around here daytimes."

"I mean it's all right while you can see," croaked Rip hoarsely. "Look out, boy! There's Crapsey coming, and you watch out Mr. Galloway don't catch you talking to me or I won't never be able to tell you nothing. Better run along now, but I'm saying one thing before you go: I don't sleep around here, I don't. I sleep at home."

"Isn't it all right in the house?" asked Harry a little weakly.

"The house is what I mean—the house and the big oak. Don't you never look up into the big oak after dark."

"Come along, boy!" called Mr. Galloway's voice.

Harry left Rip reluctantly, his brows gathered in a frown. He was not really frightened, but he was decidedly worried at the notion that perhaps the pop-eyed caretaker was trying to make a fool of him. He had long since learned the important lesson that if anybody succeeds in making a fool of you when you first get to a place, you're likely to remain a fool for as long as you stay there.

"Don't you talk too much to them swipes," said Mr. Galloway. "Crapsey is all right, maybe. He's black and he's got sense, but I wouldn't get too social with that scarified yallow Rip if I was you."

"Do you think Rip has ever seen a dog like Banco?" asked Harry thoughtfully.

"I dare say not. I never took Rip campaigning yet and he ain't had much chance to get educated."

"I'd kind of like to get Banco into the house before he sees him"

"Oh, pshaw! He ain't no low-down nigger. He wouldn't steal your dog."

"Nobody could steal Banco unless they killed him first," said Harry confidently. "I just thought perhaps Rip has been trying to make a fool of me and I ought to think of something to stop him."

"So? What's he been saying to you?"

"I could tend to what he's been saying, Mr. Galloway, if you would fix it so he couldn't get to go home before dark."

"No, no," said Mr. Galloway hurriedly, "we won't have no such monkeyshines around here. But you fetch in your dog. Shouldn't wonder you'll have all you can do to get Mrs. Galloway to leave him stay."

Freaks barred, Mrs. Galloway was the thinnest wisp of a human being Harry had ever seen. Unlike most thin people, however, her face wore habitually an unusually pleasant expression. Though she looked as if a breath might blow her away, there was no mistaking her courage, and she undoubtedly managed to get away with more work, day in and day out, than any man on the place.

She had turned nervously from the range as they entered, and while Harry was still in the act of snatching off his cap, her quick eyes took him in completely and she made a movement toward him, primitive in its impulsiveness. But she was not one to give way consciously to her instincts. She repossessed herself without awkwardness or loss of warmth, stood firm and swept her glance more deliberately from his dishevelled head to the saddle of freckles on his nose and down to his ill-shod feet.

"Well, Mr. Galloway, is this the boy?"

"It's part of him, ma."

"What's that came in with him?"

"That's the other part. You got to make up your mind quick take 'em both or send them both back."

Harry was at an age that has small use for women, but whether because he recognized in Mrs. Galloway a kindred spirit or because something within him answered to the impulse which had driven her toward him and then snatched her back, he found himself studying her face anxiously. He half raised the fingers of one hand and Banco stepped to his side.

"There's a lady here," he muttered hesitatingly, doubtful for the first time of Banco's powers to win his own way. "St-t-tand up and throw her a kiss."

Banco obeyed with a difference. He stood on his hind legs, turned half away from Mrs. Galloway, looked roguishly at her over one shoulder and still managed to flip a kiss at her from the tip of his moist nose. She half threw out her arms, her face seemed to open in amazement, then it puckered up. She sank on a chair, dropped head and shoulders on the table and began to cry.

Harry's lower lip trembled as he turned to Mr. Galloway. "I guess she don't want Banco and me."

Mr. Galloway nodded toward a twisted stairway in a corner of the kitchen and led the way up to a small room which overlooked the creek and in turn was dominated by the ponderous network of the big oak.

"I reckon you ain't conversed with women, son," he said, stooping to rub Banco behind the ears. "She means you can both stay here till you die. The Society folks wouldn't tell me the whole of your name and it don't matter none, because if you're wrong about ma and I'm right, you can start calling yourself Harry Galloway whenever you're a mind to."

VI

HARRY looked around the room. It was spotlessly clean, but almost as bare as the outside of an egg. There was a narrow bed, freshly made, a chair, a bracket lamp and a chest of drawers—nothing else. No washstand, mirror or carpet and no curtains on the single window.

"Is this for me?" he asked, radiating satisfaction.

"Yep. How do you like it?"

"I think it's a fine room."

"You wash at the pump outside the kitchen, and I might as well tell you ma will watch you through the window while you're doing it. Until it gets too cold, you can go swimming in the creek, and after that you get a bath in the kitchen once a week. You go to bed when you like, but you get up when I pound on the wall. Let me fix the time when my men get up and the time when they go to bed will fix itself."

Harry had moved over beside the window, but now he drew back. "Please, Mr. Galloway, here comes Rip."

"Yes, that Rip! It was him I was thinking of. If he got here once on time in the morning, I reckon I'd have a conniption."

"I think perhaps I could fix it to have him here tomorrow morning," said Harry mildly. "I mean I could if he wasn't going away so early."

Mr. Galloway appeared not to have heard, but just before it was too late he went to the window and called, "Hey, you Rip! Is Crapsey around?"

"Yes, sir. He's somewheres about, Mr. Galloway."

"Go tell him I forgot about getting that blister on Axton Whelp. You help him get things ready and stand by yourself, because the Whelp being like he is, we'll have to have you around."

"All right," muttered Rip discontentedly. "If you say this colored boy has got to hang around when he's worn out and sleepy, I allow he's got to hang around like you say, but in the mawnin' he'll sure be late. I won't be able to git him out."

"I'll come as soon as I've had my supper," called Mr. Galloway at Rip's disappearing back. "If I keep you long, naturally I ain't going to be hard on you if you wasn't around tomorrow to wake the chickens like you usually is."

Mrs. Galloway, in common with most good cooks, ate little herself, but she enjoyed seeing menfolks eat, and Harry did not disappoint her. He was careful to remember all the manners he had learned in his various situations and by instinct he managed to pick out those best suited to the present occasion. For instance, he did not interrupt anyone by asking to have something passed; he reached for it.

Here, eating was a matter to be tended to in a businesslike way and let the mistress of the house get to her dishwashing. There are long hours for talk around a stock farm—in fact not even a smoking car excels the stables in that respect—but the minutes spent at table are usually excluded. He ate cleanly and quietly, but with flattering

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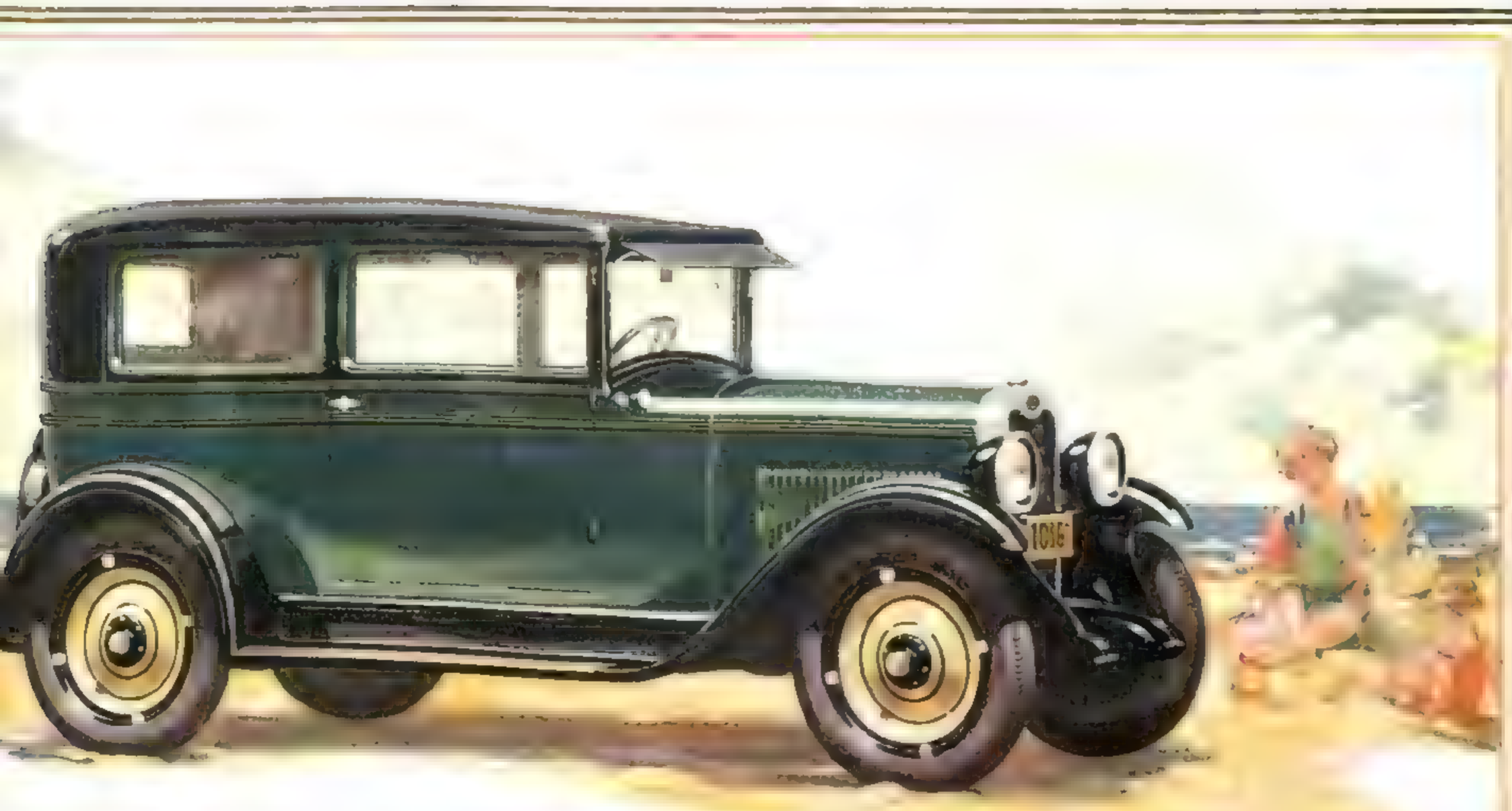

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gusto. Mrs. Galloway watched him contentedly for a while, then her eyes fell on Banco's. His head did not move, but his eyes followed every morsel from Harry's plate to Harry's mouth.

She stood it as long as she could, then fetched a small basin, filled it with one large lump of meat and many scraps, and set it on the floor beside the dog. Except for a slight quivering in all his muscles, he did not move; but even so, she could sense that he was ravenous.

"What's the matter with your dog, Harry?" she asked. "Or is it the vittles?"

"He's all right," said Harry, "and so is the food, but he won't eat it until I give it to him."

"Well, let's see you give it to him then."

"I can't now, Mrs. Galloway. He's got a little work to do before he can have his supper. You see, they don't handle right just after they've been fed."

"Same as hosses and men," said Mr. Galloway, as he rose.

Harry followed him out of the kitchen, but did not go to the stables. The sun had set, but the autumn evening was still drenched with a golden light that seemed to hang close to the earth. He waited until it began to fade and then started with Banco at his heels down the long lane. When they came almost to where it met the highroad at right angles, dusk was about to fall and a round moon was rising over the fringe of woods to the east.

With Banco watching him intently, Harry stopped, took off his cap, pretended to spit on it, and laid it on the ground in the center of the lane. Without being ordered, the dog took up his stand beside the cap. Then Harry scored a deep line in the sand from fence to fence between Banco and the house.

"You stay there, Banco; don't you cross that line. No barking, Banco. Do you understand? No noise. You keep quiet, but don't let anybody get by. You stop anybody that comes along from the house, Banco."

Banco waved the absurd plume on the end of his tail and then steadied to a fixed pose. Most dogs would have lain down beside the cap, but not he. He stood over it, his feet firmly planted, and watched his young master start back up the lane. He did not know what was going to happen, but he had an appearance of confidence, as if, whatever it was, he would know what he was expected to do.

Harry waylaid Rip as he came around the house from the stables. "Rip, is that you?"

Rip squealed like a frightened horse. "For the land sakes, what for you yellin' at me like that in the dark?"

"Hush, Rip. Somebody will hear us. I didn't yell; I only want to talk to you."

"Save yo' talking; Ise going home."

"That's what I wanted to talk about. Can I go along with you a ways?"

"Yas, sir, you can. You can walk as far as you like, but don't forgit you'll have to come back alone."

"Ye-ah—if I come back at all."

"What's that you say?"

"I've been thinking about what you told me," said Harry in a whisper. "Rip, I couldn't help looking up in the big oak, and I—I think I saw something."

"Huh?" said Rip, scratching his head in the effort to remember just what it was he had told. "Sho! But what for did you look? The first night too! You had ought to have listened to hear it once It's a noise and it ain't a noise, but hearing when there ain't nothing to hear is worse than seeing."

"That's why I think I don't want to go back. In the house, too—I saw it in the house, creeping up the stairs."

Rip could not help glancing over his shoulder, even though he believed himself to be the sole author of Harry's visions. Work with the horses was light in winter and already there were too many idle swipes within easy reach to suit his book. Harry, as a taken child, was worse. If he kept on working at the pace he had shown at the start, Mr. Galloway could get along nicely with one less caretaker.

"What are you looking around for?" whispered Harry. "He wouldn't come way out here, would he?"

"What makes you think it's a him?" asked Rip.

"Lions with manes are always hims."

"Lions? Huh! Did he look like a lion?"

"He did some, only —— Well, his head was like a lion, as far as I could see, and his body and his four legs and his tail, only "

"Only what?"

"Only he wasn't yellow." He lowered his whisper to a sibilating thread of sound. "He was black all over, Rip—as black as a piece of soft coal."

"Didn't he make no noise at all? What I mean is, wasn't they noises around him?"

"No, he didn't. He breathed, kind of. I felt it on the back of my hand when he went by, like touching an icicle."

"Look-a here," said Rip, stopping in his tracks, "I don't want you walking with me no more. You go on back to the house, see?"

"But I don't want to go back," whimpered Harry.

"I don't give a cranberry whether you want to go back or not. You just go, see? You try follering me another step and I'll spread your little nose all over your face."

He walked off alone. Presently Harry followed cautiously, keeping in the shadow of the hedgerow on his left. There were two dips in the lane, one of which they had already passed. The rise at the top of the second would bring the unwary Rip within full view of the sinister sentinel within the gates, and when he reached it he stopped—not suddenly, but as the dead stop. It was as if heart, lungs and life itself had ceased within him, leaving a hollow pillar of black flesh from which protruded two eyes like the guns out of a turret.

The moon spread its ghostly light over all the earth, but particularly did it illumine the shimmering sand of the roadbed. Within its pale effulgence, always deceptive to an imaginative eye, Banco loomed as huge as any lion, but far stranger, and against that silvered background his blackness no less than his size was intensified fourfold. Add the menace of his pose. He stood rigid, his nose aimed straight down the lane and his tail rising above his stern like a bulbous minaret against the sky.

Slowly Rip regained some vestige of the power of will and managed to glance at the fence to the right, then at the one on the left. With the stealthiness of a cat in full sight of a sleeping hound, and keeping his eyes glued on the jet-black apparition, he sidled to the right. Banco kept exact pace with him, moving in a straight line. Rip's heart flopped over and he paused. Then, as if to convince himself he had seen aright, he made a dash for the other fence. Banco dashed also, though he came no nearer and made no sound.

There was no doubt about it—the horror meant Rip to go back. He regained the middle of the lane where the footing was good, but he dared not turn.

Licking as much of his parched lips as he could reach with his tongue, he whispered quaveringly, "Harry, is you near me?"

"Sure, Rip," said Harry, speaking with unbelievable lightness, "I'm right behind you. You've been acting kind of funny. What's the matter?"

"N-n-nothing," quavered Rip.

"Rip," asked Harry eagerly, "you don't see anything, do you?"

"N-n-no," said Rip, "I don't see nothing if you don't see nothing." Then his voice became muted and heart-rendingly pleading. "Don't you see nothing, Harry?"

"Where?"

Rip pointed only with his eyes. "Down yonder—at the end of the lane."

"What does it look like?"

"It's black and as big as a hoss. But it's got a mane all round, and horns on its buttocks and a long tail."

"Why, Rip, you must be seeing my lion!"

"O Lord," whimpered Rip reverently, "love me and save me—save this ornery, low-down black sinner!"

"I know a word, Rip," whispered Harry comfortingly. "Do you want I should say it? A word that makes things move."

"Which way?" breathed Rip, his eyes glued on the rigid monster.

"I don't know. It's just to make things move from where they are. You be ready now and you can go the other way from what it goes."

"What is this here word?"

"Banco!"

As if propelled from a catapult, the inky blotch came hurtling directly toward them. Rip let out one scream of mortal terror, turned and headed straight up the long lane. The speed of man has been recorded by stop watches on cinder tracks the world over, but it has still to be proved that under the right conditions a man cannot run at the rate of one hundred or even two hundred miles an hour.

Rip's heart, lungs and muscles all united to perform a miracle. His pounding pulse literally lifted him off the ground with each jolt, his lungs stood out like the stubby wings on a pursuit plane, and his short thin legs took such strides as proved, when measured the next day, that he had actually flown for greater distances than the hops of the original Wright brothers' flying machine.

Nor did he look around to learn what was happening to Harry; if he had he would have seen Banco alternately licking his master's hand and apparently laughing his head off.

Mrs. Galloway was startled by a frantic pounding on the kitchen door, but it flew open before she could reach the latch, and Rip, tripping on the sill, slithered into the room on his hands and knees. His breath was wheezing through his throat like the whistling of a broken-winded horse and in his terror-stricken eyes was the unmistakable expression of those who have seen the devil in person. Mr. Galloway came in from the sitting room carrying the Salem Standard and Jerseyman, his glasses pushed back on his forehead.

"You been bitten, Rip?" he asked anxiously

"N-n-no, sir," stuttered Rip, feeling of himself and then scrambling to his feet with the aid of the table. He glanced around the brightly lighted room and gradually a look of ineffable relief spread over his features. Terror left them so suddenly as to make one doubt it had ever been there, and they seemed to open to a broad smile. "I sure moved," he murmured as if to himself, "and I got here first."

"What made you come back?" asked Mr. Galloway.

"Nothing—nothing much, Mr. Galloway. I jes' got to thinking how I'd be late tomorrer and perhaps you'd let me sleep in one of them empty stalls."

"Why, sure, Rip! You can make your bed in ary one on 'em." Rip glanced at the door, but did not move. "Was there anything else?"

"Yas, sir. Could I speak to you for a minute outside?" When they were around the corner of the house on the way to the stables, he made his strange request. "Mr. Galloway, I has spells off and on during the night. Ise a walking colored boy, Mr. Galloway, and seeing as I can't reach the pin from the inside, would you please to lock me in?"

Harry entered the kitchen with Banco prancing at his heels.

"Could I have that dish of vittles now, Mrs. Galloway?"

"There it is on the back of the stove. I've been keeping it warm for him."

He put the dish on the floor and Banco made short work of the ration.

"I guess you haven't had much dealing with dogs. He likes his food cold."

"No," said Mrs. Galloway slowly, "we haven't had any dogs around—not lately"

"Did you once?"

"Yes. . . . Run along now; it's time for you to go to bed."

Harry had gone upstairs and was half undressed by the time Mr. Galloway came back.

"Well, ma?" he began tentatively.

"Better lock up, hadn't you?"

"But what about the boy? He ain't in yet, is he?"

"Yes, he came in a while back. He's gone upstairs."

"Didn't he say nothing about Rip?"

"No. Why should he?"

"Then he runs deep, because he's the kind that can have his fun by hisself. It was him and the dog scared Rip so he's shrunk six inches he couldn't spare. What do you think of Harry, ma?"

"You know what I think of him," she said rapidly, almost sharply. "He's got his dog sleeping in his room, hasn't he? And I've laid out our Billy's clothes for him, shoes and all. What's the real truth about him? Where does he come from, and why?"

Mr. Galloway glanced at her admiringly and then frowned.

"Trust a woman for smelling things out," he mumbled, and continued more audibly: "He come straight from the Society home, like I said, and he's a sure-enough taken child; but that's all I know, because, like it seems you guessed, they wouldn't tell me any name except Harry."

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Galloway, also frowning, "that whoever had that boy, even from a baby, would want to keep him and tend him. I don't mean he's one of those very clean boys, or the kind that wore long curls till they were seven. He's just a boy and his dog, but I can't see anybody turning him out from anywhere."

It was the longest speech she had made in five years and Mr. Galloway weighed it carefully.

"Perhaps he's one of them children that happened when he wasn't wanted," he ventured. "Would that make any difference to you, ma?"

"Yes, it would," she said promptly, and smiled at the dismay in her husband's face. "What I mean," she continued quietly, "I hope he is; then I wouldn't be afraid to get to liking him." Then she stopped and frowned again. "I'm going to bed."

She passed from the kitchen with no further good night, but her husband was by no means hurt. He understood her, as he understood the most nervous of his colts, and he was more than content with her answer. He went into the sitting room, picked up the paper and sat with it lying in his lap for a long time, thinking of their dead son, Billy. When he went up to their room half an hour later he started to open the door and then quickly half closed it again. Once he would have been shocked not to see his wife kneeling at her prayers, but that was five years ago.

"Lord," Mrs. Galloway was saying, "I thank You for this child, but I want You to know that I'm never going to try to make him over. He can do what he likes, eat what he likes and say what he likes. As far as I am able, I shall give him anything he wants. I will not promise to teach him anything unless he asks to be taught. All I can promise, dear Lord, is that I'll love him with all my strength. Amen."

In the morning the stables presented a busy scene Crapsey and Rip were swipes and nothing more, but Mr. Godfrey and Bert Bally, though they helped as did everybody else with the caretaking, were entitled to be known as trainers and were classed as second men. Together with Mr. Galloway, they did all the driving, and as the horses were freshly back from a hard season and had to be let down gradually from an overtrained condition, there was plenty of driving to do.

Not until feeding was over, the stalls cleaned, the wet straw taken out and fresh put in, did Mr. Galloway suggest to Harry that Banco would not be in the way. Harry hurried off and presently returned with the dog at his side. The entire force, with the exception of Rip himself, had been enlightened as to the major event of the preceding evening, and everybody, though pretending

(Continued on Page 97)

IF somebody points to a motor oil and says "There is the finest quality of motor oil in the world!" . . . and you believe it . . . will you be satisfied to put it into your crankcase? . . . It is a wise motorist who answers "No!" . . . It is a careful motorist who realizes that there is more to correct lubrication than the quality of a motor oil. *Quality* in motor oil is only part of what your engine needs! It is *not* enough to know that a motor oil fights friction, that it stands up under extreme heat, that it flows smoothly and clings tenaciously to moving parts. These tremendously important properties are only *half* the job that a motor oil should perform. There is *another half* to correct lubrication—using the *correct grade* of motor oil *to keep the power behind the pistons,* as your engine wears, due to mileage.

You are entitled to

BOTH HALVES *of* LUBRICATION

for your motor oil money

IN every cylinder of your car's engine . . . between the piston and the cylinder wall . . . there is a SPACE! Into this space your motor oil must go, not only to lubricate the cylinders for the pistons' action, but to *seal this space* so the power can't blow by—wasted!

In a new car this space is exceedingly small, and only a lighter grade of motor oil can get into it. But as you drive your car mile after mile this space increases, a lighter oil will not seal it—a heavier grade is needed. The more mileage you show on your speedometer, the more wear there is in your cylinders, and the heavier must be the grade of your motor oil to seal the pistons! And this is the *extra service* you get from Opaline—because, properly applied, it seals your pistons and prevents your power from blowing by.

That is the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*. That is the principle on which Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is made, sold and applied. When you drive in to your Authorized Opaline Dealer, he asks, "What's your mileage?" It is his responsibility to see that you get not only the *correct quality* of motor oil, but also the *correct grade* which gives you this extra service of piston seal. You get *both* halves of lubrication for your motor oil money—you get *precision* in lubrication—when you buy Opaline by mileage.

*The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.

30c *a quart*

is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk (slightly higher in the Far West).

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Seals power at every degree of wear

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Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

New!

THE HOTPOINT SUPER-AUTOMATIC IRON

maintains ANY heat you want

Now you can have your iron as hot as you want to iron the heavy damp pieces, or with as little heat as you want to iron sheer fabrics and silk things

You needn't keep pulling the plug any more, nor worry about scorching dainty fabrics, nor waste time waiting for the iron to cool off or heat up again

You set this throttle ↑ for ANY heat you want

KNOW the joy of having just the heat you want automatically maintained while you iron.

No more watching—no guessing! No waiting for your iron to heat up or cool down. Just set the heat control at the desired temperature and that heat will be maintained indefinitely. You can have any degree of low heat for beautiful lingerie and sheer silks, the desired degree of medium heat for handkerchiefs, shirts and wash dresses, high heat for heavy, damp table linens—or any heat in between. When you have finished ironing one piece and stop to fold and lay it aside—you don't need to pull out the plug. Just roll the iron back on its heel stand. It will stay at just the right temperature to start in on another piece of the same kind. It is the same with the many other little interruptions that are bound to occur during any half-day's ironing—answering the doorbell, the telephone, putting on the children's wraps. When you return, you can start right in ironing without losing a minute waiting for your iron to heat up or cool off. And you have the added satisfaction of knowing that, during the interruption, the current has been on only a small fraction of the time.

Do you ever scorch things when you iron?
Do you constantly "pull the plug"?
Then do you forget and let your iron get cool?
Do you have to wait for it to cool off or heat up after stopping to answer the doorbell or telephone?

Well, you needn't any more

The Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC iron does more than the ordinary so-called "automatic" irons, which are merely "safety" irons. They always are set to cut off at a certain fixed temperature which is far too great for most of your ironing. The Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC iron is not only absolutely safe but also automatically *maintains whatever ironing heat you set it for.*

The Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron is made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Electric Range, SUPER-AUTOMATIC Percolator and SUPER-IRON

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES.

You will know the Hotpoint SUPER AUTOMATIC Iron by its rich blue handle and trimmings.

The New Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron with the HEAT THROTTLE—Price $8.80

Other Advantages of the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron

CALROD. The patented CALROD heating element is a solid part of the one-piece ironing surface casting. This means a larger heat reservoir and quicker flow of heat for ironing. No other iron can give you this practically indestructible one-piece construction. Only with CALROD is it possible

THUMB REST. Another patented feature found only in Hotpoint Irons. It rests your wrist, arm and shoulder. Try it and see.

HINGED PLUG. Exclusively Hotpoint. Tests prove it helps treble the years of trouble-free service given by the cord.

HEEL STAND. Saves lifting 6½ lbs. on and off a stand hundreds of times during an ironing. You merely roll the iron back on its Heel Stand.

HOT POINT. Hotter at the point, where it first meets the cool, damp cloth.

Ask your electric company or dealer to show you this beautiful, efficient SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron. It will make your ironing day easier and shorter and you will have the pride and satisfaction of work beautifully done

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Reserve capacity—power that is over and above the normal requirements of the car in which it is designed to operate, is the reason why a Willard Battery *serves better.* Finer workmanship and the liberal use of top-grade materials are reasons why Willards *last longer.* To these plus values which Willard builds into the battery, your local Willard Battery Man adds a service that relieves you from battery care, saves you time, saves you money.

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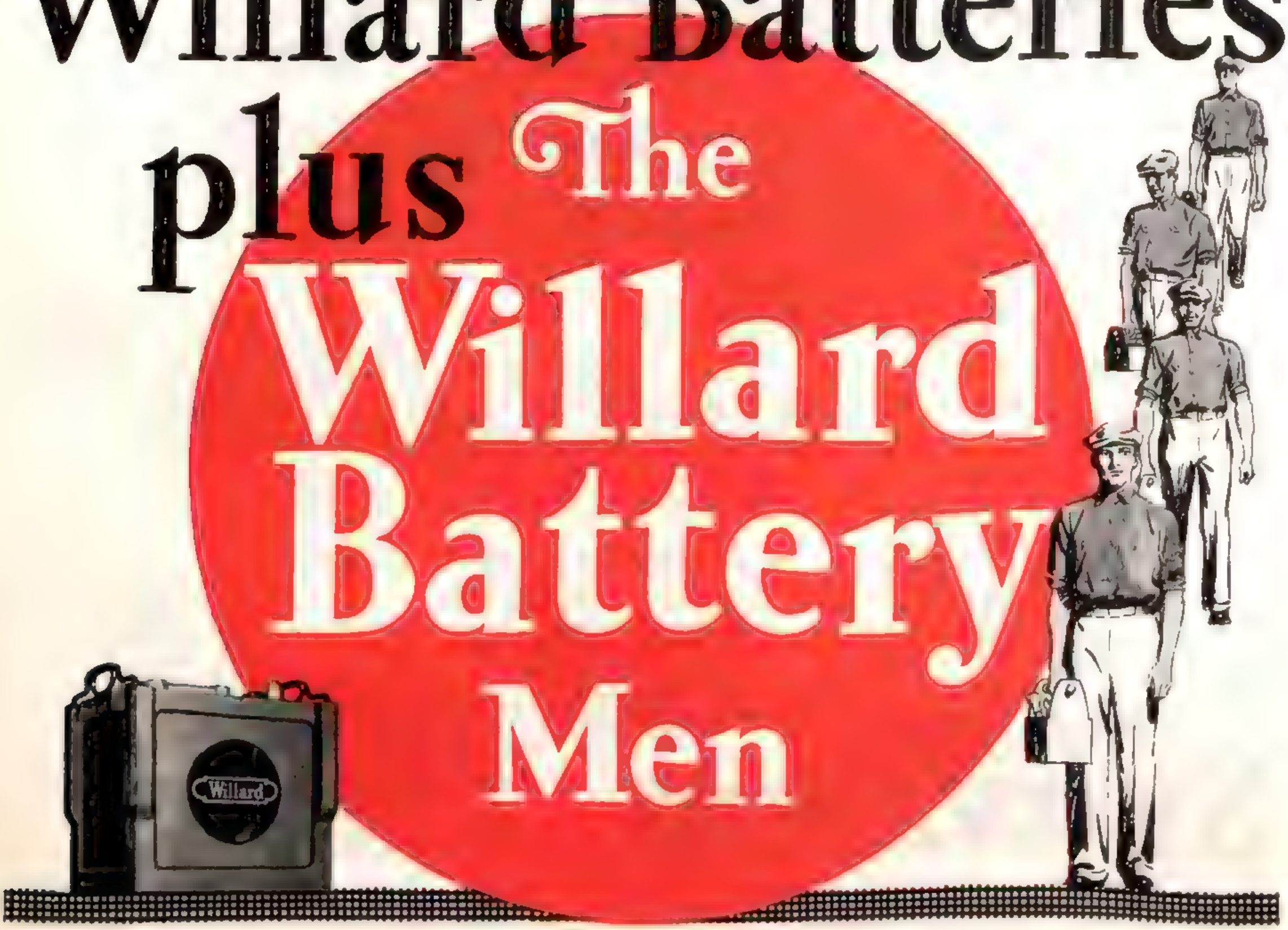

(Continued from Page 92)

to be busy, was watching him out of the corner of one eye.

The first sight Rip caught of Banco meant nothing to him except that here was a most extraordinary dog, but gradually intelligence began to dawn in his face. Unfortunately for the onlookers, he could not blush; nevertheless they were rewarded by seeing his expression run the gamut of half a dozen emotions, ranging from wonder to rage, before it died into the woebegone apathy of one who knows he is doomed to be the butt of his community for many a day to come.

"Is that the dog you mentioned, Mr. Galloway?" asked Mr. Godfrey politely

"He don't look like no lion to me," said Bert Bally.

"I thought you said he was as big as a hoss," murmured Mr. Godfrey.

It was now Crapsey's turn; he began in a low major key and climbed to a high minor. "I don't see nothing if you don't see nothing." Then followed an extremely tenuous and plaintive wail: "Is you near me, Harry?"

But mercifully there was labor to do and plenty of it to keep everybody on the jump except Harry. He felt like the lord of all creation, for here was a race meeting being staged for his sole benefit. He would watch a couple of horses being hitched to their bikes, run out to the track to see them work and then hurry back with them to the stables and learn one by one the mysteries of their care.

Never were animals so hard pressed while in harness or so babied, nurtured and indulged when their task was done. He was bewildered by the diversity of their needs and dismayed by the multitude of their paraphernalia. He had thought he had learned all there was to know about hitching up horses, but these aristocrats of the harness world required more gadgets than a fire engine.

There were weights on their toes to make them trot and hopples to make them pace. There were shadow rolls to keep them from looking down, poles to head them straight, and boots of every description—ankle boots, knee boots and suspenders. There was even a weird contraption known as a spreader to hold their knees apart, and another contrivance that made Harry laugh when he saw it. It was a stiff leather bib worn by Axton Whelp which did not prevent him from feeding, but kept him from eating his blankets as fast as they were put on

It must not be imagined, however, that every horse wore all this gear. Some carried a lot of leather, but others very little—a shadow roll and one pair of boots or even less, for there were free-legged pacers and an occasional trotter that stepped out naked as a hound's tooth except for the narrow straps of the harness. But when Harry, in spite of his doubts, had managed to grasp the use of every apparent artifice he collided with a new intricacy which was subtly intertwined with the very fundatals of harness racing.

Realization could not come to him suddenly, but long before the fall let-down had progressed to its appointed end and the horses been reduced to a daily jog apiece, he had begun to suspect that behind the individual animal, behind his breeding and his driver, there stood an artist upon whom depended the ultimate success or failure of many a high-bred colt. Some of the good ones could go with almost anything on their feet, but the Galloway stables were famous for the rags they had snatched from the ruck and sent on their triumphant way to a record. These particular victories were due to one man, and his name was Jake Turner.

Jake's blacksmith shop was on the outskirts of Quinton, a measured mile from the stock farm; and while the drivers were still busy on the track, it became one of Harry's Saturday duties to halter-lead an occasional horse to be shod.

Those were red-letter days, for if there was one thing he enjoyed more than another, it was to see Jake work and hear him talk.

He did the shoeing for all the farmers of a rich countryside, and since it was first come first served and no favor, Harry often had to wait an hour or two for his turn. But with the last preceding splay-footed farm team out of the way, the whole atmosphere of the shop would undergo an indefinable change. What really occurred was that Jake was occupied in turning from his trade to his art.

He would stand beside the colt, filly, horse or mare and run his blunt fingers through its mane or along its sleek coat and then he would begin to talk to the crowd, if there was one, or to Harry alone—it made no difference. He would name the animal's sire and dam and their sires and dams and their sires and dams, and so on, back to the Hambletonian ages. Then he would state performances all along the line till Harry's head would begin to reel. Finally he would pick up a light-shod hoof and examine it critically.

"How did Mr. Galloway say to shoe her, Harry?"

"He said for you to do what you said the other day perhaps would keep her from humping."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

In friendship's name, when this befalls him,
A kindly sea horse homeward hauls him.
—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Advent of the Superman

Between the Five-Reel Feature and the News Specialty

SEE the man jump.

Q.: What made him jump? A.: Somebody shot him in the seat of the pants.

Q.: How far can a man jump under those circumstances? A.: Twenty-five or thirty feet.

Q.: Did it hurt him? A.: Not much. He will be shot a dozen times more and later will sit down on a pitchfork.

Q.: Why did the man fall downstairs? A.: He slipped on the rug.

Q.: Did it kill him? A.: He was dazed for a minute, but kept on going.

Q.: Was the man seriously injured when thirty-five policemen cornered him and beat him with clubs and pieces of gas pipe? A.: Except for a black eye and the loss of some clothing, the incident was of no consequence.

Q.: What happened when the man was hit on the head with a large vase? A.: He was unconscious for several seconds, but soon returned to normal.

Q.: When he fell out of a third-story window, what was the result? A.: He sat up and began counting the stars.

Q.: What was the last thing the man did? A.: He went to the medicine cabinet to get a tablet for a headache.

Q.: Did he make a mistake? A.: Yes, he got hold of Paris green.

Q.: Then what? A.: He looked cross-eyed and turned a hose down his throat.

Q.: Does the medical fraternity recognize this remedy? A.: No, but it works.

—*David B. Park.*

Motto for a Tool Chest

WHOEVER borrows aught from out this case
And, having used it, puts it back in place,
That true and proper craftsman, rightly bred,
Will always hit the nail upon the head.

But he who takes the saw and hammer out
And leaves them anywhere—the shiftless lout!
I hope today and all the days to come
Will always hit the nail upon the thumb!
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Tardy Justice

AS THE policeman strolled past a dwelling that had the appearance of being vacant, he heard agonized cries coming from the throat of a man who must be suffering torment. Drawing his revolver and unlimbering his pocket flash light, the policeman made his way to the house, determined not only to rescue someone in distress but to bring the guilty to justice.

Pausing momentarily at an open window, the policeman was amazed to see six men busily engaged in sticking pins into the body of their victim. In vain he pleaded. One of the six jabbed a pin into the man's neck and laughed with glee.

"Let's see," said one of the gang; "we've put pins in his knees, in his feet, in his neck, wrists, stomach, back, shoulders and elbows. I guess that's about enough."

Just then the policeman dashed into the room, demanding that the ruffians surrender.

"What on earth do you guys mean?" demanded the officer. "What's the big idea of stickin' pins in this bird?"

"Well," said the official spokesman, "we were trying to administer a little tardy justice. This man you see here enacting the rôle of human pincushion, is the fellow who puts the pins in the shirts we buy. We have trailed him for years in the hope that this moment would come, and now you've gone and spoiled it all."

The policeman returned his revolver to its holster and grinned.

"Boys," exclaimed the arm of the law, "have you got any of them pins left? If you have, I'd like to stick a few in him myself." —*Tom S. Elrod.*

Study Postponed

A-THIRST for knowledge, I have bought
The best of learning's media,
A mighty store of fact and thought
A good encyclopedia.

And I shall soon sit down to this
And read along from A to BIS.

Not satisfied, I'll study on,
Absorbing all from BIS to CON.

With growing power, I will not leave
A fact ungleaned, from CON to EVE.

And naught shall stop me, naught shall bar
My studious way from EVE to HAR.

Then, having laughed "Har, har!" I'll pass
No word of truth from HAR to KAS.

Who then will dare to call me dumb?
But I'll go on from KAS to MUM.

A scholar all must needs extol;
I'll master all from MUM to POL,

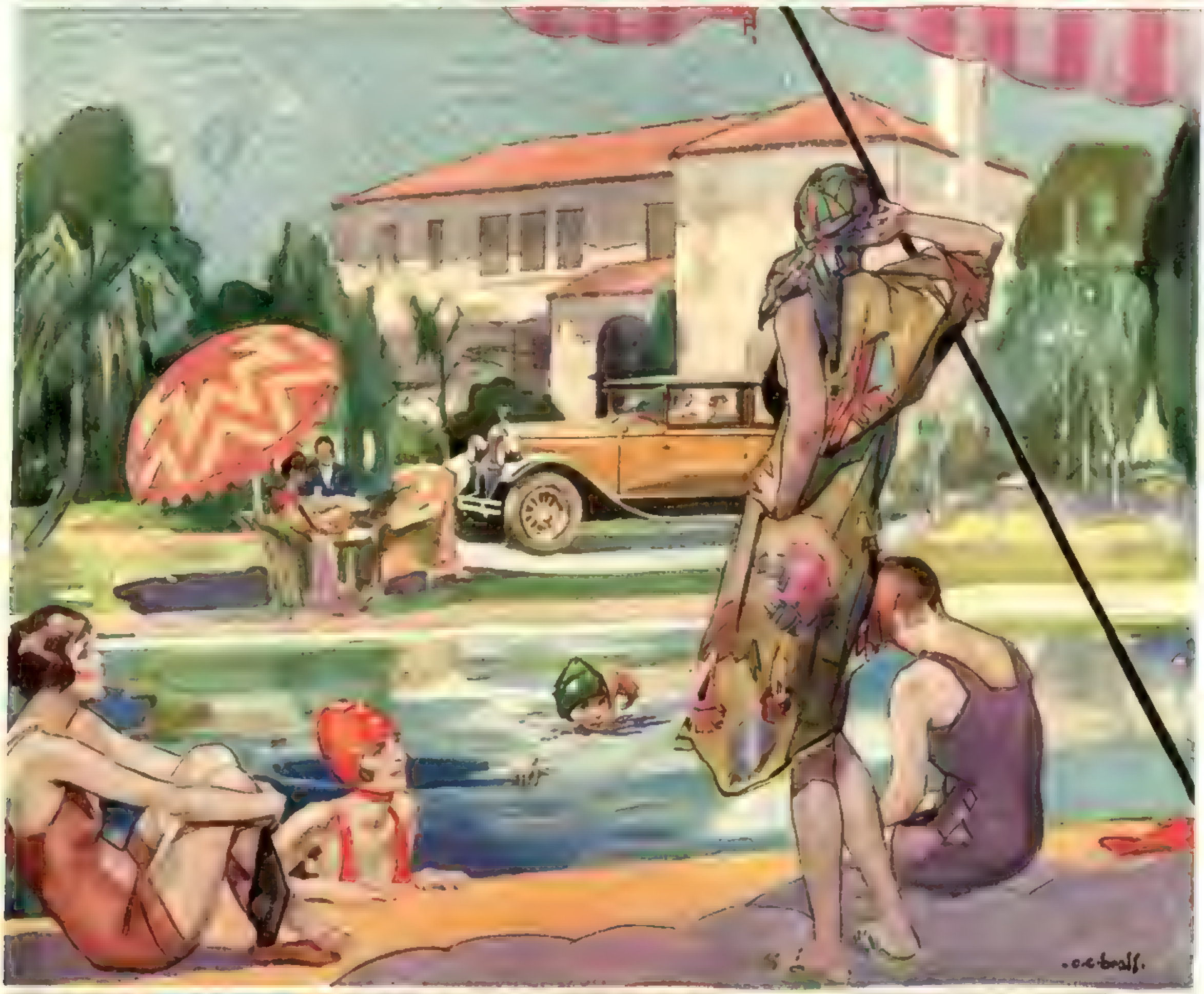
And prove that praise is but my due,
By reading on from POL to SHU.

By then the wisest man, I'll yet
Acquire the lore from SHU to VET,

Nor stop, till, loaded to the brim,
I've learned the rest from VET to ZYM.

So—where's the paper? - I'll peruse
The whole encyclopedia.
Tonight I'll read the Various News
My choice of tabloid media.
—*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*

HUDSON



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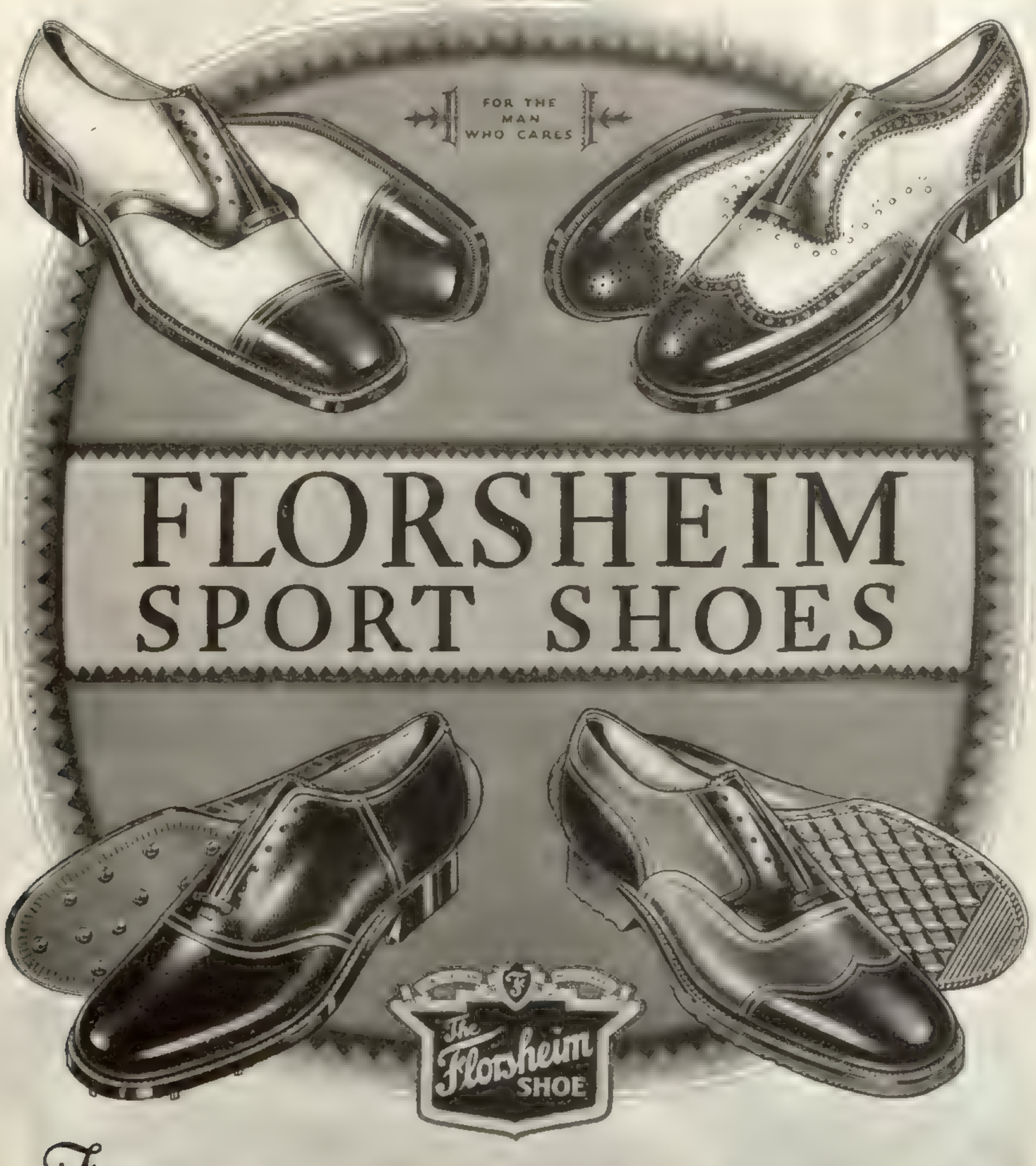
Every item of finish, construction and equipment expresses value as tangibly as its great chassis qualities. Come and examine the new Super-Sixes. They will give you an entirely fresh view of motor values.

The Landau Sedan, $1650
f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax



Florsheim Sport Shoes are a pleasure to wear . . . a satisfaction to own . . . as exceptional in fit as they are in appearance . . . to be had in rich leather combinations, attractively designed and correctly made for any outdoor occasion.

The styles illustrated are representative of many Florsheim Sport Shoes now being shown by dealers everywhere.

TEN TO TWELVE DOLLARS

Above: THE MODE—*Style* M-302
Below: THE PAR—*Style* M-303

Most Styles $10

Above: THE PAR—*Style* M-304
Below: THE WALTON—*Style* M-305

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

ASHES AND EMBERS

(Continued from Page 5)

whether he is president of the council or simply a minister.

His first act when he came into power was the granting of an amnesty. This amnesty was followed by two others. The first had a character of general principle and I approved it, but by granting the two others Nitti abolished the difference between those who wore the ensigns of valor in sacrifice and those who had basely betrayed the nation during the war and even had gone over to the enemy!

All the work of Nitti was fish bait for the approbation of the socialists. He conceived the ambition of holding the presidency of a future Italian republic. His measures, which wore demagogic dress, did not prevent disorders or devastations sometimes brought about with the cost of lives. He never would face Bolshevism and the dissolutive forces in the open field. He had a decree issued and signed by the King establishing the price of bread; he had it withdrawn on the next day and replaced by another decree, also signed by His Majesty.

Mussolini When He Was a Socialist

Disillusioned

There was no point in the national life that he failed to bring up for discussion. All this puffed up the socialists. They laughed in their sleeves as they foresaw a strong political success for them at the elections. The elections had to take place under the proportional system! The socialists would become, through the election battle, masters of the Italian political life!

It seemed to me that the season was our summer of torment and resolve.

In June, 1919, the Treaty of Peace with Germany was consummated at Versailles. The event for Europe was the end of a nightmare. The continual disillusions, the reserves and the protests of Germany and the diatribes between the Allies constituted a permanent danger and a reason for anxiety for many nations. The conclusion of the treaty was therefore, for them, a liberation.

For Italy, on the contrary, it was a complete shattering of ideals. We had won the war; we were utterly defeated in the diplomatic battle. We were losing—except Zara—the whole of Dalmatia, our land by tradition and history, by manners and customs, by the language talked and by the ardent and constant aspirations of the Dalmatians toward the mother country. Fiume, a most Italian of cities, was contested. The colonial problem was resolved for us in an absolutely negative way. To a nation like ours, powerful and prolific, that has a need of raw materials, of outlets, of markets and of land, on account of the exuberance of its population, only some insignificant rectifications of frontiers were granted when the glut of colonial spoil was passed around.

I could feel the discontent oozing down through our masses and infecting the *combattenti* themselves. Once more Italy, who had thrown into the conflict men, means, patrimony and youth, went out of a peace settlement with empty hands and manifold disillusions.

The Nitti government, with its continuous note of pessimism, was doing no better than to describe our situation as near to bankruptcy, economic as well as political! Nitti himself, his newspapers and his acolytes tried to make the Italian people believe that the Versailles Treaty was for us the best result obtainable. A sense of humiliation had crawled over our whole peninsula, but many there were who did not want to resign themselves to accept the tragic facts. No one knows better than I that many meditated most desperate actions.

The government was watching the turn of the psychological tide, while in the practical field it did not know what to do except to prepare and revise the mechanism of an election law with a vicious proportional system. In the field of destruction it reached an unbelievable decision to demobilize the aviation camps, and to cap the climax, in August, 1919, the report of the Commission of Inquiry on the painful episode of Caporetto was published.

I thought to myself, "This is fat on the fire!" The Avanti, a socialist newspaper that for the time being was published in three editions—one at Turin, one at Rome and one at Milan—had started a ferocious campaign against the army. On account of a strike of typographers, the Avanti was the only newspaper published in Rome for two months! During street demonstrations, officers, merely because they were in uniform, were insulted and assaulted. Charity toward the dignity of the nation prevents my presentation of episodes that now make the worst blackguards blush. The few Fascisti that had accomplished an act of faith in March, 1919, now met in all their work enormous difficulties. They were isolated, attacked, spied upon, sometimes by the subversives, sometimes by the government.

Every day in the Popolo d'Italia I wrote about the painful bath of fire of the *combattenti*, about the inflamed pride of the volunteers, about the necessity of concord, about the sordid hostility of the government that did not feel the beauty and the greatness of the sense of patriotic heroism. Gabriele D'Annunzio, the poet, who lived in Rome, wrote that his approbation of my good shots was "trembling with admiration."

Victory was losing every day her laurel leaves in spite of all. The national parliament was discussing and approving the new election laws. Disorders and blackmailing the government were on the daily calendar. The debates had a character of pettiness and gossip and the flavor of a base world that knew nothing of war, virtue or heroism.

"Elections! Elections! Elections!" thought I. "These constitute the only subject that is able to rise to its feet in the Italian parliament!"

The Dice on the Table

Incidents had taken place at Fiume between Italians and French sailors, and the population of that city did not hide its growing hostility toward the Allies. The latter therefore planned to have the city garrisoned by a mixed corps of their troops. So Fiume, a city purely and virilely of Italian stamp, had a mosaic of troops. It was the height of inefficiency and, what is more, of stupidity.

D'Annunzio, who was trembling in his solitude, told me that he contemplated with grim brooding the taking of Fiume by force. There was no other way of salvation. Everything seemed to be lost. There were only a handful of men with the poet. But they were the most trustworthy elements of our army. They were old volunteers. They were Fascists that felt once again in the incandescent atmosphere of the streets of Rome and other cities the poetry of the war and of the victory. They started, armed, from Ronchi.

The occupation of Fiume, at the moment when the English sailors were getting ready to evacuate it, was rapid and fulminant. The government, as soon as it knew the truth, wanted to rush to offset the raid. It meditated the blockade, it sent thunder against the rebels. But D'Annunzio and his legionaries, having prepared their action in silence, now threw down a gauntlet of audacious challenge to the Nittian triflings.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, before starting from Ronchi, wrote me the following letter:

Dear Companion: The dice are on the table. Tomorrow I shall take Fiume with forces of arms. The God of Italy assist us!

I arise from bed with fever. But it is impossible to delay. Once more the spirit dominates the miserable flesh.

Sum up the article that the Gazetta del Popolo will publish; give the end in full.

Sustain the cause without stint during the conflict.

I embrace you,
GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.
11 September, 1919.

The Italian atmosphere, for so long checked and humiliated, exploded like Vesuvius after the announcement of the new D'Annunzian gesture. Again we heard the tune of high sentiments of fraternity and of enthusiasm. Again we felt the spirit of May, 1915.

The best of our manhood felt the breath of poetry that came from this sacred liberation carried on in the face of the policy of the Nittian government.

Fascism Tries its Wings

The Fascisti were amongst the ardent legionaries of Fiume, while at home they were leading resistance against the defeatists, old and new. The Italian colonists all over the world—these colonists who had followed with anxiety and with unspeakable fright the negotiations of Versailles—sent money in great quantity for D'Annunzio's expedition. Fiume felt the intuition of its salvation. Manifestations of frantic enthusiasm. Audacity had repaired injustice; the city was strongly held, so that it could resist by force of arms and with courage all the Nittian or international interference.

The president of the council, Nitti, in parliament on this occasion, summoned up the dangerous idea of protest by a general strike. By his ambiguous language he invited the classes which leaned toward socialism, and especially the socialists and radicals themselves, to agitate for street demonstrations against D'Annunzio's enterprise.

Nitti, after conversations with Trumbic, the Jugo-Slav minister, saw all his tangled net of humiliating understandings going to pieces by the will of a few brave boys.

Nitti, attacked forefront and exasperated in his mad and miserable dream, plotted with every means to overcome the resistance of the Fiumean legionaries. The soldiers were declared deserters. The city was blockaded so that economic pressure would squeeze the spirit of the citizens. Parliament was closed and the elections were fixed for November 16, 1919, under the troublesome proportional system.

The elections reëstablished, for a moment, an apparent truce. Every party wanted to measure the masses and the groupings.

I wanted the Fascisti to try alone the chance of the elections. We did not ally ourselves with any other party, even with the nearest to them—the Nationalists. The atmosphere was against us, but it was necessary to count our own heads. It was necessary to know, even through the means of elections, what point had been reached by the Italian nation in moral disintegration and in moral reawakening as a victorious nation. I created an electoral committee with little means, but with courage enough. I ordered meetings for the principal towns of Italy and especially in Milan.

I remember so vividly the meeting on the Piazza Belgicoso. How typical it was! The place was a lonesome corner of old Milan, where, from a camion that was used for a tribune, on a dark night, by the light of torches, I addressed a big closely pressed crowd. They were people not only from Milan but from other towns. The Fascisti of Bologna, of Turin, of Rome and of Naples had in fact sent their representatives in order to have precise rules and sure orders for the impending electoral battle.

I made on this occasion some declarations of principles that still stand in the Fascisti line. They have served me as a guide in all my political actions.

I said that revolutions were not to be denied *a priori;* that they might be discussed. I said that the Italian people could not copy Russian Bolshevism. We have in the history of our political struggles our own elements of greatness of concept. These have given to the spirit of the time all the strength of their Italian genius and the qualities of their Italian courage.

"If a revolution," said I, "has to take place, it is necessary to make one typically Italian, on the magnificent dimensions of the ideas of Mazzini and with the spirit of Carlo Pisacane."

I had already, clear and strong, in my mind the concept of complete rebellion against the decrepit old state that did not know itself how to die.

The elections of the sixteenth of November took place and the Fascisti were beaten. I faced, and all of us faced, complete defeat. Not one of us had the necessary votes to become a member of parliament. Some Nationalists saved themselves in Rome and were later excellent interpreters of the national idea in the wallow of general bewilderment. At Milan, I was a long way off from the number of votes necessary to be elected. It was tragic—our record—but in the passage of time it is amusing and may be remembered by all losers.

Some Dark Hours

Our uneasiness was now profound. The crowd was anti-Fascist. Under the skin of the population a sad illusion was being fed; in their minds a dark hope was stirring. The coming of Bolshevism! The plan for seizing the means of production, the installation of the soviets in Italy!

Avanti had already published the general scheme and its details. My defeat did not bother me from any personal consideration. It gave me a clear and precise idea of the desperateness of our situation. The socialist newspaper wrote on that occasion a short notice about me: "A dead body has been fished up from the Naviglio." It was said in this note that in the night, in the modest Naviglio canal that cuts Milan in two, a dead body had been picked up. According to the documents they said it could be identified as the dead body of Benito Mussolini—his political corpse. They did not say that its eyes were gazing ahead.

Amidst the general feast of their victory the socialists did not forget to imitate a regular funeral. This parade passed through the streets with a coffin, surrounded with burning candles. There were ribald psalms on the air. The strange procession, however, showed the distress and shoddiness of its ranks; it passed up and down the city of Milan—a city that had become now the absolute property of the socialists. The procession passed under the windows of my house, where my family was living in anxiety amidst the general anxieties and with violence trembling in the air. I have not forgotten the episode, but I always see it in its frame—the frame of the misery and of the threadbareness of the paraders.

The elections had given 150 seats to the socialists in parliament. They were themselves frightened by their staggering success.

SHOULD a blonde wear a *black* swimming suit?

"NOT necessarily black," answers Hazel Adler, international color authority, "although for years black has been almost synonymous with blondes!

"Today, Fashion demands a colorful and harmonious ensemble in all attire, particularly for swimming. Simply choose the Jantzen colors (for both your suit and accessories) that enhance the beauty of your individual coloring."

Send now for the "*Jantzen Color Harmony Guide*" by this famous authority. It will aid you in selecting the color of your Jantzen which best suits your personality. Or better, secure your copy from local Jantzen merchant . . . see the new models there! Newest is the Jantzen "*Twosome*." New colors, too! Bright hues, pastel shades, distinctive stripings. Color-fast; being literally *dyed-in-the-wool*.

Jantzen combines smart appearance with perfect freedom for active swimming. Tightly knitted from long-fibred wool by the Jantzen-stitch process, a Jantzen fits you lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle.* Being extremely elastic, it *retains* its shape.

Jantzen's size-by-weight system assures you perfect fit. Just state your weight in street clothes. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

This emblem is your guarantee of sanitation and safety. It is displayed by more than 200 of the finest pools and beaches in America.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE COLOR HARMONY GUIDE

Name_____ Address_____

The situation was saved by the South of Italy—always more faithful to men than to organized mass parties.

The victory, of course, swelled up in most socialists a desire to dominate. It distended their impudent abuse of power. Enormous processions with red flags, howling in the streets, strikes called not for protest but for celebration occupied a whole week.

At Milan a crowd of 30,000 demanded that the red flag should be exposed on the Municipal Building. During the cock-crowing over victory, all institutions, rules and regulations and orderly life were upset.

Nobody thought about work. That last of all! Only an audacious handful formed by Fascisti, *arditis* and Fiumean elements resisted the intoxication. An incident was provoked because of this. Bombs were thrown, a few were killed and many wounded. A commission of socialist members of parliament, headed by Filippo Turati, marched up the stairs of the Prefettura—the governor's office of Milan—to claim my arrest and the arrest of the Fascisti chiefs.

That was an episode of political partisanship useless and evil. The authorities showed weakness and fear. They wanted to give satisfaction to the socialists. But my clear and straight-lined political action did not suffer from this abuse of power. Having been let out after only one day of imprisonment, I consulted with my associates as to the whole work before us. What should we do now? How could we act before the damage to Italy became irreparable?

A Private Fortress

The electoral tragedy had broken up our central committees. Many of us had been arrested, many threatened, had disappeared. Little by little, calm having been restored, I rewove at the Popolo d'Italia the fabric of our cause and tried to build again the structure of our organization. In various meetings I explained the gravity of the Italian situation. I spoke independently of the particular attitude of the Fascisti.

The victory of the socialists was a danger, not so much because of the fact itself as because of the phenomenal retreat to their holes of all the weak and the incapables which followed the day after the socialist victory. That victory crushed the liberals and the democrats. For some time a low furtive literature of propaganda had spread stories about disquieting episodes in the defeated German and Austrian countries. This literature spun narratives about professors obliged to become servants and scullions, Russian princesses engaged as ballet dancers, generals that were selling matches on the streets. All this, put together with the socialist victory, produced a wave of fright in all classes, and I could see a serious fact of corruption and political paralysis. The old parties had been beaten by pussyfoot socialism. That socialism had no aim. It was victorious only through cowardice in the others and because of the general uneasiness in the population. Certainly it did not win on any declaration of a great faith.

I did not fold under the smallest edge of my flag. From my editor's office that was getting thinner and thinner, to my readers that were getting rarer and rarer, I addressed the most bitter and severe exhortations to resist, resist, resist.

I made a little fortress out of the editor's office. The newspaper was sequestrated and censored every day; but notwithstanding difficulties and lack of means, I succeeded in keeping the little paper alive. I was throttled by the skinny hand of poverty. I could have sold out, but I held on.

The Man Nobody Knew

So that I might be completely withdrawn from circulation, various messengers of the Nittian government came to me advising me to go and study the autonomous republics of Southern Russia. I understood the game. They acted with me as they acted with D'Annunzio when they advised him to try the flight from Rome to Tokio. But D'Annunzio was now still resisting at Fiume, and I, with my newspaper, was renewing and reassembling the dispersed ranks of the Fascisti. I held meetings constantly. Not for a moment did I cease my activity. It cannot be said that I failed to look the triumphant beast in the face.

One day, just after the elections, I had to go personally because of postal regulations to the money-order window of the main post office in Milan. I was to receive some considerable contributions that Italians from oversea colonies were sending for the Fiume enterprise. In the huge buildings of the Central Post Office one could still see visible signs of the elections—the murmur of the discussions, the stenciled inscriptions on the walls were all there. I presented myself with my brother, Arnaldo, at the window of the money-order office.

The Bolshevik clerk, with evident irony, said I had to make myself known. He did not know any "certain Benito Mussolini." A short discussion arose that attracted other Bolshevik elements, who amused themselves by affirming that nobody knew Benito Mussolini. The development of this discussion, impudently provoking, was stopped by an old clerk of the post office, a faithful servant of the state who certainly was not intoxicated by the socialist success.

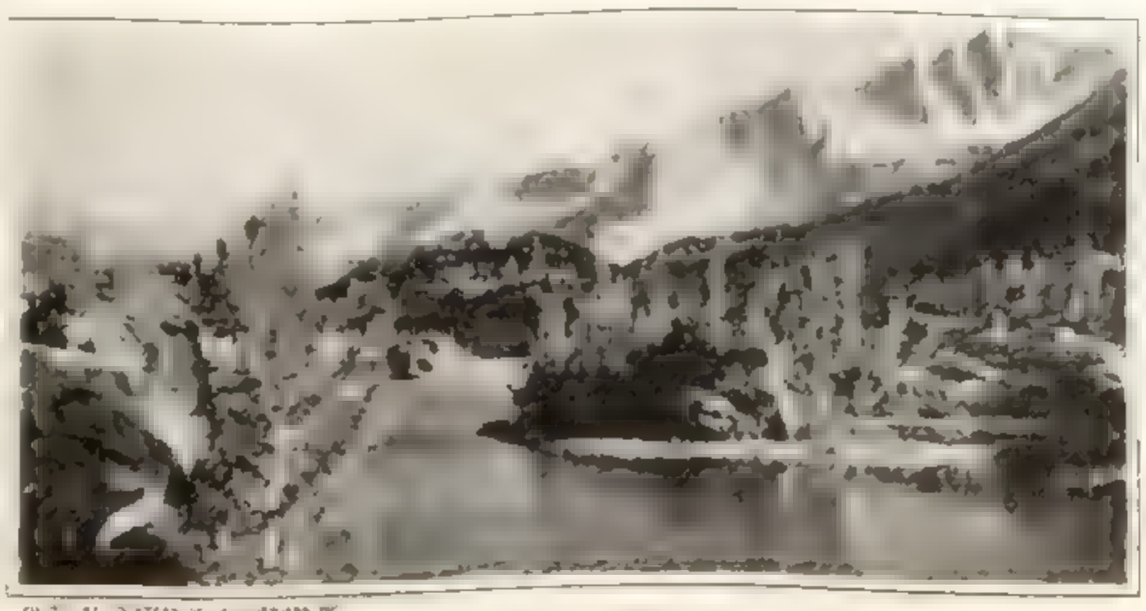
He said, "Pay this money transfer. Do not be silly. Mussolini has a name that is not only known now here but will be known and judged all over the world."

I have never learned the name of this gentleman. He was straight and fair.

Some symptoms of reaction against the socialist victory were to be noticed now. One day at the editor's office of the newspaper, facing the anxieties of my associates and the doubts of some half-consciences in my service, I felt it necessary to disclose my own hopes and faiths:

"Don't fear. Italy will heal herself from this illness. But without our watchfulness it might be deadly. We will resist! Resist! I should say so! Indeed, within two years I will have my turn!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in an early issue.



Long Lake, California

NO ROOF TROUBLES FOR THE OWNER OF *THIS* BUILDING

WHAT'S the best thing that can be said of a roof—once it's laid? Just this—it's a roof that you can forget.

A roof that never raises a rumpus about repairs and maintenance—a roof so trouble-free that you never have to give it a second thought. And this, of course, is exactly what you get in a Barrett Specification Roof.

When a Barrett Specification Roof is completed the building owner receives a Surety Bond, guaranteeing him against repair or maintenance for the next 20 years.*

Twenty years—that's leaping ahead to 1948, the middle of the century. How can any roof, no matter how finely constructed, last so long?

That question has already been answered. You've read the series of advertisements which have appeared in this publication during the past year. These advertisements showed a number of well-known American landmarks—business buildings that have survived from the 70's, 80's and 90's—roofed with Barrett Pitch and Felt! And these old Barrett Roofs, without repairs, stood weather-tight not merely 20 years but 30, 40 and even 50 years. (Is it thinkable that the Surety Company which bonds Barrett Specification Roofs for 20 years would shoulder this responsibility if it were not for such records?)

But don't think there is anything mysterious about these records. Building a good roof is not very different from building a bridge. Correct design—the Barrett Specification. Proved materials—Barrett Specification Pitch and Felt. Careful workmanship—a Barrett Inspector checks up on every detail of construction.

Interested in that kind of roof? Then write us for full information.

*The Barrett Company also offers a Specification Type "A" Roof which is bonded for 10 years. This type of roof is adaptable to a certain class of buildings. The same high-grade materials are used, the only difference being in the quantities.

Depend on the Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay the Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA
The Barrett Company, Limited
5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec

Barrett Specification Roofs

Tooth paste takes your youngsters to the ball game

How come, you ask? Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please.

Compare this dentifrice to *any*. The results will convince you.

When you try Listerine Tooth Paste we ask you to note the following:

How white and gleaming it makes teeth after a few brushings.

How swiftly it sweeps tartar from the gum line—yet how *gently*.

How delightfully clean and stimulated your entire mouth feels when brushing is over.

We spent fifty years studying tooth and mouth troubles, and in Listerine Tooth Paste we have a dentifrice of which we are proud. Compare its results with those of any dentifrice you have used before. Don't buy unless you feel that Listerine Tooth Paste performs the tooth-brushing task more efficiently.

The price of 25c, of course, is possible only because of our advanced manufacturing methods and mass production.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large tube 25¢

THE SECRET OF RICHES

(Continued from Page 31)

of several European countries after the war in respect to the worthlessness of bonds when paid in depreciating currency.

In the second place, the increasing popularity of common stocks must be in no slight degree ascribed to a book written by Edgar Lawrence Smith and published in 1924, entitled Common Stocks as Long Term Investments. This work contains the results of a series of twelve tests covering various periods, in each of which ten common stocks were selected upon a preestablished formula, in order that their selection might not be influenced by after knowledge, and one thousand dollars of each stock is assumed to have been bought.

The years in which purchases were made include rising and falling prices, panics and booms. The holdings are assumed to have been retained for periods ranging from sixteen to twenty-one years, and only one of the twelve tests shows that bonds would have been the more profitable. All manner of hostile criticism and analysis has been hurled against Mr. Smith's statistics, but apparently without avail. They seem to stand up against all attacks.

As everyone knows, it has been the custom to buy bonds to avoid speculation, and because stocks were considered instable. Investors have felt that they must renounce all likelihood of appreciation or gain, else they should be looked upon as speculators. Fixed contractual obligations have somehow been regarded as the very synonym of investment, prudent morally and legally, as well as in fact. Loans have been considered the only pure article.

But the fixed obligations, such as bonds, mortgages, bank deposits and life-insurance policies, are merely promises or contracts to repay a given number of dollars. If, when the dollars are repaid, they purchase only a part of what they were able to purchase at the time the bond was originally bought, the owner has not really been investing, he has been speculating on the future commodity-price level and he has lost. In simpler words, bonds are practically defenseless against a depreciating dollar, whereas stocks tend to gain thereby.

Thus it is seen that what is called safety of principal is only an obligation to repay a fixed number of fluctuating measures of value. It is impossible to keep the principal at a fixed point if the dollar declines in purchasing power. Mr. Smith says the only way to keep it from going down is to see that it goes up. In other words, merely to conserve dollars is not to conserve livelihood. In such a case the fixed obligation is not really safe and stable; it only appears so.

Where a Dollar is Always a Dollar

All this is easy enough to understand, but the investor is sorely puzzled when he stops to realize that the great protective and fiduciary institutions, savings banks, life-insurance companies and trust companies, invest almost solely in fixed contracts—in bonds and mortgages. If these investments are good enough for institutions with hundreds of millions or even billions of assets, why are they not good enough for the individual?

What the investor forgets is that the institution is not required by law or habit or tradition to conserve the purchasing power of an annuity or deposit or trust fund; it is expected only to make sure that there shall be no losses in dollars. This idea is so ingrained that the trust company fears one loss in dollars more than it welcomes many gains. Its ideal of safety is that there shall be no fluctuations in the number of dollars committed to its care.

As the institution promises to repay only dollars, it is investing wisely and conservatively when it buys dollars in the form of bonds and mortgages. It cannot afford to show temporary market shrinkages; it promises only to repay in dollars and it rightly concentrates upon them. But the individual need not fear temporary market shrinkages in values—so runs the argument—provided only when he comes to use the dollars their purchasing power has increased. With him the comfort and happiness of families are at stake; he is concerned with the cost of living and purchasing power, not with promissory dollar obligations.

Thus far the argument sounds entirely one-sided. Why should anyone buy bonds at all? Now that shares are available in investment trusts, which are supposed to iron out any possible losses, the persistence of individuals in continuing to purchase bonds, mortgages, annuities, trust funds, life-insurance policies and savings-bank deposits seems the more remarkable.

Stock Selling and Thrift

Unfortunately, the average individual cannot be counted upon surely to choose a single stock, or even a group of stocks, that will show gains over the period of time during which he happens to own them. As for investment trusts, as a class, they are not as yet sufficiently tested or seasoned to appreciably modify the accuracy of the foregoing statement. Mr. Smith has proved that stocks can show large accretions; no one has even attempted to prove that on the average they necessarily do show such gains in the hands of the individual investor.

It is better to lose part of the purchasing power of one's dollars in a bond or annuity or trust fund than all of it in stocks. As a matter of common knowledge billions of dollars have been sunk in worthless shares—in hundreds of thousands of different ones. Total losses are possible in bonds, but taking the whole field of stock and bond securities, I think there is no disagreement that the probability of total loss is less in bonds. And if we compare all stocks in which investors have put their money in the past twenty or thirty years, with all trust funds, life-insurance policies and savings-bank deposits, the comparison would be even more decidedly against stocks.

Mr. Smith's researches have been challenged by many critics, on the ground that some other or more complete tests might upset the findings of the particular tests which he used, but the critics have not themselves undertaken any tests. Mr. Smith does not see any reason for entering the discussion until the critics have completed the arduous labor of making the elaborate comparisons which they suggest. His position is entirely fair, but he is the last one to deny that if all stocks were compared with all fixed obligations the results might be very different.

No one has ever made such a study and no one knows positively what it would show. But we do know, as a matter of experience and human nature, that very insistent emphasis upon the advantages of common stocks may well tend to play into the hands of the get-rich-quick swindler. Lawrence Chamberlain, author of a textbook on bond investments, goes so far as to say that the common-stock cult is "something in the nature of a breakdown of social conventions and ethical morale after the war." Buying good stocks for long-term appreciation is not speculation, but a very large part of all stock buying is rash, ill-informed and due solely to temporary delusions of grandeur which disappear with the next falling market.

It is the instinctive if not consciously reasoned out appreciation of such facts as these on the part of the great bulk of our people which accounts for the enormous and rapidly increasing sums placed in trust, the continued growth of savings banks, the augmenting popularity of annuities and the seventy or eighty billions of dollars of life insurance now in force. The young man with a wife and two children to support knows that if he buys the right common stocks he will be rich some day. But he may die before he has bought enough for the purpose or before he has discovered whether his selections were wise, and then his loved ones will be in want. Unless the American dollar disappears as completely as the old German mark, he knows that the insurance-company obligation will positively do what it purports to do.

The savings bank is rather sneered at these days, and no doubt the great mutual-savings system in the Northeastern section of the country, as well as the savings departments of ordinary banks elsewhere, are being used more and more as temporary reservoirs for money which the individual will later on invest directly. On the other hand, no other form of investment can take the place of the savings bank as an emergency fund, and it is an institution which goes right on serving the public generation upon generation after each succeeding fever of the market place has died away. In their study of Employe Stock Ownership in the United States, Foerster and Dietel point out that to meet an employe's interest or needs, a stock-selling plan should expressly state that a stock investment ought not to take the place of a simple savings account held in reserve for emergencies and capable of being turned into cash at its face value.

"Nothing could be more ill-advised than to confuse a stock-selling plan with a thrift plan and to imply that the share of stock has all the advantages of a nest-egg savings account."

A recent investigation of the loan-shark evil in New York City showed that numbers of owners of automobiles who had borrowed on the strength of their cars had lost them through inability to meet an installment payment of two or three dollars. Nothing could be more preposterous than to take title to a piece of property like an automobile without also being the owner of some kind of emergency fund.

Conspicuously Absent Profits

If we consider the times, often entirely erroneous, when people get in and out of stocks, the failure of the great gains to show themselves is only too apparent. Anyone can name numerous large, powerful corporations in basic industries which boast no profits on common stocks in recent years. Perhaps they will prove very profitable in the future; no one can say. One large oil company reported earnings in 1927 of less than one-quarter of those for 1926. Some years ago oil was considered the open sesame to riches; it has not produced them of late.

There were many years in which common stocks of utility companies showed no appreciation, and doubtless thousands of discouraged holders lost heavily, although those who hung on gained. The Rockefellers and Mellons, both supposed to be very capable investing groups, are the largest or very large shareholders in two of the chief bituminous coal-mining companies. The enormous profits made in the bituminous-coal industry are conspicuous by their absence.

The great packing companies have not shown gains to get excited about on their common stocks in recent years. Nor have the copper companies, nor fertilizer companies, nor some of the largest textile, steel, paper and rubber manufacturers. If we consider the false starts that so many industries are compelled to make, the ups and downs of prices and dividends, and the human tendency to get in and out at precisely the wrong time, the advantages of common stocks as investments begin to fade.

The investor who has bought the right stocks at the right point in the business cycle can laugh at those who hold only conservative bonds, but the bondholder is far better off than the poor devil who bought the wrong stocks at the wrong time. The practical solution for many people obviously

(Continued on Page 109)

Varsity
"Sturdi-chex"
The finest $1 union suit made!
You needn't take our word for it—you be the judge.
Notice the fine texture of Varsity Sturdi-chex. Notice the fine tailoring and the careful attention to detail.
Provide now for a summer of comfort. Buy a half-dozen suits of Varsity Sturdi-chex tomorrow.
Varsity
UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

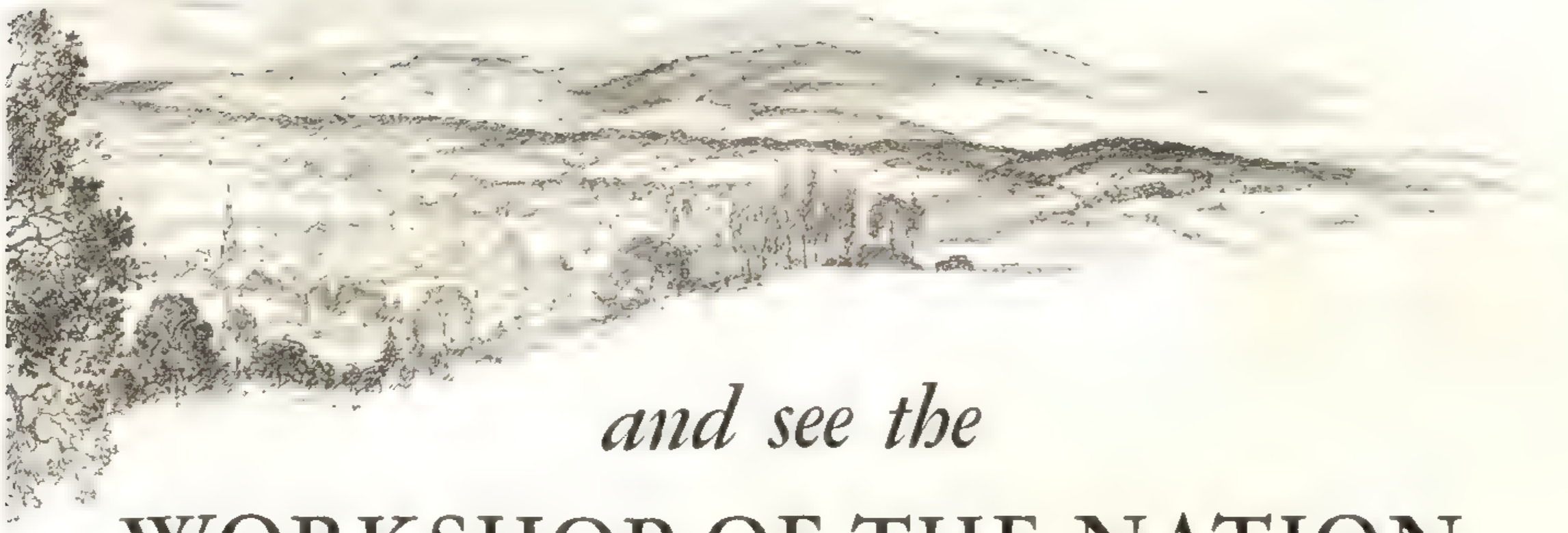
Come to

THE Standard Oil Company of New York through its Socony Touring Service will help you plan your tour and advise you of road conditions in New England and New York State. Address Socony Touring Service (Room 268), 26 Broadway, New York City.

You may also obtain unusually fine road maps of the territory either by writing in advance, or at the 30,000 Socony Stations.

The courteous service at these stations, and the uniform quality of Socony Gasoline and Motor Oil, will also add to the pleasure of your trip.

NEW ENGLAND *this Summer*



and see the WORKSHOP OF THE NATION

COME to New England because its hills and woods and beaches are a glorious playground —

Come and see where history was made —

Come to the colleges where education in America began, and from which men and women have carried culture and ideals across this great continent —

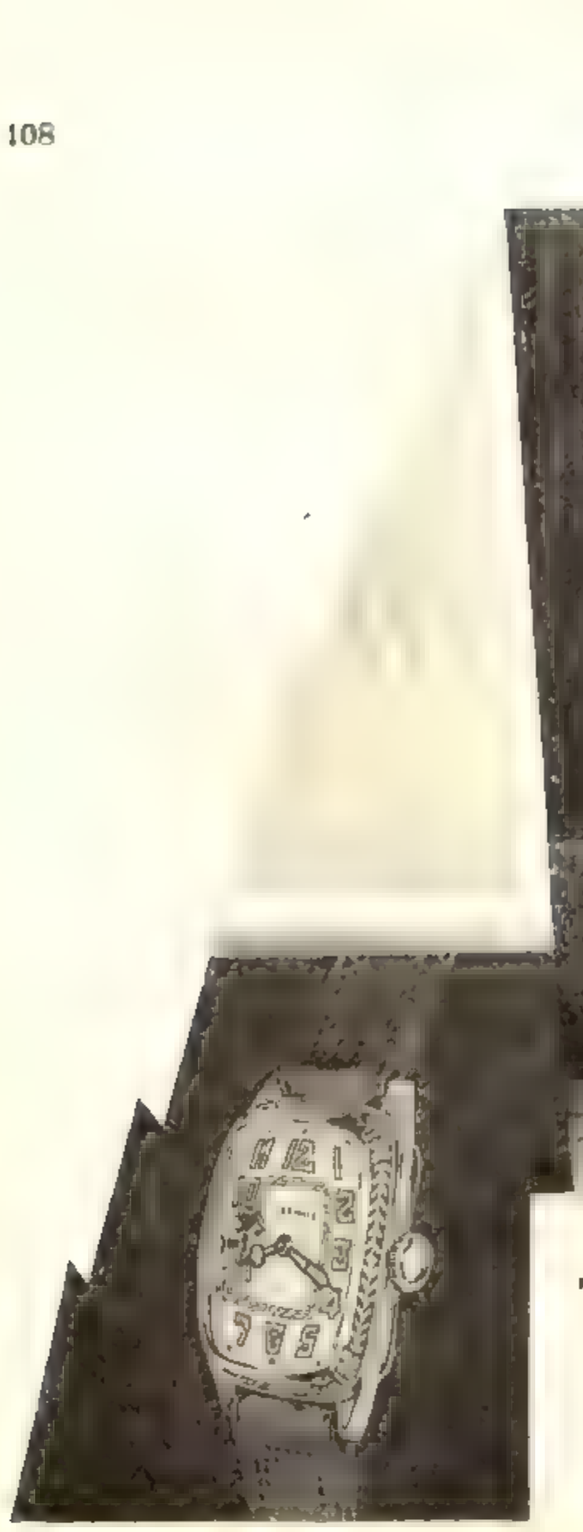
But come also because New England is the Nation's workshop. Here Yankee ingenuity made the inventions from which great businesses have grown. Here the skill of the worker has been passed down for generations from father to son. Here, in almost every little town, is a factory whose product is known and used, not only in America, but all over the civilized world.

There is no better education in Americanism for your children than a tour through this lovely and friendly land. Many of the industries are open to visitors. All the historic shrines are open. And everywhere you will find clean, inexpensive inns, and hospitable people eager to make you welcome.

Bundle the children into the car, put in the luggage too, start your good motor, and come.

GASOLINE SOCONY MOTOR OIL

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK



The new Marquis-Strap. Unusually attractive 14k gold-filled case, curved to the arc of the wrist, fitted with 17-jeweled movement of very high quality. $50.

Extremely small and smart rectangular wrist watch with fine 17-jeweled movement in 18k solid white gold case, hand engraved or inlaid enamel. $75.

There's a Golden Rule of Giving

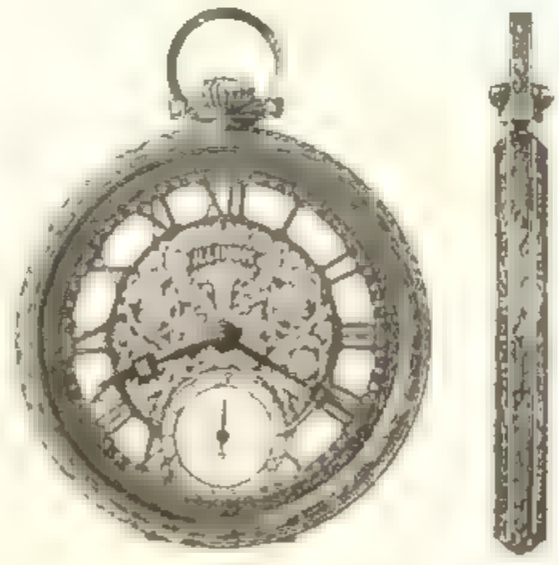
Suppose it were your own graduation that's so near. Isn't there some one gift you might prize above all others—some gift peculiarly appropriate, useful, lasting? Isn't that what you should choose to give?

Such a gift, surely, is a good watch. And here in America are made watches which maintain standards of accuracy and service that are unsurpassed in the world. One of these is Illinois.

Illinois is one of the oldest and one of the greatest American watches. For more than 50 years Illinois Watches have been made with such ideals of precision and artistry that many which have been carried twenty, thirty, even forty years are still giving satisfactory service.

Give the kind of a watch you would want for yourself. And when you buy it, just ask your jeweler to show you an Illinois. He has known them ever since he has been in business, and he knows what a good watch an Illinois is.

The thin, Cushion Model Marquis-Autocrat. A very popular model in 14k gold-filled case, plain or engraved oxidized, fitted with fine 17-jeweled movement, $55. Other Marquis-Autocrat models at $75 and $60.



The A. Lincoln. A very thin watch worthy of its name. 14k green or white solid gold, full chased, fitted with exceptionally accurate 19 jeweled movement, $100. Other A. Lincoln models in gold-filled cases at $75.

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS RAILROAD WATCHES

(Continued from Page 105)

enough is a diversification as between stocks and bonds. This serves as a hedge against a changing level of commodity prices and a fluctuating dollar. If the cost of living is to fall for some years to come, bonds will clearly have advantages.

The British investment trusts have never confined themselves entirely to common stocks; in fact, the bulk of their holdings have been and are in bonds and preferred stocks. A summary of twenty-six leading British trusts last June showed 42 per cent in bonds, 29.1 per cent preferred stocks and 28.9 per cent in common stocks. Possibly the British, in a less rapidly growing country, may not be so inclined to common stocks as we.

But it would be most unfair to the proponents of common stocks as long-term investments to leave the subject here. Their theory is that the average investor should not enter the field of common stocks without guidance from investment counselors or organizations competent to give the same. That is, in attacking the old idea of sole reliance upon bonds, they feel they have no right to remove lighthouses and channel markings unless at the same time they can establish other channel markings and other lighthouses to keep investors off the rocks and out of reach of pirates. The average investor, according to this school of thought, is no more competent to manage his own funds than to design his own house or make his own shoes. A man cannot be expert in two fields; he should buy other men's brains in the line which he does not know.

It cannot be said that in the past investment service developed along professional lines. Many honest and able men have sold quantities of good securities to investors, but there has been no rigid professional training for such service as there is for, let us say, medicine. Investors have been flattered and cajoled by salesmen to buy stuff which carried big commissions. Any young college fledgling, with no other vocational leaning, could set himself up an investment firm and get away with it, provided only he knew enough prospects. It has been a sales game rather than a profession.

Other People's Money

Now, it is this line of thought which leads on inevitably to the investment trust, which, if run perfectly, should prove about the best form of investment known. Certainly the investor himself cannot buy "general business conditions," "the market as a whole," or any other similar abstraction. If he wants a share in the cooperative advantages of a fund and expert guidance in relation to "general business conditions" and "the market as a whole," the investment trust offers these advantages, theoretically at least.

Some of the practical difficulties were reviewed in a previous article, but, speaking briefly, it takes time to build up organizations with managers who are not only honest but competent, qualified practitioners, able to appraise and neutralize risks, to give the type of supervision and eternal vigilance required, and content to observe certain conservative financial practices without which all enterprises go on the rocks sooner or later.

Unfortunately, investment counseling and management as a profession is so new that standards of training, experience and conduct are pretty vague. When people talk about investment counsel and management, they usually have stocks in mind. This is natural enough, because where the rigid trust-fund contractual type of investment is followed, even the stupid man cannot go far wrong, provided he is honest. One does not need to be a Napoleon of finance to handle trust funds, if only the established traditions, customs and laws governing such matters are followed.

There are cynics who say that any man who is interested in and able to buy stocks intelligently for long-term appreciation is essentially out to win for himself and not for the other fellow. He has not the temperament to manage other people's funds. That should be left to the possibly slower-witted but more dependable trust-officer type of person.

But I do not see why this should necessarily be the case, or should continue to be so in the future. One man who is apparently sincere in his efforts to manage large sums, partly in common stocks, for clients, remarks that there are ways of appraising different common stocks at different times, but it is a rather dull and arduous business which does not appeal at all to the speculative type of mind.

"I would say that the results of such arduous appraisal are much easier to apply to a large impersonal fund—in which one may have an interest, to be sure—than to apply directly to one's own investments. I have tried it, and whereas I am led at times to act upon insufficient information with regard to my own money, I find it easier to make sure that all of our information, properly recorded and presented to the board, substantiates our opinion, before recommending a purchase or sale on behalf of our funds."

Diversification in Stocks

There are, indeed, signs of agitation in favor of common stocks as legal trust-fund investments. But summing up the arguments, I fear that when the bars are lowered there will be appalling losses from overconfidence, inexperience and incompetence. Trust Companies, a magazine which represents these fiduciaries, remarks that if all trustees were as well equipped as the more successful and senior trust institutions there would probably be much good in legalizing stocks.

"But to let down the bars of existing responsibility and accountability to all fiduciaries, including individuals, is a horse of a different color. The fact is only too apparent, particularly in view of the rapid increase in numbers of banks and trust companies acquiring trust powers, that all corporate fiduciaries, and much less individuals, are not well equipped to assume added risks. Whereas the experienced trustees are perhaps limited by the legal list, certainly it imposes necessary restraints upon the inexperienced trustee."

The recent emphasis upon common stocks in this country has resulted in one curious variation from British custom in forming investment trusts. In Great Britain the only known type seems to be the mobile management, or discretionary, trust. But we have another type as well, variously known as rigid, static, banker's share, or stock conversion. It is easy to set up, easy for the investor to understand and requires no ability to manage. But it must not be condemned offhand for this reason.

Anyone can set up a fixed trust. All one has to do is to buy a group, or portfolio, of well-known, popular stocks, deposit them with a reputable bank or trust company as trustee or custodian and then sell shares of small denomination against the deposited securities. The shares sell like hot cakes, because no one, least of all the promoter or manager, can tamper with the deposited security. The bank sees to that. The investor has no worry that unwise substitutions will be made and unfortunate later investments entered into.

The management assumes no responsibility whatever; it does not manage anything except to make the initial selection, and does not pretend to. The investment is fixed, crystallized, frozen, but in a score or more of the best securities, according to general rating at the time they are purchased. Any time the investor chooses to present enough certificates or shares to the bank, he will be handed the underlying block of securities.

The small investor in this way often gets the benefit of diversification in stocks which might be too high priced for him to buy directly. He need not worry as to whether the management will eventually turn out to be rotten; there is practically no possibility of fraud, unless the commission charged is so high as to constitute fraud in substance. The investor is, as it were, shooting his own

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The Athletic pants (also known as "shorts") are made of light broadcloth, with fancy two-colored effect. They fit the waist comfortably, without binding. The legs are cut extra wide, so they hang straight down along your trousers. They never twist or bunch.

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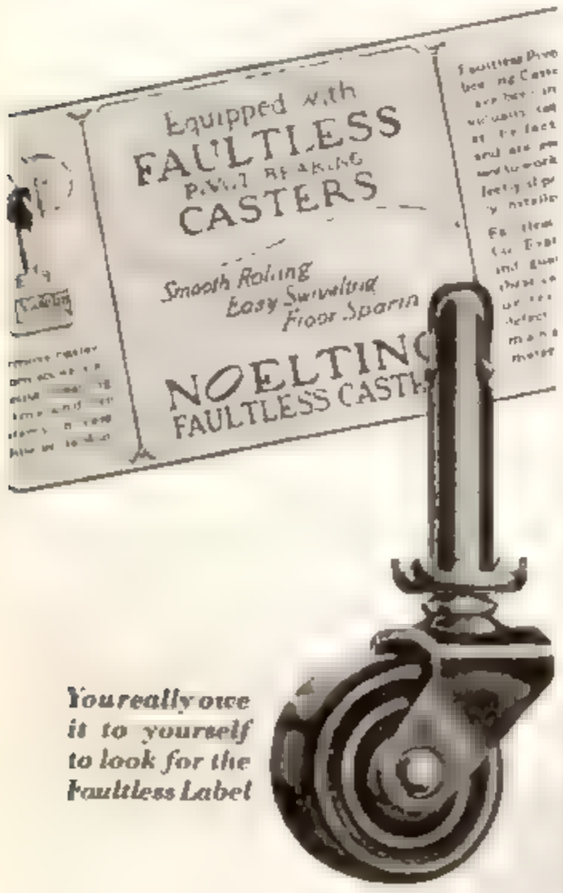

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dice and depending upon no one but himself, while enjoying partnership in the country's leading enterprises and having his money spread over numerous risks.

In reply to the charge that the fixed trust is bound to suffer from the total lack of management, the theory is advanced that over a period of years a list of well-known common stocks will, on balance, advance in dividends and market values. In other words, it is argued that a diversified list will always move forward.

But the fixed trust has its own defects. It presents a wide-open opportunity for greedy promoters to charge ignorant investors an excessive fee.

Fixed Trusts and Changing Markets

After all, there is something just a little absurd in paying high fees up to 10 per cent, or even more, for standard listed securities which can be bought directly for a commission of a fraction of 1 per cent through any bank or broker. There may be justification in paying substantial fees for investment management when the securities handled are little known to the general public and require expert investigation, but the individual investor probably knows as much about Standard Oil or United States Steel or National City Bank as the enterprising promoters who put them into fixed portfolios and sell the units at fat profits. And if the reply be that the individual cannot afford to diversify so much himself, it may be suggested that even diversification must not be paid for too dearly.

In a sense an investor in a fixed trust has taken a permanent bull position. He cannot sell part of the stocks, if some of them turn out poorly, as long as he keeps his unit. Even savings banks, trust companies and life-insurance companies shift investments. Presumably, in a big declining market, the shares of fixed trusts would drop in keeping with the decline in the underlying collateral. But whether the shares would have as good a market as the collateral itself, not being listed, is a question. In fact the whole relation of fixed trusts to market prices, although much discussed, is shrouded in mystery and confusion.

What I mean is that critics of this form of investment insist that the issuance and sale of shares or participating certificates in fixed or rigid funds compel the purchase of securities called for, regardless of the heights to which prices may be driven by such buying. It is charged that investment trusts, especially of the rigid type, concentrate too much upon a few stocks and constitute an artificial stimulant to an already extreme bull position. Others ridicule these fears and point to the insignificant percentage of all purchases which the fixed trusts are responsible for.

But it should be noted that all manner of investing, holding and promoting companies have been organized recently to purchase stocks in banks and in fire, casualty and title-insurance companies; stocks which, from the very nature of the case, possess only a limited market, and a market which, especially in the case of banks, should be free from speculation. Significantly, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in its last report, mentions "a number of developments in the course of the year which would appear to deserve careful scrutiny." Among them it names "an unusual amount of speculation in bank stocks and what appears to be an excessive activity in the organization of companies to purchase bank stocks."

Banks exist only because of a high degree of public confidence, which in turn is promoted by the knowledge that the stockholders are subjected to a double liability in case of failure. But suppose the stock is owned by a hybrid horde of financial companies instead of by John Smith, wholesale druggist, and Mary Smith, wealthy widow of a hardware manufacturer. It is probable that the beneficial shareholders of these companies cannot be forced to pay, and no one knows whether the companies themselves will have anything in their treasuries when storms break. In other words, direct responsibility is diluted and confused.

Besides, as bank stocks fall into the hands of investment trusts and holding companies, control of the banks to that extent goes to promoters who are operating not with their own money but with the public's. Any irresponsible person can get up an investment company, sell millions in dollars of nonvoting debentures and preferred stock to the profit-mad public, give himself the common stock, and with the proceeds of the senior securities buy up control or at least large holdings in the most important banks. This simple device enables any cheap adventurer to dig himself into the greatest of banks without even investing his own money.

A few financial companies specializing in the purchase of bank stocks are managed by able and astute men. But imitators with a distinctly second or third rate reputation are also to be found. How they can improve the management of banks is a mystery; indeed they probably have no banking program in mind, being content to profit while the speculative fury in bank stocks lasts. In some cases at least it is the old, old game of shoestring finance.

In one such instance the officers of a holding company which had bought heavily into an old substantial bank, without the desire of the management, telephoned the president to say that they were sending up several thousand shares of the holding-company stock for the bank to purchase. The president had sense enough to consult the state and Federal banking authorities, and that particular piece of jugglery was nipped in the bud.

Because many banks have an amply sustained dividend record their stocks have long stood as excellent investments. But competition is becoming keener, costly interest rates have to be paid for deposits and general expenses are increasing. There is no royal road to success in banking. It is to be suspected that much of the buying recently has not been due to analysis of earning power but solely to the glamour cast by an enormous future natural appreciation in values.

Then, on top of this good will is superimposed, as it were, a further layer of good will, or market discounting of future earnings, in the stock of the holding companies themselves.

Thus far these corporate operations in bank stocks have been conducted in a period of continuously rising prices. If the tide should turn and large numbers of investment trusts and holding companies sought to realize their paper profits, there might well be a severe drop in bank-stock quotations.

Employe-and-Customer Ownership

Chairman McFadden, of the House of Representatives Committee on Banking and Currency, who has studied the subject from many points of view, says it all comes down to a question of whether the law can say who is a proper person to own bank stock. Unfortunately, the answer seems to be no.

I do not mean to imply that such principles as pooling, diversification and management which the words "investment trust" bring to mind are necessarily inapplicable to the stocks of banks and similar institutions. But level-headed people must be careful that long words like "diversification" shall not serve as a mere cloak for speculative mania and all the evils which follow in its train. After all, the advantages of equity investment, of common-stock appreciation, have accrued to multitudes of plain people without the interposition of any investment trust or holding company.

I refer to the employe-and-customer ownership movement. For the most part, the companies which have sold stock on a large scale to employes and customers have been strong, well-managed concerns. Often in the case of employe ownership the company actually assists in the purchase, contributing something to what the employe puts up, or offering the stock at a lower price. Numbers of the best common stocks in the country have been available to thousands of employes in this manner for years past, and more than a few competences have been got together in this fashion.

Employe-and-customer ownership, some say, are too much like a humdrum marriage. They do lack the element of excitement, but perhaps their value has been in that very fact. They fail, however, quite to reach the entire investing public and do not provide the spread of risks which is being more and more demanded. Undeniably new channels are being cut along these lines. The farm-loan and joint-stock-land-bank systems indicate the tendency. It may be said that the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, with its seven or eight hundred thousand separate risks, points the same way.

A Trust for Employes

One of the most interesting suggestions is that of J. J. Raskob, chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors Company and vice president of the Du Pont interests. He believes that the two great corporations with which he is connected, and perhaps others of equal rank, might join to form an investment trust which would buy the better class of common stocks and sell its own certificates to the employes and customers of the corporations in which investments are made. He believes it would be possible to facilitate subscriptions by lending part of the purchase price to the individual subscribers.

Mr. Raskob is convinced that hundreds of thousands of workingmen could in this way be helped to share in the country's prosperity and thus reach old age in comfort. Whether such an immense, comprehensive vehicle for investment can be worked out in the future, no one is able to say. If it proves feasible it will certainly be a contribution of high order.

There are those who insist that the people are entitled to share more fully in the profits of industry through the medium of common stocks, but who are not especially well satisfied with most of the mediums thus far designed to meet the need. There must be unselfish institutions, like the mutual savings banks and life-insurance companies, but engaged in holding equities rather than contracts. One may agree with this altruistic view, even while recognizing the enormously increasing popularity of fixed contracts at this very time, as shown by the mounting volume of savings deposits, trust funds, annuities and life-insurance policies.

One may agree, even though recognizing that there come, sooner or later, stages in the business cycle when people forget all about profits and are willing to give anything in return for the possession of more contractual obligations. Possibly new types of institutional agencies will care for the investor's savings. But they can be worked out on a sound, permanent basis only gradually. It is a hard fact of human experience that great unselfish agencies do not spring up overnight. It is to be doubted whether they are ever actually set up; they develop slowly, if at all.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Atwood.

Look underneath, look inside ..and listen to it!

WHEN you buy an electric refrigerator, do a bit of investigating on your own. Look under the cabinet, look carefully inside it, and above all things, listen to it.

Look under the cabinet. With the General Electric Refrigerator you'll notice at once that all the models are up-on-legs. This makes it easy to clean under them. But, more important, it means that *all* the machinery is safely sealed away in the air-tight steel casing which you see on top of the cabinet.

Look inside. Is there really ample food space? You will find in the General Electric Refrigerator that the chilling chamber is amazingly compact. It actually takes little more room than the trays in which your ice is frozen.

Then listen. This you must do. We want you to judge for yourself just how quietly this refrigerator operates.

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See the many models. Notice their absolute simplicity, their quietness. Make comparisons with other refrigerators. If you write us, we will be glad to send you Booklet S-6A which gives you complete descriptions and specifications.

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TWICE the satisfaction in the long, true drive made before a gallery—twice the grief in the dubbed drive from the same crowded tee. And more chance to strut—less need to blush—when you use Burke clubs—clubs that give your game every help a club can offer.

Burke steel shafts are of Chrome-Molybdenum—steel's strongest, toughest alloy. Three separate tempering operations give the True-Temper shaft amazing liveliness. Clubs braced like bridges—reduction offset rings eliminate vibration. Perfectly balanced—and clubs in each set balanced with one another.

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An enlarged section of the True-Temper steel shaft

Burke

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THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

LITTLE GIRL

Continued from Page 7

"That's why you'll need a sandwich now. You won't eat, if you go on getting more and more excited."

"I couldn't choke down a sandwich, though I do thank you."

"Hi, Gill," he called, "you make the young lady one of your quick omelets. Now watch her, Miss Gray. This will be all soft inside, and you can swallow it if you are choking. I'll have one too."

He couldn't think why he did it. But her eyes were like his collie's—the one the chief ran over—the collie who got him his job—died to do it. Her eyes watched, but held back until signaled, like the collie's. Food was what she needed. You could see it, because that drawn look disappeared after the omelet. She had been going on her grit. Now at least she had a couple of eggs to go on; and maybe the chief would know what ailed her, though Blaise doubted it.

As he entered his office with Constance Gray, his stenographer spoke briefly: "Mrs. Lowndes is here."

"Where?"

"In Mr. North's room, talking to him. He let her in like a shot."

Blaise buzzed the signal from his desk to North's. "Miss Gray, Mr. North." Then: "You are to go right in, Miss Gray." He held the door open for her.

The room was shaded and for a moment all the girl saw was heavy velvet curtains and a heavy rug. Sound and light were held in leash. She stepped carefully over the head of an animal skin and moved toward Napoleon's desk, looking at the man behind it. She could not see his face; his back was toward the light. But she saw the shape of a head set on shoulders that were not made to stoop. She saw the adventurous slant of a prominent nose and the curve of a full underlip. What was it they called him twenty years ago when he was not heavy-shouldered and when he wrung adventure from their back yard? "Gabriel." She tried to speak this name as his hand closed round hers; tried and failed.

She could see the brilliant black eyes now. They were flesh consumers; they saw the flesh and consumed it. She could not tell whether they went behind it. His head was bent to one side, observing her with no reacting warmth; on the contrary, with some kind of chill that reached her burdensomely. It came to her heavily that he was disappointed in her, and she grew tense. She would so have liked to please him. Perhaps it was her dress; the brown one would have been better.

And then, as if recollecting himself, he smiled at her. The smile did not warm his face and it did not stop the predatory eyes from taking in the slim white neck and the slender hips and the hands and ankles it had taken generations of women, bred to please, to produce. But under the smile she found her voice.

"Do they still call you Gabriel and is the megaphone your trumpet now? Do you remember how you made a megaphone out of a Halloween witch's cap? You must have been in training to direct even then."

The darting eyes flashed in response to something hidden but they did not flash on her. They caught up the big velvet-curtained room, so quiet, so sumptuous; the chairs wrested from behind the cords of a museum room, the trophies of adventure on wall and table.

"Nobody calls me Gabriel now, but I am glad to hear the name."

Abruptly he turned to the carved, high-backed chair beyond the desk, where a woman sat at ease observing him with hidden carefulness. He did not like men or women to lounge when they were in conference with him, so there were no easy chairs in the room.

The woman did not look as if she minded being forgotten for the moment. She sat enthroned, arranged for, desired. She was tall and her long flesh-stockinged legs slanted back from the carved chair, finding its height no hardship. Her long arms hung loosely, disregarding the carved lion heads that were caught by the gripping fingers of most of those who sat in conference there. Her long eyes, carefully made up to alter their paleness, were as watchful and as unrevealing as gray skies. As she repeated the name North pronounced in presenting Constance Gray, the reddened bow of her mouth parted as the framework of an oriel window seems to part when it is opened. There was no welcome there. She had not expected a third person at this luncheon. It might not be an affront, but it was a great inconvenience.

Constance Gray may have had her own little plan. Perhaps she hoped to grow less tongue-tied over a luncheon table, and found the other woman only increased her shyness. Perhaps she had hoped to ask without fear for that little place in this man's accomplishment that she had ventured so much on and come so far to secure. But whatever she hoped, and found herself losing because of the other woman's presence, it did not enter her voice as she said:

"Not Virginia Lowndes! Oh, I saw your play before I came West. It was so—so delightful." Evidently she had paused to hunt for an adjective.

Evidently the adjective was not satisfactory to Virginia Lowndes, for she said coolly: "Which play?"

The little girl colored as if she had been roughly touched. "The Searchers," she said, and in her embarrassment, caught at the support of her host.

He leaned forward, amazed over the difference this flash of color made in the thin oval of her face. Again his flesh-consuming eyes covered the little figure, seen through the ready-made gown altered to a size too small to preserve its original good lines.

"Where have you acted?" he said. He seemed to have forgotten his other guest, and the reddened curve of her mouth snapped shut. She rose and moved to a table laden with the new stills of the picture North's best director was making of The Searchers. It had been in her plan to sell North another story this noon; one big enough for him to want to direct it himself. She flipped over a photograph of a white arm across a dark shoulder. He was almost the only one of them who had authority to buy what he chose. He produced himself what he bought, and so there was no interminable wait while dozens of other men decided and changed their decision. And all of this put aside for a dowdy girl who, it appeared, had acted well enough in college for somebody to say she should become professional. The whole world thought it could act. She derided this whole world that thought it could act because it looked easy to do.

At the luncheon table she was still in derisive mood.

"As for writing"—she shrugged a thin shoulder—"if it were done with the foot or the nose, all these people who think they can act would not also think they could write scenarios. But because almost everybody knows a few hundred words, we have three million people sending fool manuscripts to the pictures. It's getting so that you can't tell a woman she is a good letter writer for fear you will start her on a literary career."

She caught North's ironical eye and stopped. He nodded in reply. Then: "Where is your mother living? She did not keep the old place?"

"I couldn't have come if she were living."

North appeared to be listening to the sound of her voice, that had grown incredibly tender. It was a quality that must have been rare to him, because he did not recognize it by name.

"What," said Virginia Lowndes, "is the matter with all these mothers who let their daughters come out here?"

Constance had no answer, but North had: "What do you want them to do with daughters who have enough nerve to come here?"

She let her slanting gaze inquire why he was suddenly against her, when he had been so much with her a short time ago. But the most astute look at a man can rarely discover what he does not know himself.

"I want them to let their daughters stay at home and play and have a good time, as girls should. You know it is hopeless for untrained girls to come here."

"We need them. What's hopeless about it? You mustn't discourage Miss Gray. . . . How old are you, Constance?"

Mrs. Lowndes laughed, interrupting an answer. "Don't tell him. Never tell your age here."

"He knows," said Constance softly.

No more than that, but the dramatist seized on it because it was a story. "Tell me about it," she said, and the note in Constance's voice that North had strained his ears to catch was well imitated by the older woman. North waited to see if the girl would talk about those days that made it easy for him to count up her age.

"He knows," said Constance, "how many years older he is than I am."

The butler held before the older woman a bowl filled with cigarettes. She fitted a cigarette in her amber holder and smiled when the girl declined them. North had moved his body to look at the girl's profile. He now turned to his other guest.

"What is her type?" he said.

"Oh, a ruffled dress and a night club, if you mean to let her act. Pathos made smart."

North shrugged. The answer was a stiletto in the girl's toy balloon, where a pin prick would have done; but women were like that; they never knew where to stop, or dared use their knowledge if they had it. He rose and went back with the two women from the dining room to his office. And at the door the girl stumbled over the head of the beast on the floor—stumbled and caught herself by North's arm and flushed at her awkwardness, vividly and wistfully ashamed. He watched her as he withdrew his arm from about her.

Then he said, "I shall have you tested."

The faint sound of a laugh came from Virginia Lowndes. "I always thought you put that beast there for no good purpose. You have it at the door where people come in with their eyes fixed on you. If they stumble they are embarrassed and so at a disadvantage, while you sit coolly safe at your desk. If they don't stumble, you listen to them."

"Wise woman!"

He pressed one of the six buzzers on his desk. He had seen a small exquisite hand tremble.

"Blaise, a test for Miss Gray; say, tomorrow at ten. Have Soames do it. Do you know anything about make-up, Constance?" He used her first name quite naturally, but Virginia Lowndes looked up.

"No," she murmured.

"Get somebody to help her, Blaise, and see that it gets through all right. Good-by, Constance."

Mrs. Lowndes settled back in the throne chair beside the desk and Blaise closed the door, excluding Constance Gray.

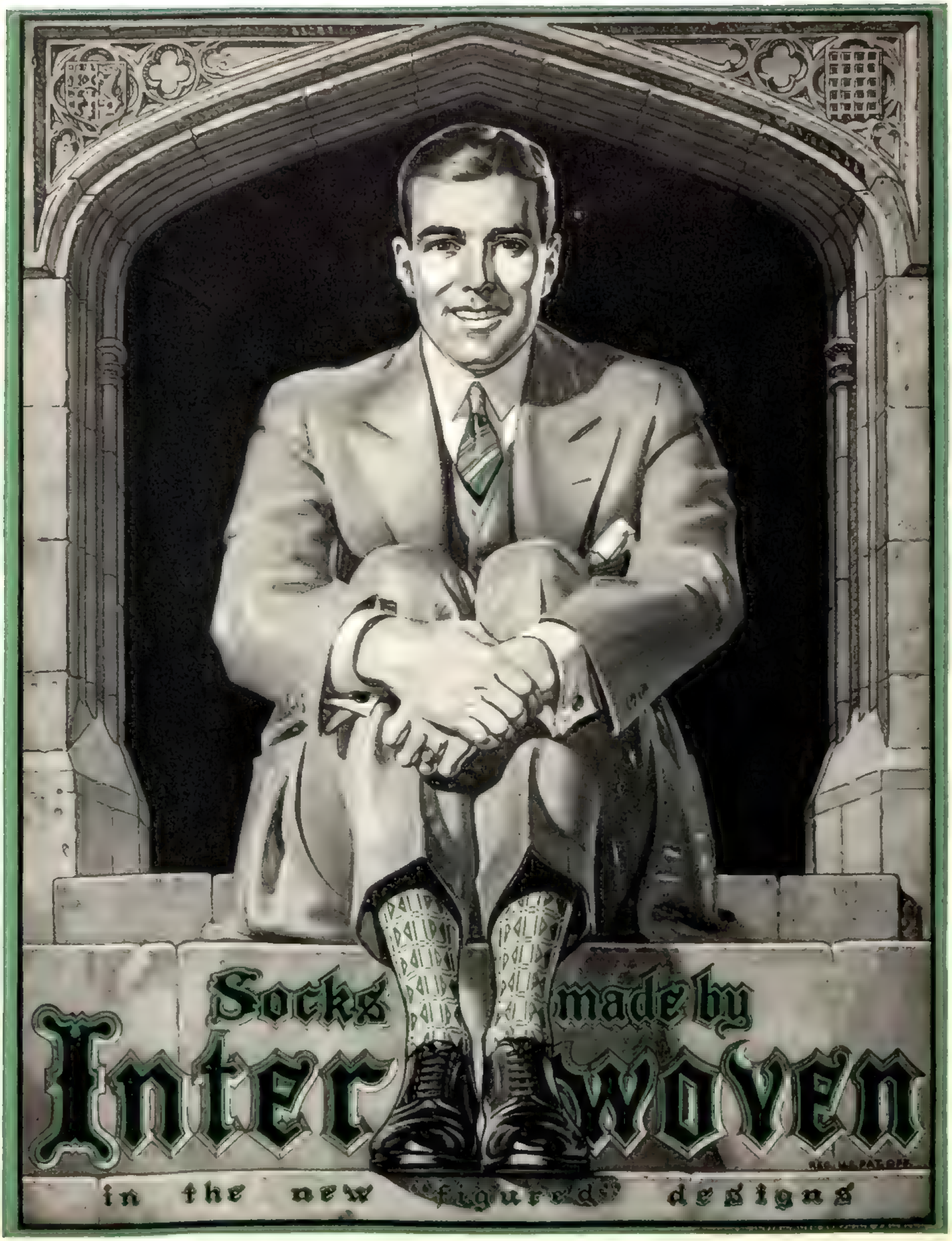
"Why so worried?" he asked. "You have a test right off the bat."

"Is it an achievement?"

"Great fish! You don't know much about this place, do you? It's almost impossible to get a test after you wear yourself out waiting. And here you are whisked to the chief's luncheon table the day you arrive and a test the next day. Here, touch my hand for luck. You'll learn what luck means here presently."

"But I stumbled on that fur rug." Even as she said it her embarrassment was renewed.

"Did all the tin soldiers rattle, Horse of Troy?" (Continued on Page 114)


Socks made by
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(Continued from Page 112)

She laughed outright and he stared at her.

"Don't you ever laugh here?" she asked, and her face grew wistful again.

"Not much. Everybody is too anxious."

"Anxious about what?"

"Oh, Lord, about themselves. In my office they are anxious to see the chief. In the other offices they are anxious to get a job. In still other ones they are anxious to hold the job they have. You'll see. We call them the Panic Squad."

"What do they do about it?" Again her voice had that quality that had made North listen.

"They wait and wait, and sometimes they cash in waiting."

"Cash in," she said gently. "Don't you do anything about it before they cash in?"

He did not answer this. Instead he said: "Did you eat any luncheon?"

"I don't know."

"I thought so—speaking of cashing in. Where are you going now?"

"To the Hollywood Hotel."

"Do you specially want to go there? It is—it's expensive; about sixty dollars a week."

She looked troubled.

"Why don't you get a single-room apartment? You can get one with a bed that shuts up in the wall from about forty dollars up."

"Forty dollars a week?"

"No, a month. Then you can eat what you like. Any real-estate agent will find you one. Every fourth person here, whether they have a sign out or not, is a real-estate agent. Of course if you are to be tested tomorrow, and if you photograph well enough for the chief, you won't really have to worry. Still, what's the use?"

"You are very kind." Then she drew back, for into the office came a lovely blond creature in a short black dress with a flesh-colored top to it. You could not tell where the dress left off and the neck began. She did not look at Constance; she drawled:

"Hello, Ruddy. Is the chief in?"

"Yes! In conference."

"Sure! It's his middle name and your first one. Do I wait?"

"You have no appointment, Guarda."

"What's the use of an appointment? The last one I had, I waited an hour and a half and then didn't see him. Who's with him—a dame?" Blaise shook his head. "A man?"

"An author."

"Oh, heck! Forever, eh?"

"Yeah. Say, Guarda, are you driving to town? Would you drop Miss Gray at the Hollywood Hotel? She came right from the train to lunch with the chief. And I kinda bet she'd like to bathe and rest."

The girl turned toward Constance with critical attention. "Sure," she drawled.

"I'll put her luggage from my car into yours," said Blaise. "Miss Gray, let me present Miss Guarda Daran. Guard, show her how to get back for her test tomorrow, will you?"

"A test!" The restless eyes took in Constance and veiled a smile.

But Constance laughed—the same tinkling laugh that had arrested Blaise. "I don't wonder you are surprised," she said. "I saw your last picture just before I came. You were lovely. You were flowing. I cannot see how you do it; it is wonderful."

The girl softened. "Well, it wasn't so long ago that I was just where you are." She cast an eye on the closed door beyond her. "All but lunching with the chief. I didn't begin just that way. So long, Ruddy. I'll wait for the chief out on the drive tomorrow where there aren't any doors."

"Shall I take a message?"

"Not on your red head. I'll take him my own messages. Now, Miss Gray."

Out in the hall a man hurried by and then stopped and returned. "Hello, Guarda, darling. What you doing now?"

"Waiting. I finished last week. You got anything for me, Mr. Soames?"

"Just fat women and Armenians; you don't want to play them."

"Oh, I don't know; I don't like loafing."

"I'll ring you up."

They went down the stairs. "It's the curse of Hollywood," said the girl bitterly. "I'll ring you up! You could stay at home a month waiting to be rung up and nobody'd know you'd died."

Constance felt empty inside, for the girl added a picturesque little gesture to her sentence that made it real acting. The emptiness grew when Guarda let her out of her smart car before the white stucco hotel set in its tropical garden. There was beauty here. The sky behind the quaint cupolas of white stucco was a turquoise so vivid that it vibrated in her brain.

There was beauty even in the thronged street beyond the garden. The women wore gayly colored clothes in a gay fashion, like flowers; rose and pink and lavender and scarlet—colors no woman would wear on the streets at home. As she looked at them she wondered if it were the brilliant sun or the soft climate that made them take naturally to bright colors, or whether all these women, like herself, were lonely and wanted to lift their spirits by an outer coat of brightness.

Inside the hotel there was not so much color. She could not think why hotels ever had mustard-colored walls. Even the carpet of the room to which they took her was mustard-colored and the bed was a scrolled-iron one of the kind she had not seen for years. Perhaps not even brightly colored painted furniture would have taken away from the somberness of the room.

"It's haunted," she said, and made haste to bathe and dress and get out into the garden.

But the garden was also haunted. She couldn't tell why exactly, unless there had passed through it hundreds of girls seeking to get away from loneliness, as she was seeking.

The boulevard was better because of its movement and because of its hundreds of gay shop windows. They were like a picture book; each window a new page turned over as one walked past. How short the skirts were! How pretty the women's legs! Even the middle-aged women had pretty legs. Yet they were not so middle-aged at that. Their hair was bobbed; their cheeks were rouged; they, too, wore pink and blue and yellow. Perhaps there was no middle age in Hollywood.

She turned into a place whose window was filled with cunning little miniature cottages that had painted mountain scenery behind them, and ever so many signs of houses and apartments for sale and for rent, and she made known her wants to a very young man who asked her at once if she was taking a job in the pictures. She shook her head shyly.

"I don't know. I am to be tested tomorrow—whatever that is—but I have to have a less expensive place to stay than my hotel. Why did you ask?"

"Well, you see you are alone and you are looking for an inexpensive place. That frequently means the pictures. But I have to know whether you'll last or not—I mean whether ——"

"You mean whether I can pay my rent. I can pay it for some time, no matter what I do."

He looked at her thoughtfully, frowning. "I don't see why you girls don't know more about this game before you come out here. Isn't there anybody in your home town that knows about pictures? If you were coming to nail a secretary's job, you would know something about the typewriter. But you don't even know what a test is, and we get thousands like this."

She let a little tinkling laugh fall on his astonished ears.

"It does seem silly, doesn't it? It's like looking at somebody swimming the Channel and then diving in. Nobody in our town ever saw a picture being photographed."

"A test is made by some assistant director putting you through some acting while you are photographed. You can't tell anything about how a girl looks on the screen by looking at her off of it. Who is testing you?"

"Mr. North."

His arrested look took her in more completely. There must have been magic in the name, for he leaned across his desk and spoke urgently:

"You know what you had better do for the rest of this afternoon, Miss Gray? You had better go right back to the studio and watch them acting there. And you had better get the make-up man to show you why they fix their faces up the way they do, and then come back tomorrow after your test and hunt for an apartment."

"But I have just come from the studio and nobody suggested that there."

"Maybe they didn't know how green you were. Whom did you see?"

"Mr. North."

Again that arrested look. "Only Mr. North?"

"His secretary. You see I have just arrived."

He considered her in a moment's silence. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll take you to another studio—a small one—and get you through the gate to watch what's going on, if you will get me through at North's tomorrow. I will drive you there tomorrow."

Her eyes rested on him for a moment in silence. Then she said: "Are you hunting for a job too?"

"I have been hunting for a job for a year, and if I had believed all they said to me I would have thought I had one twenty times. Now I have this job."

"But you are still hunting?"

"Yes. My name is Thomasson, and I have no wife, and I am not giving you bad advice."

"I think your advice is good and I should like to take it. Can you leave the office?"

"I can leave it and use the office car if I show you an apartment. Perhaps we can go to the studio and look at an apartment both."

When he came out from behind his desk she saw that he was shabby in a way that did its best to hide itself. He drove her along the boulevard that was as crowded as Fifth Avenue and down a side street and drew up before walls set with a big iron gate.

The man at the gate spoke to him by name and let both of them go through, after a brief talk in tones too low for her to hear. They passed rows of buildings and turned into a high barnlike structure labeled Number 8. And because Thomasson held up a warning finger, they tiptoed in over piled-up electric apparatus, carefully picking their way in silence toward a flare of greenish light that cut the dusky room painfully.

They came to a stop behind a group watching a young man hide himself in a huge hogshead. The hogshead was rolled down a hill that really looked like a hill and real dust came from it as it rolled. Farther back, twenty or thirty men in uniform pursued the rolling hogshead and the dust settled on their coats and made their faces grimy.

And all the while two cameras clicked and two assistant directors went here and there, and the director, with a megaphone, spoke anxiously, speeding the action and stopping it. To Constance the faces did not look human, with their dead white masks and their red mouths painted on the white as the clowns in a circus paint theirs, yet somehow the faces were expressive.

"Stop that fancy acting," called the director. "Do you think you are reciting Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight? You are running down a hill. You wouldn't make any gestures if I set you to running down that hill outside the studio. It's your feet that should move, not your hands."

The direction was not much different, Constance thought, from that of the New York director who had put through their last college play and who had not permitted them to make one useless movement, but the faces under the Klieg lights looked very different and she could not visualize her own face made up that way.

When they came out of the studio, Thomasson drove her to a bungalow court where there were little one-room bungalows with tiny kitchenettes. They had a peculiar musty smell. Constance wondered if it was good for a bed to be shut up in a wall. But the young man told her that was the best she could do at her price. There were all sorts of apartments in Hollywood, but none with Chinese rugs and carved furniture under a hundred and fifty a month.

"If I could only find some place with flowered wall paper." The dark rings of fatigue about her eyes made them look an entirely different color.

"I am going to take you back to your hotel to rest and I will come for you at nine tomorrow."

It seemed odd that the street noises kept her awake when she had had five nights of train noises. As she looked at herself in the glass the next morning she thought the night had not made her look any more rested. And evidently Thomasson thought so, too, for he told her she could probably find other work if her test was not good.

"What are you going to do in the studio?" she asked shyly.

"I know an assistant director and I'm going to tackle him. I'm so tired of being told to leave my address by the casting manager! Where are you going?" For they were allowed to go through the gate without question.

"Up these stairs to Mr. North's office."

"Good luck. It's no use my waiting for you. I can only stay an hour and it will take you that long to make up your face."

Outside Blaise's office she stopped. There were several people there, but not Blaise, and there were no chairs left to sit in. She grew quite tired waiting for him and it took him a good deal of time, after he came out of the inner office, to attend to the other people. When he caught sight of her he gave a little exclamation.

"I thought you were to be tested at ten o'clock."

"Yes, don't I come to you?"

"My Lord, no. I am not testing you. Here!" He rang a bell and a young girl came in. "Sophia, take Miss Gray to the wardrobe room. She has a test at ten. Soames is doing it. See if you can find Laura and have Laura put her through."

"I think Laura is on the Mary, Quite Contrary set, Mr. Blaise."

"Well, get her to come off it; the chief has ordered this test. Miss Gray gets her clothes from the wardroom room. Here's a carbon of the order. Hump it up a bit, Sophie. It's nearly ten now."

He wrote something on a pad and handed it to the girl, who looked at Constance appraisingly as she took her in charge. There was nothing encouraging in the appraisal, and the dark rings of fatigue under Constance's eyes deepened. She had been standing a long time, and then Blaise was so different this morning. He had been so kindly yesterday. Today he didn't seem to care; neither did anybody else.

She forgot about it in the wardrobe room. Up the stairs to a bare place with long rows of dresses behind glass doors, and shelves upon shelves of slippers and hats and bags and even gloves. Sophie took her to a room that was all mirrors, with shelves below them holding boxes and bottles and powder puffs. Before one of the mirrors sat Guarda Daran. Her hair was tied back off her face and she was doing something extraordinary to her eyes. It made them lovely.

"Eyelashes," she said, at Constance's amazed look. "You don't need 'em, but I do for this thing I'm being tested for." She was pasting long eyelashes on her own short ones.

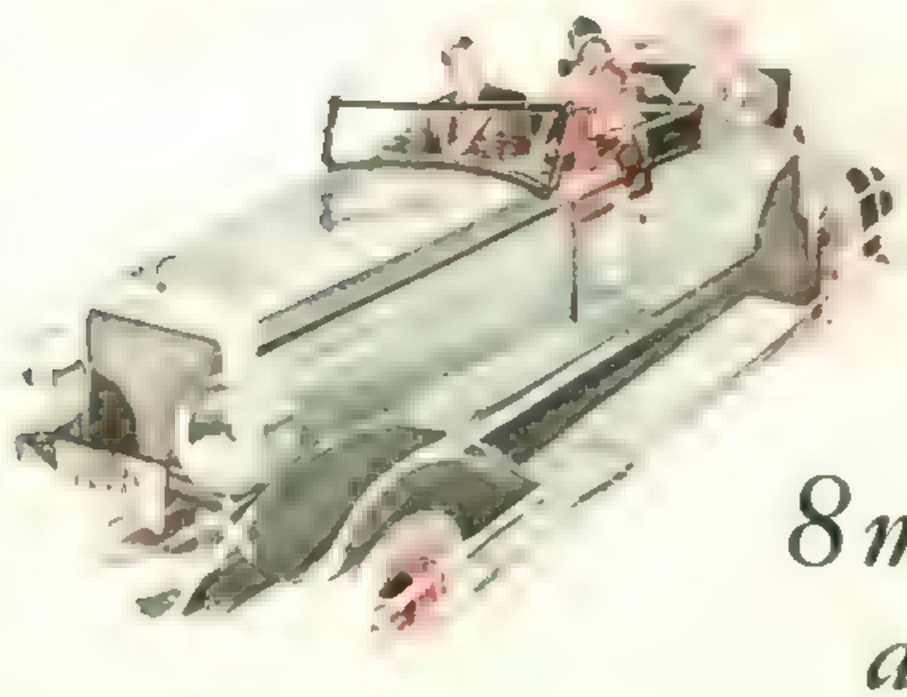
"Will you get ready, Miss Gray," said Sophie, "while I find Laura?"

Desperately, Constance put out a hand toward Guarda. "What does she mean—get ready?"

Guarda paused in the manipulation of her eyelashes. She was anxious and preoccupied, but perhaps the girl's desperation took her back to other years.

(Continued on Page 119)

By the way-
refresh yourself



8 million a day

As you journey along, refresh yourself by the way. ❁ ❁ Turn in to the curb at the little red sign that dots the road map of the world, and pause for the drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment. ❁ ❁ Such a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure product of [illegible] served [illegible] its own thin, crystal-like glass. The glass assures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and [illegible] carbonated water. The finishing touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles head at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

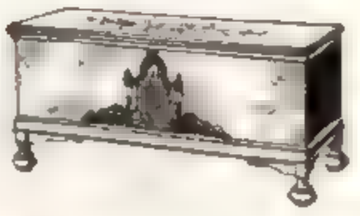
Together, they'll go

The ONLY Certified Cedar Chests

44867
A console-type chest wanted on sight! Genuine walnut veneer—set off by bird's eye maple and rosewood veneer.

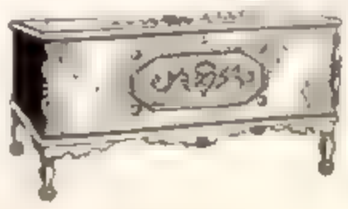
LANE Cedar Chests are certified as being made from ¾-inch aromatic red cedar heartwood, the thickness recommended by the U. S. Government for *moth-killing* cedar chests. Government tests have proved this is the minimum thickness of red cedar which, used in at least 70% of the chest construction, holds enough aromatic red cedar *oil* to repel moth-millers and kill the undeveloped moth worm.

Every Lane Cedar Chest may be identified as such by the "Lane Certified" label . . . found under the lid. Look for it. It provides you the one safe way to buy an actually moth-proof cedar chest.



44705
A splendid chest with genuine walnut exterior with beautiful English burl effect on the top. Front, bird's eye maple veneer

48865
A superb design. Genuine walnut veneer exterior. Semi-console. Decoration on front is genuine hand work. Very popular and a great value



48793
An outstanding chest in genuine walnut veneer. Beautifully decorated in English burl by the exclusive Lane process.

down through the years

For the June bride, the girl graduate or for mother herself..... what gift combines more beauty, romance, protection, than a...

CERTIFIED LANE ?

IN DESIGNS AND WOODS TO MATCH OTHER FINE FURNITURE

To contain the wedding trousseau of the bride—even to being a part thereof. To provide sanctuary for those intimate belongings so dear to the heart of every young girl.

To give mother a place of convenience for her downy covers, blankets, woolens and fur-trimmed things, where millers will never *flit* nor moth worms *cut*.

To take care of some of father's things.

And finally, to add one more note of charm to the home.

Such are the pleasant offices of the cedar chest. A household utility cherished by women for ages—rich in tradition and romance. And here are *the* chests—LANES—the chests with

The Moth-Killing ¾-inch Cedar Panels

Lane Chests reflect in their every detail the utmost devotion to an ideal. And they have one great outstanding feature.

The designs, whether modern or period, are authentic, appealing, in abiding good taste.

The finishes are incomparably beautiful. Such as only careful preparation and hand rubbing and the use of finest stains, varnishes and lacquers can produce.

Ruggedly enduring airtight construction promises generations of service. Made with close-fitting, warp-proof lids; dust- and damp-proof bottoms; special pore-sealing surface treatments; and joints inseparably interlocked—as solid as the wood itself.

No leakage of aroma here! No fading away of fragrance or impairing of moth-killing efficiency. Even the wood is cured by a special Lane process which retains the aromatic moth-killing cedar oil instead of driving it out in the drying.

But most important of all is the *extra thick cedar* in Lanes. For Lanes are not skimped. They are built of aromatic red cedar heartwood a full ¾-inch thick in accordance with the U. S. Government recommendation for a moth-killing cedar chest. Every Lane is thus *certified*.

So in a Lane you are assured *guaranteed* moth-damage *protection*—a protection which, afforded a single garment, could easily pay for the chest. Yet the price is only moderate.

• • • •

Special SALES with reduced prices and easy terms are now being held by Lane dealers nearly everywhere. Watch out for *your* dealer's display.

In his store, see the wide price-range, the pleasing variety, the glorious values in the latest Lane creations. See chests in modern and period designs—in all-cedar—in colorful new lacquers—and in the beautiful walnuts and mahoganies veneered on ¾-inch cedar panels and matching other fine furniture. Widely used as bedroom dressing lounge, window seat or console.

But to be sure of a *certified* chest, insist on getting a *Lane*. Look for the Lane trade-mark and certified label under the lid. And ask your dealer about the Lane "9 Points of Perfection."

But right now . . . . write us for our new folder illustrating newest Lane models. It is free and most illuminating!

The insect with the $200,000,000 appetite

The moth worm. The insect more feared by women than any other household pest. An insect that does over two hundred million dollars' worth of damage a year.

The moth worm carries on its work of devastation in places where it is least suspected. Only when the miller flits away, do you realize the damage you are almost sure to find somewhere.

But things kept in a Lane Cedar Chest are always *safe*. The aroma given off by the oil of red cedar in Lane ¾-inch panels prevents the approach of the moth miller who can thus lay no eggs on your garments. And this aroma instantly kills the undeveloped moth worm that may already *be there*.

What you invest in a Lane Cedar Chest, will be returned to you many times over in the garments saved from *moth ruin*.

THE LANE COMPANY, *Inc.*
Altavista, Virginia

48704
A roomy chest of amazing beauty and quality with genuine matched butt walnut veneered top. A rare value.

LANE
Cedar Chests
[CERTIFIED]

Created by the
World's foremost Cedar Chest Makers

48920
A very practical chest of genuine walnut veneer with full size drawer in base.

44760
Chest of early American period, of genuine mahogany veneer. Panels with beautiful grain effect

44830
An inviting window seat design with genuine walnut veneered exterior. The ideal Hope Chest.

Adding a Chapter a Day

New uses ... building fire trails ... leveling land for airports ... moving living trees ... chiseling instead of plowing.

New fields ... building roads in Chile ... clearing railroad right-of-way in Manchuria ... hauling logs in England.

New customers for the more familiar uses ... farming, earth moving, logging, snow removal, road building, hauling.

New editions of "Caterpillar" booklets to keep in step with the ever widening range of usefulness of this tractor that grips the ground and can do *your* work better, quicker, cheaper.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 114)

"You baby; who let you loose from the nursery? Laura is the hairdresser. She's the best there is. She can look at your face and know what to do to your hair to improve your whole make-up. Get this stuff on your face first. Who's testing you?"

"A man named Soames."

"Oh, he's a nice fat slob. He'll make you feel comfortable. Here, pat it on even. I'll let you use mine. You buy your own by the box, you know. Here's Laura. . . . Laura, fix this wave."

It was a soft-eyed girl who came in with her curling tongs.

"I have only a moment off the set for Miss Gray, Miss Daran. Could you wait? Miss Gray, you will have to go with me to the set if you can't make up your own face. Laney will do it for you, but he can't leave the set. He has to make tears for the next hour."

"Tears?"

"Glycerin tears. No bob? Shall we do your hair low? It's curly, isn't it? What dress? I have to see that before I do your hair. Sue, where's Miss Gray's dress?"

While she slipped into a ruffled-tulle ball gown, Laura put some marvelously deft touches to Guarda Daran's hair.

"Are they going to try you out for The Searchers?"

Masked as it was by the make-up, Guarda's face looked poignantly disappointed.

"Not for the lead. I don't know who gets that. The author is out here and has a say. Gad, how I hate woman authors. She wants a girl that looks as if she had just been born. I could look it all right, but she won't believe it." She glanced casually at Constance. "You look great, baby. If I had your pull with the Old Man I'd try for this just-born lead. Good luck! Come back, Laura; only one side of my hair is done."

Constance went down the stairs and through the brilliant sunshine to the same kind of high barnlike building she had been in the day before, all dusky inside save for that green light that cut through the dusk like a pain. They stopped before a dying child with a gorgeous blond girl hovering over her. A man was attending the blond girl's eyes with a glycerin bottle and a dropper. As the light snapped off, the man came to Constance with a brief survey of her. He put her in a little screened recess where the lights were bright, and outlined her mouth, making a red tent of her upper lip. Then he left her and ran back to the set. She rested her eyes from the glaring light and waited.

A man spoke sharply: "Miss Gray! Where is Miss Gray? They have been waiting an hour for her."

"She can't come," said Laura, "until Laney finishes with her, and he's working on the set. Tell them she'll be there in a minute."

Laney came back to her, fluttering with nervous tension, and Constance became as taut as a drawn cord. Her face, as she looked at it in the glass of Laney's make-up box, was unlike anything she had ever imagined of herself. Out of the dead white of the grease paint her eyes looked wistful and pathetic—so pathetic that Laura herself took her to Set 4 and presented her to a man in riding clothes lounging in a drawing-room scene with three other men. They rose abruptly and each man looked at her with a different kind of curiosity.

The assistant director was nobody to be afraid of. He was jovial and well padded and nonchalant. He neither barked at her nor expected her to know what it would be impossible for a stranger to know. He looked at her profile and he looked at her front face and he said to the cameraman: "Long shots first."

Then he looked at the interior that was already arranged—a hall with steps ascending to another room where a telephone stood on a table

"Listen, my dear," he said. "You are being called to the telephone. You are expecting your lover to call you and you are very much disappointed because it is somebody else. Take the receiver off with eagerness and show your disappointment. Then turn your eyes toward this door where the doorbell is ringing while you still listen to the telephone talk. Your lover, instead of telephoning you, is arriving; he is opening the door and you want to fly to him, but cannot leave the telephone. You can get up and go as far as the wire on the receiver will let you. Now ready. You are over here at this far end of the hall. Take it slowly. Rehearse it first. You must walk slowly across the hall and up the steps. The way you move makes a difference in pictures. Take your time; there is nothing to be afraid of. We have all afternoon and we can do it again and again. Now this is camera."

It did not take long—not more than half an hour—and when it was over he chatted with her amiably for a few minutes.

"What happens to a test?" she asked him.

"Sometimes nothing and sometimes a good deal. It is surprising how the loveliest people look ugly when they are photographed and vice versa. We do not go in for mere beauty now—perhaps you have heard—but for this new personality on the screen. If you have personality you can get a contract."

"How can personality show through all this heavy white paint?"

"It can't, unless you have it so that nobody can escape it. That's why it's valuable." He looked at her thoughtfully. "You have something elusive. With a good director who could catch it, and the right kind of thing to act, you might be a find. You make one think of the old home town."

She did not know what to answer. So she said: "May I see the result of this test?"

"Yes, tomorrow. Make an engagement."

"With whom?"

"You don't know anything about a studio, do you? Who ordered your test? Try to make your engagement with him. Make him look at it with you."

"Mr. North ordered it."

"Oh! Well, he's pretty busy. Maybe you had better see it with me. Say, tomorrow, late on in the afternoon—about four. Come to my office; they'll show you at the door where it is."

Then she was dismissed. The cameraman had gone, and as the director walked away among the lurking shadows of the big building, Constance had never felt lonelier in her life. She moved out through a sliding door where movable steps had once been, and jumped down to the drive outside. Young men and young women were hurrying to and fro with something to do that seemed important.

She was not quite sure how she would get back to the hotel or just what she would do when she got there. Here was all this lovely California and she might try to see some of it. And here she was in Hollywood, where half the world would like to be, if it had the time to spare.

Then from the tall barnlike structures people began to come—men in uniform, girls in costumes, chattering groups in ordinary clothes and no make-up—and Constance discovered it was the noon hour. Down along a flight of stairs that came from a row of offices above one of the high buildings came several girls who were evidently not actresses at all, but secretaries. Constance wondered why they had not tried for the screen, they were so beautiful. So many beautiful girls; it discouraged one. They looked at her curiously—a new face, made up; a slim creature in white tulle.

She hesitated, trying to remember the way to the wardrobe room. Then she took the straight path to the front office instead. Nobody stopped her, even when she went up the softly carpeted stairs to the wing where North's offices were. There was nobody in Blaise's office, and in the rush of her impulse she crossed the room and opened the door into the long drawing-room with Napoleon's desk at the end. There was nobody to tell her that this was never done. And she was very quiet about knocking at the door.

In the dim light she paused a moment, avoiding the white bear's head instinctively. Then she saw North standing at the window with his back to her. He was looking down at a bright-colored group of girls in Directoire dresses crossing a patch of green on their way toward the restaurant.

Some sixth sense that warned him of an alien presence made him turn around. The brilliant sunshine of that patch of green was in his eyes and it took a moment for them to focus. Then his eyes narrowed and grew piercing, taking in the slim white figure, drooping with fatigue, now that the impulse that had brought her was gone. The cloud of bronze hair, the golden eyes, the scarlet bow of the mouth on the dead white paint, the exquisite little hands that thrust themselves out to him as he stared at her.

He was quite still. So still that she drooped even farther and between them the dim-toned room became a barrier.

Then he said, "Who let you in, apple blossom?"

"There was nobody there outside. I knocked and I couldn't tell whether I had an answer or not."

"I am superstitious. We all are—we who work with luck against us. It is unusual for me to be idle and for nobody to be in the outer office. You have been tested?"

The director's advice came to her. "Will you look at the test with me, tomorrow at four?"

He mused, scarcely hearing her. "Do they still call you Connie?"

"There is nobody left to call me Connie now, but you." She sent him a shy look and, discouraged with what she saw, she added: "And I don't suppose you would want to."

"I should like to call you Connie, of course. You must pay no attention to all this crust that has been forming on me in these dusty years. So many people come wanting something."

"Does nobody want to give you anything?"

"Give me anything! No, nobody wants to give me anything that I could take. Some people want to exchange things with me."

"Perhaps it is hard to give you anything: you have so much."

"You are the first to give me a memory in a long time, and yet even you ——" He left the sentence unfinished, for his darting glance saw tears rising in her eyes. "So easy! If you were asked to cry before the camera, could you do it this easily?"

"What you meant was, that even I wanted something from you. You make me ashamed."

"No, I meant nothing of the kind. I meant that you did not know what you asked. I meant you were unequipped to fight this game without knowing."

Her little pointed chin lifted itself with incomparable pride. "I am asking to learn. And I can't think why I should be ashamed. It is wonderful to have as much to give as you have. It means years of fighting. And the need to give, my mother used to say—do you remember—is the biggest need of all; the very center of each one of us. She said men liked children because they were so ideal to give to. And they did not mind their women not being so strong as they were, because it gave them more chance to give. Would it not be terrible to have as much as you have and to have nobody to give it to?"

He came close to her and gathered up her hands as she wove them into an anguished little gesture over her inability to give what she wanted to say the words it needed. "What does this kind of life make of us if I have made you cry because you had to ask me for what I ought to give so gladly? It is like you and your mother—this idea." He lowered his voice into tones so mellow she trembled. "The need to give! Why, little Connie, I would give thousands for that idea alone. Do you think many people with ideas come into this room? They come with words to sell, and stories to tell, and plans to offer for their own advancement;

Continued on Page 121

KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS
THE MARK OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
WOOL FABRICS WOOL BLANKETS
PAPERMAKERS WOOL FELTS

This advertisement is addressed particularly

To Physicians

Your own prescription for a business suit to afford you the greatest satisfaction would probably name serviceability as the chief ingredient.

Yet, you also would include the smartness of correct styling, color and pattern and that intangible something that, even to the casual glance, spells QUALITY.

KENWOOD
ALL FABRICS WOOL

are designed and woven to emphasize those qualities which go far toward creating an impression of good taste in dress.

The lustre and richness, so noticeable in Kenwood Fabrics, are not superficial, but are inherent throughout the life of the cloth.

In addition, are qualities of comfort and serviceability which, we believe, will be of interest.

Rather than to make claims which, however justified, might be doubted or considered extravagant, we prefer to let the fabrics speak for themselves.

We, therefore, ask the privilege of sending you, without obligation, sample swatches of Kenwood Suitings and a showing of characteristic patterns.

We promise not to annoy you with "follow-up" letters. Just write your name and address below and mail to

KENWOOD MILLS
ALBANY, N.Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Science contributes its finest materials to these masterpieces

Here is the most expensive series of pens and pencils in the world—and we are convinced that they are the most beautiful. De Luxe! The deep luster of real pearl is strikingly combined with the brilliancy of jet-radite, to make still more distinctive the Lifetime° pen and the Lifetime pencil. Materials, the finest of materials, have made Sheaffer products great. For instance, Waspalumin, one of the most costly of commercial alloys, is generously used in both these superlative writing instruments. Non-corrosive and tenacious! It gives long life, as radite gives beauty.

De Luxe "Lifetime" pen, $10—pencil, $5. Regular "Lifetime" pen, $8.75—pencil, $4.25
Prices slightly higher in Canada

At better stores everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain Pen Set $11

Skrip the successor to ink. 15 and 25 cents

SHEAFFER'S

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° Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 119)

but not often with ideas. Yes, I need to give. Will you remind me of it often? I forget it in all this clamor of trading."

III

IN THE days that followed, Constance thought often of that request. How was a woman to remind a man of a thing like that? And how greatly she needed to remind him. For there were no further opportunities to go to his room unannounced, or even announced. She was stopped downstairs and her name telephoned up to Blaise. And whether her name reached North or not, she did not know. He was always in conference, or he had not come that morning, or he had left. Blaise himself became hard to see.

The distributors had come—whatever that meant. They came from Chicago and Detroit and Cincinnati and New Orleans and every other city that had ever been heard of. They went about the studio in flocks, and they were bespoken kindly, and introduced to stars, and shown sequences being photographed. Luncheons were arranged for them and banquets were being given for them. Nobody could be found, even by appointment, in the offices. Everybody was busy making the distributors feel no other organization in the world could produce what was being produced at that studio.

At the end of the third day it occurred to Constance that it would be a good thing to attach herself to one of these groups of distributors to whom so much was being explained. She needed explanation sorely, and here and there there seemed to be a woman with them.

She had not even found young Thomasson receptive when she went back to him expecting him to take her about to apartment houses. It was the girl in charge of the office who gave her a list of one-room apartments and Thomasson nodded at her as she went out with the list, not knowing one street from the other.

"You must hold on to these people when you have them," she said to herself. And on the corner of the boulevard she asked a policeman where the first street on her list was. She could not find what she wanted, but she had to get something, for the hotel was so expensive. It was true that the food on the American plan had begun to take from her face that shadowed look, but one week's board cut a big hole in the sum that had to last her until she got work.

The assistant director who superintended her test had not been there at four o'clock, though she had taken the long trip to the studio especially to see him. She thought if she knew how to go about it, somebody else might have shown her the test. But nobody was willing to tell her how to go about it. She wandered among dusky buildings hunting for the hairdresser or the man who had made up her face or Guarda Daran. They would have told her what to do. When she could not find them she came back to the girl at the door who kept people out, to ask where she could find them. They were out on location. She wished she had asked North if she could go on location with some of these people and see what it was like.

Then the girl at the gate said: "If you are one of the reporters, you will find all you want to know in the publicity offices right down that corridor."

The publicity offices were piled with magazines and papers. A tired young man asked if she were a reporter and said she was pretty late, unless she had come for a ticket for the banquet that night.

"But I have," she said hesitantly. "Where is it going to be?"

Boredom sat on the man's shoulder as he turned toward her, and then something happened to the boredom. The tired lines about his sleepless eyes softened.

"Well, you're a pretty young thing to be let loose from the schoolroom to write about motion pictures. How did they happen to let you get away from home?"

A little tinkling laugh sent a breath of fresh air through the whole office and the publicity man rose from his desk. "What's your name?"

"Puddinmetaim; ask me again and I'll tell you the same."

"My Lord! I haven't heard that since Blaine got beaten by Cleveland."

She nodded. "They used to yell: 'Blaine rides a white horse, Cleveland rides a mule; Blaine is a gentleman and Cleveland is a fool.'"

"They must have been Republican back where you live. But I say that's far beyond your time—about twenty-five years. Where did you hear it?"

A faint color deepened her golden eyes. "Your Mr. North used to yell it over our back fence at a little Democratic boy. I think his father taught it to him."

The publicity man put his hands in his pockets and stared at this shabby little wistful girl who spoke the chief's name so easily and looked so forgotten.

"Say," he said, "do you know you could get cool cash for putting a reminiscence about D. G. North in your paper?"

A startled look came into the golden eyes. "Why, I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, what kind of a reporter are you—a journalist? You want to write it for this publicity department?"

"He might hate it."

The publicity man emitted a grunt of denial.

"He'd eat it alive. Publicity is his middle name."

Again that tinkling laugh, so surprising as it sprang out, in spite of her fears. "I'll bet you don't know what his middle name is."

"How much do you bet?"

"A ticket to the banquet."

"Taken. His name is Daniel George North."

"You lose. His name is Dante Gabriel North."

"Lord, why did they leave the Rossetti off? But of course you're making this up. North hasn't traveled under an alias all these years."

"Fine publicity man you are, not to know that."

"Little Miss Know-it-All, is anybody taking you to this banquet tonight? They can't very well be, since you did not know ten minutes ago whether you were going or not. May I escort you to Daniel G. North's dinner at the Ambassador Hotel at eight o'clock for the distributors of the North Picture Corporation?"

"I shall be delighted and relieved and altogether pleased. But Dante is his name. You probably call him Dan and imagine the rest."

"Gadzooks, where do you live?"

"At the Hollywood Hotel for the present."

"As long as you can pay your board, eh? Well, I'll interview you tonight and help you do your reminiscences of the early childhood of the youngest producer in the industry, and you'll have enough to pay your board for some time. We'll run the risk of the chief liking it."

"I can't run that risk."

"Well, then I can. I can even ask him, if I can get near enough to him. He doesn't send for me every day, as I'm neither beautiful nor talented. Eight o'clock, Puddinmetaim."

"I'll be waiting for you at the front door of the hotel, on the porch. Have you got a name?"

"What's the matter; don't you really live at the hotel? I'll swap with you. My name is Jones. You wouldn't believe it, but that's what it is. Do you like the sound of Jonesy?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Jonesy. I am Constance Gray."

He repeated the name, apparently testing his memory for it—a trained memory for names—from which he finally got something that made him give her another look; but she was going through the door by now. She closed it and read the sign:

MARSHALL JONES, PUBLICITY

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Fast freight service on all divisions at low rates.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 27)

There was a great deal more asphalt and there were a great many more automobiles. A few family carriages were still to be seen on the streets, with a victoria or two and one or two broughams and coupés; hired hacks were still to be had at livery stables and horse cabs at the station; but the red-wheeled runabout had disappeared forever; the town's *jeunesse dorée*—in the phrasing loved by the *fin de siècle*—now shot itself out to the country club with gas; the fast trotter, that willing and faithful friend of youth, was gone with the red wheels; and so was the bicycle as the friend of pleasure. The little bells chimed no more above the darting lamps along the highways of a summer evening; there were too many automobiles.

Some of the streets had lengthened surprisingly and appeared to contemplate even more surprising extensions; asphalt and cement were stretching far into suburban territory, through what had been picnic woods not so very long before. In the boyhood days of my own generation Tinker Street had been the northern border of the compact town; beyond it the houses were a scattering fringe and country roads led northward to the creek, a mile away, where we went to swim in the waters of Sycamore Hole. No joyous bathers dived from the bank there now: Tinker Street had become Sixteenth Street; the old dirt roads that had wandered out from it were compact—much too compact with crowding houses—to the creek; and there had been a migration across the stream. A dozen new millionairish mansions, with lawns and gardens about them, prophesied a new quarter of fashion beyond it, and a concrete bridge replaced the old rumbling planks we had pattered over so blithely on our way to Sycamore Hole. The millionairish houses were not alone; all up and down the creek, and deep into the meadows and woods beyond, the bungalows and "two-story frames" were built and building. East and west, too, ran the new boulevard-and-park system with a widening fringe of new houses on all its borders.

Downtown, there were obviously many more people than aforetime upon the streets, especially on Saturdays, when it seemed that the long interurban cars must fairly have drained a great countryside of life to pour it into the city. Moreover the crowds of country folk were not easily distinguishable, as they once had been, from the city people. They had become of the urban pattern in clothes and manner; they spoke the same slang the city used and rusticity appeared to have vanished like the farmer's whiskers—for of hairy faces old family albums and Civil War photographs offered now the only apparent supply. And there was a change, too, in the characteristic face—the composite face, so to speak—of the thronged streets downtown.

There was something new and puzzling to me in that face. I could not be sure what the change was, but I felt it there, and one day I spoke of it to an old citizen and asked him if he shared my impression.

"Why, yes," he said. "You'd notice it more than I would, I suppose, because you've been away so long. This composite face you're talking about, that you see

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FOOT SAVERS CORRECT SHOES FOR MEN

downtown –it isn't the face you see on the uptown streets, is it?"

"No. The uptown face seems to be the same as ever."

"Yes; but if the face downtown has changed, the change will reach uptown in time. Your composite face, made of blending all the faces into one, is swarthier than it used to be, isn't it?—swarthier and what you'd call more foreign-looking?"

"I think so—a little."

"Yes," he said, "it's just a shade mongrel. It's not so mongrel as the New York composite face, though, nor the Boston composite face, nor the Chicago one, for that matter. Compared to those places, this is still an all-pure American town. You go to the theater in New York and then come back and go to the theater here; the difference'll make you gasp! In a New York theater, between the acts, you'll hear everybody speaking our language, but you wonder why they do. Between the acts in a theater here you aren't surprised when they talk American, because they still generally look that way. But you're right; they don't look that way as much as they used to. There's just enough difference for a person to be able to see it."

"It's immigration that's making the difference?"

"It's immigration that already has made it. These darker foreign-looking people among us talk just the same as anybody else and dress just the same as anybody else—maybe a little showier. They aren't hunting for hard jobs at low wages or a patch of land to raise market truck on. The bulk of 'em are second generation, born in this country, though a good many came when they were little, with their families. They're prospering more and more; they're in every profession and every line of business. They'll be uptown, too, in a little while—more of 'em already are uptown than you've noticed, and they have good houses. They're nice people, most of 'em, too; and their young folks go to school and college and are around with our own young folks. They've been raised with different ideas from ours, but they have a good deal the same manners. The smartest of the immigrant stock are thoroughly Americanized—snappy modern business men and all that; but—well, you've had an ice-cream freezer get a little salt inside the can, haven't you? It's never quite the same ice cream again."

"But perhaps we old-stock Americans shouldn't set up to be the pure ice cream, judge."

"No, maybe we shouldn't; but we're bound to seem like it to ourselves, at least; and anyhow, we're getting salted. The immigrant has Americanized himself, but in the process he foreignizes us a little; he takes on our ideas, but he can't help spreading among us some of his. A few years ago the typical American—or maybe what we called the average American—was a lot more old-stock Anglo-Saxon, with German and Irish traces, than he is today. I expect the cartoonists ought to begin to draw Uncle Sam a little differently from the way they used to. Uncle Sam wouldn't talk with exactly his old twang, either, if you could listen to him. There's a change in his vocabulary and he's got another kind of twang. You'll hear just hints of it in the common speech of the streets, because the touch of salt has got into that too. It's not so agreeable—at least not to the old native ear—as it used to be."

"Will my own old native ear detect any other differences, judge?"

He frowned and sighed: "I think you'll find it will if you listen for 'em. You know the rest of the world was always accusing us, in the old days, of being money-mad; we were supposed to worship the almighty dollar more than other peoples did. Well, of course that worshiped dollar was just what the immigrant came here to pursue. Our old-time spread-eagle orators used to brag about his coming here to enjoy the liberty we offered the world, and how the poor oppressed slaves of foreign monarchies crossed the ocean in order to breathe the air of freedom. But everybody knows that they left home for economic reasons—that is, they came to make money. Well, they do make it—the more industrious and the smarter ones do—they make more and more. And since that was their great motive and what they were thinking about all the time, why, naturally it goes on being their great motive and they go on thinking about it all the time. All over the country you'll hear more talk about making money than you ever did before. Money's a greater god than it was."

"The ice cream's salted with gold dust?"

"With diamonds! That salt gets into our taste—especially into what we thought of as our good taste. There are a great many more prosperous people than there used to be—a great many more who have come up from nothing than there used to be. And a lot of them still have nothing—nothing but money. But money being the god, they become 'representative.' They infiltrate our social body. The salt in the ice cream begins to mean a certain amount of change in some of our representative ideals. That's dangerous to all our old fundamental principles, because a change in ideals is always dangerous to the whole body of what's been established. It may be just barely perceptible one year and the next year you suddenly find it's the fashion. It's a sort of snowball on a downhill grade; once it begins to roll, the faster it rolls and the bigger it gets."

He looked gloomy, but I ventured to laugh and say that I hoped our country wasn't going to the dogs.

"A great many of the older people have always felt that, you know, judge. To those who like things to stand still, progress nearly always seems to be a going to the dogs."

"No doubt," he said; but he shook his head. "I don't say we're going to the dogs; I only notice that we're changing in a way that makes an old-timer a little uncomfortable. I think that what we hoped was our refinement and our good taste isn't so good as it was, and I'm afraid the salt in our ice cream is having its effect upon what we felt were our moral standards. I don't deny that we're making progress immensely, but I wonder where it's taking us except into materialism. For one thing, we have begun to love giantism with passion; everybody wants to have everything as big as possible. When any man mentions his city, the first thing he does is to lie about its size—that's the most universal lie in the United States. I suppose you've noticed that our own town is growing dirtier as it grows bigger. You haven't run across any business man who's worrying about that, have you?"

I had not. If the business men worried about the increasing smoke—for there was visibly more of it, almost from day to day—they worried for fear some other city should have even more of it than we did. Two new automobile factories had just been finished, and that made nine.

XXI

WITH winter, of course, the black grime in the air became even more noticeable—noticeable enough to be annoying. It came from every direction. The nine automobile factories were not the only new industries; and, for that matter, a great part of the smoke did not come from the industrial outskirts, but from the houses, the hotels, the office buildings, from the governmental edifices and the big brick schoolhouses. Indoors as well as out we often breathed a grimy air and our throats and lungs were the worse for it. The business men said that good clean smoke wasn't really dirty; it meant money in the bank and was wholesome for everybody, including the babies. The city's health was excellent and the statisticians' tables proved it.

"A little extra coughing isn't going to hurt anybody," they said. "It exercises the lungs and expands the chest. Besides, ours is good clean smoke; there isn't half so much coughing here as there is in other places."

(Continued on Page 124)

Here Lived Goodwife Nurse ~One of Salem's "Witches"

The home of this unfortunate woman, executed for the "heinous crime of witchcraft," is one of the sights of Salem. As we stand before her door we can almost believe that the house is indeed under a spell. We see the iron handles and the nail-studded surface of the door seemingly as sturdy as when they were new—three centuries ago. But it is not witchcraft that has preserved this old iron work. It is only the natural longevity of wrought iron.

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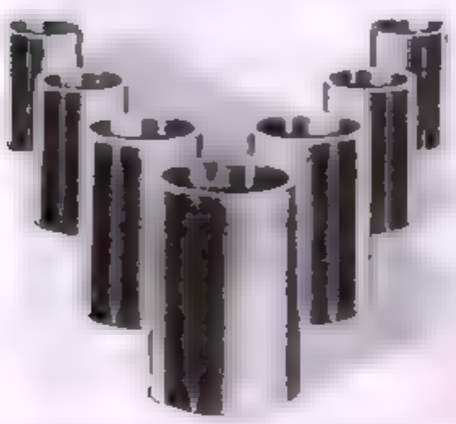

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BUNTING
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(Continued from Page 122)

On the street one day, I met an old friend who thought the business men were mistaken about this. He was an actor—a comedian in a road company playing that week in one of our theaters.

"I always used to like making this a town," he said. "It was a nice, appreciative place and I looked forward to playing here. It's not the same nowadays."

"You mean the movies are ——"

"I wasn't thinking of our business," he said. "Of course that isn't quite what it used to be, either. The nickel theaters didn't affect it much. But now that they've begun to charge a dime, and even a quarter sometimes, and are fixing up their show houses and using orchestras, they are eating into us—especially into our gallery business—quite a little. But we can meet that, I guess, by raising our price downstairs. What I was thinking of, the thing that makes me less enthusiastic about coming here is the smoke."

"I see. Of course it's thicker downtown where the hotels are. I suppose it must be pretty disagreeable to visitors in the city."

"Dear me," he said, "I don't mind a little soot on my collar! I mean what it does to my stuff in the theater."

"But how ——"

"It's the coughing," he explained. "A few years ago I could put over all my lines here without any trouble at all—I was sure of every laugh in the piece. But now, every night when the show's over, I'm shaking like a leaf from exhaustion and nervousness. You know how a laugh works—every laugh I've got in this show depends on a key word or phrase. If I don't get the key word over right, or if anything blurs it and they don't hear it all through the house, the laugh is killed. Well, nowadays I begin to tremble with every laugh line I come to, because I know that some elephant out front is going to cough on the key word and kill me dead. I hear the cough starting, so I pause and hold the word back till the elephant gets through. But half the time it's no use, because just as I do finally spring the word some other elephant out front lets go a blah-blocketty-broch that coughs me as dead as a stepped-on potato bug.

"Every year I dread hitting this belt of soft-coal towns more than I did the year before. If the coughing gets much worse, it's going to wipe out the theatrical business entirely in this section, unless we can get audiences trained to hold their coughs till the show's over. People'll quit coming to shows where they can't hear the laughs; we'll have to play the anthracite towns exclusively."

But the increasing smoke, not yet so voluminously soiling as to make audible the long and futile outcry of the housewives, was not the only token of the stirring and change that moved under the surface; other prophetic signs were visible. Some of the houses nearest to downtown business were abandoned by families long associated with them in the memories of old citizens; two or three of them became boarding houses; a real estate and insurance agent moved into one of them and the elderly and friendly brick building had an air of pathetic mortification that it should have come to wear a violent black-and-gilt sign across its homelike front. Farther up the street, another of the old houses—a pleasant one, built in the 50's, with a shady yard about it—was torn down the next spring and replaced by a huge oblong shell of concrete and glass, rearing a great flat façade where a well-remembered picket fence and gate had been. Some kindly big old trees, well-remembered, too, had perished here to make room for this incredible Automobile Sales Building.

That sales building was like the first fastening of the tentacle of an octopus upon a victim. The old happily livable principal residence streets, with their solid houses, plate-glass windows, sunny lawns and shady trees, were doomed; and the fashion of saying "I remember when" could henceforth belong to the comparatively young, for the doom worked swiftly. Moreover the old houses had themselves done something to advance it. The value of the land had increased since they had first sat themselves down in the midst of their ample lawns, and many of them had parted with their side yards, selling ground room for cheaper and narrower houses—neighbors that crowded closer and yet decreased the old prevailing neighborliness. The new houses became shabby quickly; here and there one of them showed a placard with the word "Rooms" upon it.

After that first sales building, the second came quickly—and a third and a fourth and a fifth, and then a great brick apartment house, and then another—all on the same principal residence street, the most comfortable, the handsomest and richest and most spacious thoroughfare in all the town. It suddenly began to look queer. We recognized it, of course, but it began to have the unfamiliar-familiar look of a friend who has an attack of poison ivy. Downtown, the change began to move even faster; wreckers laid old office buildings flat and in their places we saw steel cobwebs rising against the sky.

Underneath the growth one began to feel a powerful unrest, a movement of enterprise, of determined and adventurous optimism, a spirit iconoclastic toward what was old or delicate or lacked size—a spirit immensely set upon newness and bigness.

"I will build a new city here upon this old one," it seemed to say. "I will build a noisy city upon this quiet one. I will build a dirty city upon this clean one. My new city may be as ugly as sin, as black as coal, as noisy as ten thousand boiler factories; but it will be beautiful to me, because it will be big—big—big!"

At last the passion for giantism, the immemorial mark of races growing toward command of the world, or at least the struggle to command it, was now at work over all the forward-moving parts of the country; and although some sleepy places in the South and in New England might for the time avoid it and continue on in their antique civilized content and comfort, yet it would move them too some day. And nowhere, not even in the turmoil of New York or Chicago, was it more evident than where our midland town writhed in the throes of transformation, beginning to be that scene of endless change we call a modern city.

A returned native, more and more disturbed to see what had called him home now thus engage itself in the act of disappearing forever, became subject to personal misgivings. The very house I lived in—the house I'd grown up in and had at least returned to, when I "came home to settle down for good"—that house, too, must be swept away before long. And so, by the time Europe was involving itself in the impossible war that never could be, I was transcribing this impression of what I saw before me:

"The growth was now visibly upon the pleasant and substantial town, where all had once appeared to be so settled and so finished; for, just as with some of man's disorders that develop slowly, at first merely hinting in mild prophetic symptoms, then becoming more sinister, and attacking one member after another until the whole body writhes and alters, so it is with this disorder that comes racking the midland towns through distortions and turmoil into the vaster likenesses of cities; haphazard and insignificant destructions begin casually, but gradually grow more sweeping and more violent until the victim town becomes aware of great crashings—and then lies choking in a cloud of dust and smoke wherein huge new excrescences appear.

"Cameras of the new age sometimes record upon strips of moving film the slow life of a plant from the seed to the blossoming of its flower; and then there is thrown upon the screen a picture in which time is so quickened that the plant is seen in the

(Continued on Page 127)

WHAT SHOE *for* Summer Play?

The youngsters themselves can answer quickly enough— "Sneakers"

THE modern high-grade "Sneaker" is a real shoe without any of the disadvantages found in the cheap or old style canvas footwear.

Perspiration absorbing insoles — correct arch and ankle support — tough, long wearing rubber soles—strong, easily cleaned tops —these are the features of Hood's modern "Sneakers."

Let your boys and girls enjoy the freedom and comfort of Hood "Sneakers" this summer. You'll be more than satisfied if you buy them Hoods.

Made by
HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
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Here's the Husky— an ideal play shoe —strong, tough, long wearing, economical. It's only one of the many styles of modern "sneakers" made by Hood.

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Corner Fifth Avenue and Warren Street Store

18 *years of serving* Rogers Peet

. . . "for 18 years we have unhesitatingly turned to you for advice as to layout as well as for the essential store equipment." Phillips R. Turnbull, Vice President, Rogers Peet Company, New York City.

WITH real pride we present Mr. Turnbull's letter, which indicates the part we have played in the building up of this great institution.

"A merchant from another city has made inquiry of us concerning store equipment. I think it only right to let you know the pleasure it has given us to recommend your products.

"We made our first purchase from you 18 years ago. . . . Since that time we have unhesitatingly turned to you for advice as to layout as well as essential equipment.

"We appreciate not only the uniform excellence of your product, but its superior ability to display merchandise, to attract sales, and its greater efficiency in completing these sales.

"The interchangeability of your fixtures offers advantages and economies by reason of its flexibility, permitting arrangement and rearrangement with the least waste of time and expense.

"I can think of no better proof of our appreciation . . . than our continued relations for so long a time."

From small stores and large come letters like this, praising Grand Rapids fixtures, commending our store planning service, commenting upon the marked sales increases which follow proper planning by our staff of over 60 store planners.

Grand Rapids Store Planning and Equipment ranks first among the sound business investments as a means to greater profit. Whether your store be large or small, tell us your problems. Send for literature on "New Way Methods in Merchandising," without obligation.

Rogers Peet, Fifth Avenue and Herald Square New York City

Rogers Peet, Fifth Avenue and Broadway New York City

Rogers Peet, Warren Street New York City

Rogers Peet, 41st and 5th Avenue New York City

Rogers Peet, Liberty Street New York City

Rogers Peet Boston, Mass.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

FORMERLY THE GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE COMPANY •• WELCH-WILMARTH CORPORATION

STORE PLANNERS · DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FINE STORE EQUIPMENT

Executive Offices Grand Rapids Mich
Representatives in every Territory

Factories · Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore · · · Baltimore, New York City · · ·

(Continued from Page 124)

very motions of its growth, twisting itself out of the ground and stretching and swelling to its maturity, all within a few minutes. So might a film record be made of the new growth bringing to full life a quiet and elderly midland town; but the picture would be dumfounding. Cyclone, earthquake and miracle would seem to stalk hand in hand upon the screen; thunder and avalanche should play in the orchestra pit.

"In such a picture, block after block of heavy old mansions would be seen to topple; row on row of stout buildings would vanish almost simultaneously; families would be shown in flight, carrying away their goods with them from houses about to crumble; miles of tall trees would be uprooted; the earth would gape, opening great holes and chasms; the very streets would unskin themselves and twist in agony; every landmark would fly dispersed in powder upon the wind and all old-established things disappear.

"Such a picture would be but the truth with time condensed—that is to say, the truth made like a man's recollection of events—and yet it would not be like the truth as the truth appeared to the men who made the growth, nor like their subsequent memories. For these men saw, not the destruction, but only the city they were building; and they shouted their worship of that vision and were exultant in the uproar. They shouted as each new skyscraper rose swimming through the vast drifts of smoke, and shouted again as the plain, clean, old business streets collapsed and the magnificent and dirty new ones climbed above the ruins. They shouted when business went sweeping outward from its center, tearing away the houses where people had lived contentedly for so long; and they shouted again as the new factory suburbs marched upon the countryside, far and wide, and the colossal black plumes of new chimneys went undulating off into a perpetual smoke mist, so that the distant level plain seemed to be a plain surrounding not a city, but an ever-fuming volcano.

"Once again, in the interminably cycling repetition of the new displacing of the old, then becoming the old and being displaced in turn, an old order was perishing. The new materialism that had begun to grow with the renewed growing of the country after the Civil War, and staggered under the panic of '73, but recovered and went on, growing egregiously, had become an old materialism now. It had done great things and little things. Amongst the latter, it had furnished Europe with a caricature type of the American—the successful American business man. On the shelf, beside the figure of the loud-tweeded boxing Briton with his side whiskers, Europe set the lank-and-drawling, chin-bearded, palace-buying boaster of the almighty dollar, the Yankee of the great boom period.

"That had been a great railroad-making and railroad-breaking period; the great steel period; the great oil period; the great electric-invention period; the great Barnum-and-Bunkum period; the period of corrupt senators, of reform and of the first skyscrapers. All this was old now, routed by a newer and more gorgeous materialism. The old had still its disciplines for the young and its general appearance of piety; bad children were still whipped sometimes, and the people of best reputation played no games on Sunday, but went to church and seemed to believe in God and the Bible with almost the faith of their fathers. But many of these people went down with their falling houses; a new society, swarming upward above the old surfaces, became dominant. It began to breed, among other things, a new critic who attacked every faith and offered, instead of mysteries, full knowledge of all creation as merely a bit of easily comprehended mechanics. And in addition to discovering the universe, the new society discovered golf, communism and the movies; it spread the great American cocktail over the whole world, abolished horses and produced buildings fifty stories high.

"In the din of all the tearing down and building up, most of the old family names were not heard, or were heard but obscurely or perhaps in connection with misfortunes; for many of the old families were vanishing. They and their fathers and grandfathers had slowly made the town; they had always thought of it as their own, and they had expected to sit looking out upon it complacently forever from the plate glass of their big houses. They had built thick walls round themselves, these old families, not only when they built the walls of their houses but when they built the walls encircling their close association with one another. The growth razed all these walls; the sets had resisted the climbers, but the defenses fell now; and those who had sheltered behind them were dispersed, groping for one another in the smoke."

For by the time Europe was horribly swamped in war the growth had overwhelmed the old citizen, and so had the manifestations that accompanied it and dumfounded him. He was already sufficiently dazed. Votes for women and prohibition were near at hand; everybody was beginning to own an automobile; speed mania spread massacre everywhere, especially on Sunday, and nothing whatever abated it; and then, in the midst of all the tearing down and building up, with all the whirling of dollars in the air and of rubber wheels on every street and road, when the turmoil seemed wildest and most deafening, all the country fell to dancing.

Jazz and the turkey trot had arrived.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington. The next will appear in an early issue

She: "So You're for Hoover? What Did He Ever Do for the Farmers?"

Are you GETTING *from Life* what YOU WANT?

"OH, HE'S been lucky. He's had all the breaks." Haven't you heard unsuccessful people talk that way about men who've made good? Passing the buck to Fate.

Then hear the other side of the story. Talk to a man like this successful banker—young, but already a name to conjure with in financial circles.

He started out with no more than any of his friends. Had his share of disappointments and hard knocks, too.

But he *knew* exactly what he wanted from life. And he went after it. Set a definite goal for himself. Mapped out his life, step by step, year by year.

His plan wouldn't permit of ill health, with loss of valuable time and efficiency. So he included a regular health regime, too. In spite of a sedentary life, irregular hours, frequent travel, he never let his system get sluggish or out of order. He's as regular as a healthy boy in all his bodily habits—thanks to Nujol, he says.

"I started taking Nujol when I was just a bank clerk. It was as new in those days as I was—just perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). We've kept together ever since. And both been successful, too."

It is a pure substance that keeps the body functioning normally and naturally under all conditions. It not only prevents an excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal. It's these poisons that sap your energy, kill your ambition, hold you back.

If you're feeling a bit discouraged—envious of the other fellow who's leaving you behind—pick up with the Nujol treatment. Buy a bottle today. Keep it up regularly for the next three months. It's a small enough investment. But more profitable than all the "get-rich-quick" schemes in the world.

MEN have no monopoly on success. Women are claiming their share of it every day. In business. In professions. Or like this woman, along social and personal lines.

She is the wife of a prominent man with a brilliant political record. All through his career, she's played an important role. How important, perhaps, nobody suspects. Though everyone agrees she's one of his greatest political assets.

A charming hostess. Poised. Radiant. As keen and alert as any of the political minds she meets. Equal to any difficult situation. Ready to meet the official demands on her time and energy. And the personal demands of her young family. She *must* keep well. And she does—by the same means that other successful men and women use—Nujol.

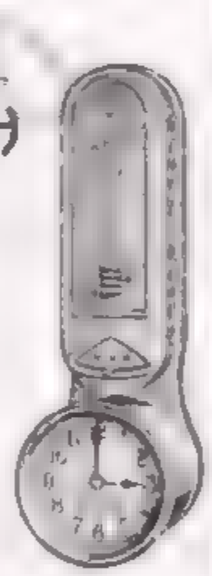
"I first learned its value on a long campaign trip I made with my husband," she says. "It kept me in excellent condition, in spite of constant change of water and diet, differences in climate, and long days without any exercise. The whole family takes it regularly now—even to the youngest baby."

Anybody can take Nujol with perfect safety. It won't upset or disagree with you under any conditions. For it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. Isn't it worth trying? You'll find it at all the leading drugstores.

SIDE-TRACKED

by a common cold!

Now science has discovered the danger of overheated homes



Do you know that four out of every ten men and seven out of every ten women suffered from a severe cold some time during last winter? That diseases of the breathing apparatus cause about one death in every five?

Health authorities now have revealed an important cause for this alarming situation. When we breathe overheated air, the membranes lining the nose and throat become congested with a rich supply of blood. Then the first contact with cooler air suddenly chills the tissues, deprives them of their blood supply, and leaves them weakened against germ attack. In New York City schools, raising the temperature only one degree too high caused a sharp increase in illness from colds.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

You can largely avoid this danger by installing an automatic regulator on your heating plant, to keep the temperature steadily at the most desirable level. At the same time you obtain real heating comfort, avoid fire tending and save fuel. Clock control rouses the fire automatically early in the morning and permits you to enjoy the added luxury of dressing in a warm house.

Now is the time to prepare for next winter. The Minneapolis-Honeywell is easily installed on any type of heating plant, burning any fuel. A nearby factory branch or factory-trained distributor is ready to serve you. Pay through the winter on our Budget Plan. Ask for our interesting booklet, "*The High Cost of Overheating*," sent free on request.

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. Also manufacturers of Jewell Temperature Regulators. Executive Offices, Minneapolis, Minn. Factories, Minneapolis, Minn., and Wabash, Ind. Branch Offices in Principal Cities. Agencies in almost every city.

MINNEAPOLIS
HEAT REGULATOR
HONEYWELL

TERRIERS I HAVE MET

(Continued from Page 15)

This method of applying water is extremely distasteful to him, especially when the stream splatters with some force against his mud-incrusted face. Yet if he lives to be eighty years old, he will, on hearing the sputtering of a woodchuck, hurl himself hopefully into the muck of the ditch, even though a moment's thought would remind him that the woodchuck is safe from his efforts and that he will eventually be obliged to face the hated stream from the garden hose.

That, doubtless, is what happened to Dick's grandfather. I have no doubt that he was so intent on locating the source of the hissing shell fuse that when the shell went off and lifted him violently into the air, he looked stupidly over his shoulder with a wide-eyed stare that plainly said "Did you hear anything?" just as does the dog Dick when I try to bring him out of a particularly attractive woodchuck hole by rapping him smartly on the hindquarters with a mashie.

In providing the dog Dick with a wife it was not my hope that the little ones would be able to talk, or that they would even be able—as are so many dogs whose abilities are recounted to me by their proud owners—to do everything but talk. What I hoped for, however, was a dog that should have the amiability and the ingratiating ways of the dog Dick, together with good judgment, a musical voice, the ability to sleep late in the morning and a well-developed sense of direction—and the intelligence to use them.

Not long ago Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, the distinguished author and dog fancier, told about a dog whose master, a British soldier, was sent from a training camp in England across the English Channel to the British front in France. His dog, finding himself deserted, hopped a train to the shore of the Channel, caught another troop ship bound for France and eventually found his way to his master's dugout somewhere in the network of trenches.

From this exploit one can see what an intelligent dog can do when he really extends himself. The dog, of course, had no idea where his master was going, and neither did the master; yet the dog's sense of direction was such that it carried him to his unknown destination with the accuracy of an earth-inductor compass. If his sense of direction had been at all imperfect he might have gone to any one of a score of places where British troops were fighting during the war—Mesopotamia or North Russia or Gallipoli or Siberia or Italy—and worn himself to a shadow hunting fruitlessly for his master.

Fiction Is Stranger Than Fact

I hoped for no such exhibitions as this from any of the children of the dog Dick. In fact I would be greatly distressed by such astuteness. I sometimes have cause to travel with some rapidity from one part of the country to another.

Recently, for example, I hastened from Maine to the Mexican border, from the Mexican border to Central California, and from California to Europe, leaving the dog Dick in Maine. If he had possessed the sense of direction of the dog concerning which Mr. Terhune wrote, he might have tried to follow me to Texas, learned in midflight that he must shift to California, sensed my embarkation for Europe when he was halfway to the Pacific coast, and finally, having reached Paris and become aware that I had sailed for home again, thrown himself under the wheels of a Paris taxicab in despair.

The dog Dick possesses little, if any, of this homing instinct. On one occasion he went with me to call on a friend who lives two miles from my home in Maine. This friend, for the purposes of this narrative, will be referred to as Mr. Tarkington. Across the street from Mr. Tarkington lives another friend, whom we may designate, for the purposes of this narrative, as Mr. Fisher.

Having called on Mr. Tarkington, I took the dog Dick to the home of Mr. Fisher and there engaged in a friendly game of bridge. During the progress of the game the dog Dick expressed some displeasure at being forced to remain in the house, and so was permitted to venture forth. In the course of time he was heard making a hideous outcry beneath a near-by porch, and investigation revealed the fact that he had cornered his pet aversion, a woodchuck, beneath it and was engaged in battling it to a finish. Finding no opening through which I could crawl to assist him, I returned to the bridge game. When, considerably later, I started home, there was no sign of him anywhere, and I was obliged to go away without him.

Still later the telephone in my home rang shrilly, and the voice of Mr. Fisher informed me petulantly that my dog had come up on his porch with the body of a large and excessively defunct woodchuck and laid it where persons entering or leaving the house would fall over it. When I suggested that he send the dog home, he retorted moodily that the dog had departed as soon as he had deposited the woodchuck, and added that I might come over and take the woodchuck away.

Like Father, Like Sons

In the course of another hour the telephone rang again, and a voice announced that it was speaking from the Tarkington home. My dog, said the voice, had recently set up a clamor at the front door, in the evident belief that I had returned there from Mr. Fisher's. He had foolishly been admitted, and it was now the earnest wish of everyone in the home that I come and get him. I suggested that he be turned out and allowed to go home alone, but was told that this had been tried, only to have the dog set up such a tumult that he had to be readmitted immediately. I have no doubt that if I had not returned for him he would have lived there in perfect contentment for the rest of his life.

This attitude, in a creature that is popularly supposed to die of grief when separated from his master, seems a trifle cold-blooded to me; and I have hoped that somewhere among the children of the dog Dick will one day be found a dog with sense enough to stay where he is supposed to stay, but with sufficient mentality to seek out his master when such seeking is desirable.

Since the day when the first wife of the dog Dick was released from the crate in which she had arrived, and immediately pushed open a screen door with her nose and vanished into the woods for upward of seven hours, the dog Dick has had several other wives and some forty children. Some twenty of these have reached maturity; but none of them, so far as I can see, possesses any more of the capabilities of the dogs of fiction than does the dog Dick himself. Indeed, I have often thought that if dog shows awarded prizes for stupidity, I could shut out all competition in any show by entering the dog Dick and three or four of his children.

From time to time, as one of the children showed signs of unusual beauty or strength of character, I have taken him from the kennels in order to observe his conduct in and around the home. At such times I have seemed to detect glimmerings of genuine astuteness in the dog Dick.

In the only dog fiction with which I am familiar the young and untrained dog is taken in hand by the wise old dog Ranger or Tip or Spot, and taught neatness and quietness and good manners and other pleasing dog attributes. He is taught to mind the children, to bring home the cows, to refrain from burying his bones in the flower garden, to close doors, to ring the alarm bell, to bail out the boat, to save little

girls from drowning, to keep out of the way of automobiles, and so on. I have never come across any old dog in fiction that taught a young dog how to give the baby a shampoo, but neither have I ever encountered any old dog in fiction that was not perfectly competent to do so if the need should arise.

It seems to me that I have seen, in the dog Dick, an inclination to teach things to young dogs, though I am forced to admit that they aren't the sort of things that the dogs of fiction teach. I may be mistaken, and his actions may be due entirely to his customary stupidity. Sometimes, however, they look suspiciously as though they were the results of a predetermined plan.

It is quite obvious, when one of his children is introduced into the home, that the dog Dick is filled with boredom and annoyance. Some of this is due to the exuberance of the young dog and some of it is due to visitors. The latter are given to picking up the little one and exclaiming to it: "Oh, oh! Suzza itty bitty tweetie itty doggie! Tummy etty mummsie patty itty head! Ooza wazza luvva duvva unny bunny! M-m—M-m-m!" They then look curiously at the dog Dick, who has retired coldly beneath a couch, with his ears laid well back, and ask "Do you think he knows it's one of his own babies?" Sometimes they add in a cooing voice to the fatigued Dick, "Ess, oo dweat big sing, zat's oor itty bitty teeny weeny baby! Ain't oo pwoud?"

This is one of the moments when I am filled with gratitude at the thought that dogs cannot talk.

I have never known and I never expect to know whether the dog Dick is able to recognize his own children. I suspect that he is not; for it seems to me that if he felt any sense of responsibility for them or proprietorship in them, he would wait until no one was looking and then deftly break their necks.

Abating a Nuisance

In spite of his evident aversion to those of his sons who are admitted to the home, he frequently takes them on long excursions, quite in the manner—up to a certain point—of one of the wise old dogs of fiction. When the little one emerges from the house in the early morning and pounces on the large beef bone in which he imagines himself to have a half interest, the dog Dick stands quietly at the front gate and stares at the carefree young whippersnapper with a look in which weariness, contempt and malevolence are equally blended. He waits there, shifting patiently from one foot to the other, until the young one's wandering eye encounters him. The young one drops the bone and springs playfully toward him, as if to say, "Well, you dopy old dodo! Why don't you show a little life?" The dog Dick then turns with what seems to me to be a poorly simulated air of lightheartedness and camaraderie and trots off across the golf links toward certain pine woods in which there are rabbits, foxes, squirrels, partridges and countless stimulating odors. Beside him and around him gambols the little one, now snapping gayly at his father's whiskers and now stumbling heavily over his own feet and falling awkwardly and stupidly between the legs of the dog Dick.

In about one hour the dog Dick returns alone to his home, sniffs in a preoccupied manner at the beef bone in the middle of the lawn and lowers himself to a sunny corner of the porch with a sigh of relief and relaxation. Of the little one there is no sign at all, and it is apparent that the dog Dick is no more interested in the whereabouts of his child than he is in the nebular hypothesis.

When another two hours have elapsed without sign of the young dog, the dog Dick is frequently urged to exert his intelligence in the manner common to the dogs of fiction.

"Where," he is asked in a voice intended to gain his eager coöperation—"where is Chippendale Highboy? Where's Chippy? Go find Chippy!"

At these words stupidity envelops the dog Dick as in a blanket. He rises languidly from his sunny corner and gazes with lackluster eyes at a passing swallow, scrutinizes an oak tree on which a particularly loathsome chipmunk is accustomed to sit, and delicately inhales the odor of a petunia leaf, following which he returns to his sunny corner, throws himself flat on his side and at once falls into a slumber broken by an occasional stifled bark of delight and by convulsive movements of the forepaws.

On many occasions he has thus returned alone after escorting one of his children on a long walk, but never has he shown enough acumen to trace the whereabouts of one of them when ordered to do so, or to bring him home again. In fact it is my fixed belief that the dog Dick stupidly hopes each time that the little one will be permanently lost and will never again have access to any of his pet rugs or beef bones. In every instance, however, the little one turns up in six or seven hours' time at a neighbor's house in an extremely draggled and fatigued condition.

A Fine Old Tradition

As I said before, it may be stupidity and not Machiavellian cunning that leads the dog Dick to lose his children in this way. If it were cunning, one would naturally suppose that he would push the little one into the ocean or lure him beneath an automobile, thus insuring his nonreturn, instead of merely deserting him. I can only say that no dog in fiction would act in any such slipshod and unfinished way.

It should be remarked in passing that one of the fine old traditions and necessary features of dog breeding, apparently, is that all young dogs shall be saddled with double or triple jointed names that are seldom used, that mean next to nothing and that the dogs themselves are unable to recognize—names like Nebuchadnezzar Toplofty Piffle or Blackbank Tomatocan Emma. The leading prize winner at any large dog show, for example, will often have a name something like Bumblecliff Shavingsoap Drum; but in the home circle his owner is more than likely to call him Mike.

In carrying out this fine old tradition I attempted to give a certain amount of meaning to the names, but in so doing I encountered several annoying features that caused me considerable inconvenience. One of the unwritten laws of dog raising is that the first name of all dogs raised in a kennel shall be the name of the kennel. Consequently all the dog Dick's children arbitrarily received the name Dirigo, which is also the Latin motto of the state of Maine. One of the great troubles with this name, I soon discovered, is that no two persons pronounce it the same way. Furthermore, there are few persons who pronounce it the same way twice in succession.

When it came to second and third names, I had the brilliant thought of naming the young dogs for the finest products of the world's master furniture makers. The wire-haired terrier, it seemed to me, lends itself admirably to such a method of naming; for his forelegs should be straight and without excrescences, like the best Sheraton, Chippendale or Hepplewhite legs; while his head and muzzle, when properly plucked and trimmed, should be as gracefully rectangular, as symmetrical and as devoid of curlicues and doodads as the cabinet work of these great craftsmen.

Like the products of Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, moreover, the wire-haired terrier is equally in place in the most pretentious mansion or the humblest cottage; and the representatives of the breed with which I am familiar seem to have another point in common with the best Chippendale and Hepplewhite furniture in that mentally they show every sign of being solid mahogany or walnut.

It was during my first flush of enthusiasm over this idea that the first two children

(Continued on Page 133)

MURPHY FINE FINISHES

Famous for 63 years among architects, master painters, and makers of products requiring a fine finish

"Handsome is as handsome does"—*but*

A GOOD old saying. But like many a good old saying it isn't quite modern. That car of yours—still good for many a mile—why let it go around looking like an old hack? It *does* handsomely, why not make it *look* handsome?

Do this next Saturday afternoon. Get one quart of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel, a good brush (it's worth while) and give yourself an hour or two of fun. It really is fun to use Da-Cote. You can tell by the way it goes on—by the "feel" of it—that it's an exceptionally fine product. You are led to expect that the finished job is going to do you proud.

Next morning you find out. There is the old bus a brilliant, shining, smiling new car. Run your finger over the surface and feel the smoothness of it. Feast your eyes on the deep, rich lustre of the finish.

Months later you will know for yourself that Murphy Da-Cote Enamel *stands up* in rain, snow, and beating sun.

What are you going to drive out of your garage next Sunday morning? The same old bus? Or—

Today, hunt up the Murphy dealer in your town. You must, if you want the kind of a job we've been talking about.

Send coupon for Instruction Book and Color Card.

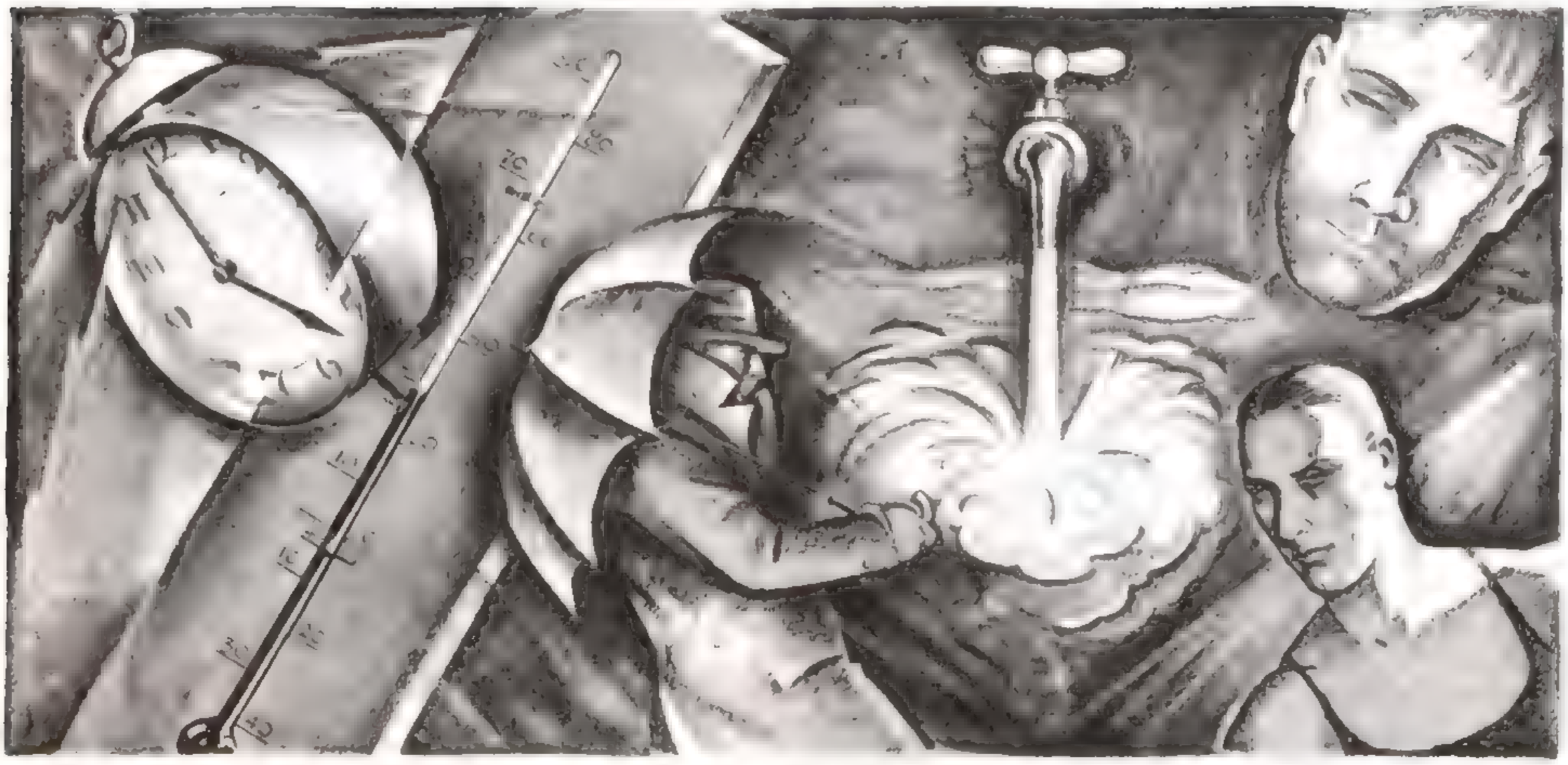
INTRODUCTORY OFFER

40c sample can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel for 25c. Offer limited to 2 cans—only 1 can of each color.) Your choice of the following colors: Red, Light Red, Mandarin Red, Tangerine, Yellow, Green, Light Green, Spray Green, Jade Green, Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Light Brown, Gray, Light Gray, Pearl Gray, Ivory, Cream, White, Black, Flat Black.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
NEWARK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.
☐ Send me Instruction Book and Color Card
☐ Send following 40¢ cans of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel at 25¢ each for which I enclose ..... ¢ (stamps or coin). Order colors by name
1. _____
2. _____
(Only 2 cans to a person)
Name _____
Address _____

Murphy *Da-Cote* Enamel



TIME · TEMPERATURE · HUMIDITY · WATER · BEARD

Gillette must do a different —*with a blade which does*

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

THE weather may be fair or foul, warm or freezing; the water may be hot or cold, hard or soft; your digestion, too, affects the comfort of your shave; so do your nerves, how well you slept, and the haste or thoroughness with which you lather.

There are at least forty different reasons why your Gillette Blade never gets precisely the same kind of shaving job to do twice.

There is just one reason why you can al-

SLEEP · SKIN CONDITION · HEALTH · NERVES · LATHER

job for you each day *all of them superbly*

ways get a smooth, clean, comfortable shave under any conditions—the invincible, even-tempered smoothness of the Gillette Blade—the one *constant* thing about your daily shave.

Gillette could safely make this statement in the beginning when the daily output of blades was less than a hundred. We can make it now with far greater positiveness, when over two million perfectly honed and delicately stropped Gillette Blades leave the plant every day.

The blades receive most rigid inspection at every step. To make this possible, four out of every nine employees devote all their time to inspection. They actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

When you slip your fresh Gillette Blade into your razor tomorrow morning, remember that it has a different job to do each day—and *does* it with comfortable smoothness.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette

Gillette

Just *how* SHOULD You Feel at the END of a 300-Mile Day?

These Cars are Ross-Equipped

The manufacturers of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 115 manufacturers of trucks, 50 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

Auburn	Graham-Paige	Nash Standard 6
Chandler	614, 619, 629, 835	Peerless
Chrysler 80	Hupmobile	Reo Flying Cloud
Cunningham	Kissel	Reo Wolverine
Diana	Kleiber	Rommer
Duesenberg	Locomobile	Stearns-Knight
Du Pont	Marmon 68 and 78	Studebaker
Elcar	McFarlan	Stutz
Gardner	Moon	Velie

You Can Put Ross in These Cars

Check and Mail This Coupon

☐ Ford ☐ Overland ☐ Dodge ☐ Buick ☐ Oakland ☐ Chevrolet ☐ Pontiac ☐ Oldsmobile ☐ Hudson

*Body Style*_____ *Year*_____

Ross Gear and Tool Co., Lafayette, Ind.

Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body style of the car I drive.

Name_____

Address_____

On Vacation Trips—after eight or ten hours at the steering wheel—and maybe 300 miles behind you—how do you *feel?* And how *should* you feel? What has the effort, strain and wheel-vibration done to your nerves—and to your hands, arms and shoulders? You *know!*

If your wheel jiggles and jerks over rough-going—if it pulls hard—if it requires constant, conscious attention—then your driving *must* be tiring, wearing work. But if you have the easy, steady Ross Cam and Lever Steering, all these causes of fatigue are eliminated—and driving is the pleasure it *should* be.

Ross holds the wheel always steady—over the roughest roads—through the heaviest gravel. It holds the car true in its course with only a hint of guidance from you—yet it responds to your slightest touch. Ross gives you confidence and peace of mind.

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ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

(Continued from Page 129)

of the dog Dick appeared on the scene. Originally there were three; but the mother, with the stupidity that seems to exist only in my dogs, was unable to count beyond two and consequently neglected to take the third one along whenever she moved her quarters, which she stupidly and repeatedly persisted in doing. Consequently malnutrition attacked and defeated the third one. The remaining two—both of them young ladies—seemed to me to be perfect specimens of wire-haired terrierhood, even while they were so young that their cries of rage sounded like the squeak of a playful mouse. I accordingly gave them the formal names of Chippendale Ladderback and Chippendale Sewing Table names which, informally, were supposed to become Ladda and So-so.

Among the many distressing features connected with raising wire-haired terriers is the impossibility of knowing whether a young dog is a good dog, so far as points are concerned, until he has reached the ripe age of six or eight or even ten months. One learns this in time from the old records of wire-haired terriers, which show that many of the great prize-winning wire-hairs were first sold in puppyhood, especially in England, for a guinea or two pun ten or some equally ridiculous sum in the belief that they weren't quite top-hole. As they grew older their points developed and they were snapped up by dealers and breeders for constantly increasing sums—sums that have run as high as five and six thousand dollars.

The reverse is also true. Puppies over which their breeders rave wildly when they are two or three months old suddenly develop ears that break back, or heads that are too broad, or jaws that are too pointed, or foreheads with too much dip in them, or under jaws that fail to grow as rapidly as they should, or eyes that are too large and light, or weak hind quarters, or a coat that is too soft, or some blemish equally damning in wire-haired-terrier show circles.

That is what happened in my case. Chippendale Ladderback, in the course of a few months, developed a soft, scraggy coat and the type of retroussé nose that is known in dog circles as a dish face; and Chippendale Sewing Table's ears, instead of staying aristocratically high and V-shaped, broke back and hung out from her head like two draggled house pennants. Instead of looking like products of a master craftsman's hands, they looked more like something salvaged from a hospital for broken toys.

Good Names for Any Dog

Under such circumstances it was impossible to let them retain their original names; and since, in my opinion, the colored prints produced from 1850 to 1880 by Currier & Ives are the antithesis, in every way, of fine Chippendale furniture, I renamed one of them Currier and the other Ives. If the third one had lived, I fear that it would have been necessary to name the poor wretch Dirigo Sleigh Seat.

Since the first distribution of names to the progeny of the dog Dick, it has been my duty to distribute many others. Most of the distributions have taken place too early—not because I failed to learn a lesson at the time of the first distribution, but because the terrier expert who has charge of my kennels is addicted to certain names and applies them freely if I am dilatory with my own choice of names. It is his fixed belief—a belief which I am unable to shake—that female dogs should be named either Queenie or Lady and that male dogs should be named either Dick or Billy.

Time and again he has said to me, "How about getting some names for that last bunch?" When I promise to produce names within the week, he says meditatively, "Queenie would be a good name for that little white one."

"Yes," I object, "but you've got two Queenies already. You don't want three, do you?"

"Well," he says, "how about Lady?"

"Good night!" I reply. "You've got three named Lady!"

"It don't make any difference," he replies calmly. "If they're out of the kennels and I call one of 'em, I want 'em all to come; and if they're all in the kennels except the one I'm calling, there's no harm done. I don't mind if we have ten Queenies and nine Ladies."

There seems to be some truth in what he says, but I prefer more variety in dog names. Consequently his attitude frequently hurries me in my choice of names, and the names don't fit. In the case of one large litter, the members of it, at the age of some three weeks, were hurriedly named Hepplewhite Sideboard, Hepplewhite Secretary, Hepplewhite Highboy, Hepplewhite Lowboy, Hepplewhite Wing Chair and Hepplewhite Sofa. As time went on, Hepplewhite Lowboy was found to be the only one equipped to uphold the dignity of the glorious name of Hepplewhite. In the case of two of the others I felt obliged to have recourse to other less pleasing forms of antiques. One became Curly Maple and the other became Sandwich Glass. Not caring to waste names on the other three, I permitted the terrier expert to name them. One promptly became Lady and two became Queenies. In the course of a few more years I shall probably adopt his system of naming.

A Still Hunt

One of my greatest fears in raising wire-haired terriers is that I shall eventually relinquish a young dog that will turn out to have all the intelligence that is so well concealed—or so wholly lacking—in the dog Dick. A number of his children have been acquired by persons who live near me, and occasionally I am thrown into a fit of depression by hearing these persons exclaim rapturously over the almost unbelievable intelligence of their dogs. In each case I hurriedly make a personal investigation of the dog's intelligence, and at the beginning of each investigation I am always interested to learn that the owner considers his own dog astonishingly intelligent, but has little or no regard for the intelligence of any of his dog's relatives.

Recently I heard a great deal about the intelligence of Mr. Fisher's dog Tinker, who is a son of the dog Dick and originally bore the name Sheraton Sideboard. I investigated the matter and found that he was held to be almost painfully intelligent because he went of his own accord to a local yacht club at the tea hour each day, having learned that if he made himself sufficiently obnoxious to the club members, he would be bribed with sandwiches and cake to remain quiet. On visiting the yacht club to investigate further, I observed the dog Tinker marooned on a small raft in shallow water some fifteen feet from shore, wailing mournfully for assistance. One of the officials of the club observed venomously that if somebody didn't go out and take him off the raft, b' gosh, he'd holler for two or three hours before he'd swim ashore. This, to my mind, was proof positive that in relinquishing the dog Tinker I had lost no mental giant.

Another of the dog Dick's sons that had been acquired by a near-by family, and given the striking name of Dick Junior by his new owners, was heralded far and wide as a wonder dog. Since I had originally parted from this dog with some reluctance, I hastened over to look into the matter. It then developed that the dog was regarded as a paragon of intelligence because he willingly permitted himself to be held for indefinite periods in the laps of any one of the four members of the family that owned him. His owners were unable to give other samples of his intelligence, so that it was possible for me to control my grief at having allowed him to pass out of my possession.

Still a third son, Dirigo Sheraton Lowboy, owned by other neighbors, was also reputed to be exceptionally sagacious. His reputation, it appeared, was built on three facts: He knew the meaning of the word

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"bone"; he was occasionally able to prophesy unsettled weather by sleeping on his back with all four paws in the air; and when he ran away from home, which he frequently did, the combined efforts of five children were required to capture him. Before these evidences of profundity and mother wit I was able to remain calm.

Two of the very finest of the children of the dog Dick—Baron Stiegel and Mrs. Duncan Phyfe—have been retained in the kennels to substitute or, in a manner of speaking, pinch-hit for the dog Dick in the rôle of guardian of the home and pleasure dog in case his stupidity in regard to automobiles ever results fatally.

He has had frequent opportunities to learn that he cannot overcome the law of gravity, but it seems impossible for him to get the idea through his head. When riding in an automobile, he leans as far out as possible, so that the wind whistles mournfully through his luxuriant whiskers and the fascinating scents of the countryside pass straight into his patrician nose. When the automobile unexpectedly turns a corner, he is sometimes catapulted from it and usually lands on his head, on which he makes several revolutions before sprawling in the dust. On rising, however, his stupidity prevents him from connecting his fall with his own carelessness, and he looks belligerently around to see who pushed him.

It is my thought that some day, after doing one of his falls, he will rise and angrily attempt to avenge himself on a passing automobile—a proceeding that will have less and less nourishment for small dogs, as the speed limit for automobiles hovers around sixty miles an hour.

Follow the Leader

I must admit that neither Baron Stiegel nor Mrs. Duncan Phyfe, in spite of their physical excellence, shows any trace of shrewdness that is not possessed by the dog Dick. When they are taken into the woods with the dog Dick they follow him with interest, but are unable to grasp his motives. When he attacks a mole hole and casts dirt violently between his hind legs with his forelegs, Baron Stiegel and Mrs. Duncan Phyfe stand directly behind him so that the dirt showers briskly into their eyes, and remain there until he moves on. When he stands at the foot of a tree and barks threateningly at a squirrel they stand on each side of him and bark energetically but stupidly at him and at each other. What they would do in a crisis I have no way of knowing, but I have my suspicions.

Late last autumn the dog Dick won loud and unmerited applause from knowing hunters because of a series of accidents. During the woodcock flight I took my gun to go into the woods for an hour or so; and seeing the dog Dick at a loose end, I invited him to accompany me, knowing full well that his presence would keep me from getting any birds. While plowing through a swale choked with briers, with the dog Dick floundering at my heels, a partridge got up in front of me and hustled behind a pine tree. A blind shot resulted in four feathers floating out from behind the tree, but a search revealed no bird.

A Great Bird Dog

The dog Dick was then put on the trail; but since he is a terrier, his stupidity in regard to birds is almost abysmal. When permitted to smell the feathers, which he stupidly attempted to eat, and urged to hunt, he fell to digging frantically after nothing and had to be kicked onward. Once, in his casual galloping, he paused to sniff a tuft of moss, whereupon a woodcock rose three inches in front of his nose, causing him to start back in indignant surprise. The woodcock was successfully dropped; but when I walked to it and picked it up, the dog Dick knowingly leaped forward and tore most of the feathers from its breast.

Kicked back to the partridge hunt, he galloped here, there and everywhere, now sniffing for field mice and now peering up a pine tree to look for squirrels. He stopped for a second to cast a bored glance at a clump of junipers, sixty yards from where I had shot at the partridge, but hurried onward immediately, with no display of emotion. By way of precaution I looked under the junipers, and there was the partridge, dead. As I picked it up the dog Dick hastened back, seized its head firmly between his teeth and wrenched violently at it. For all this he was favorably mentioned by local hunters, and the news went abroad concerning the terrier that was developing into a highly intelligent bird dog.

I am well able to recognize that it would have been impossible for the dog Dick to show greater stupidity than he displayed on this hunt; but I have the feeling that if Baron Stiegel or Mrs. Duncan Phyfe had been with me, they would probably have gone the dog Dick one better by biting off one of my fingers and getting in front of the gun at the moment of discharge.

Vain as have been my efforts to obtain a dog as intelligent as even the dumbest dog of fiction, I expect to keep on trying for some time to come. Even the stupid ones are worth the trouble.

TO THE LIVING AND THE REST OF THEM

(Continued from Page 17)

"Monsieur Philibert, that will be the third bottle since breakfast!"

"And then?"

"Immediately," she said, and looked at me, going out of the place.

"Her brother has a wineshop up the street," Philibert told me. "Will you go into Germany? Does that phase of the thing amuse you?"

"Not at all."

"It would be dull and perhaps embarrassing," he said, spinning a hat on its standard of cheap gilded wood. "When the sacred government gives us back the yacht, father intends to do Asia. He thinks it will amuse him. I may go along. In Asia they have been remote from this dog fight and will not talk about it so much. I shall hide on the yacht and be properly inconspicuous—the modest hero—the tired ace hunting new worlds to conquer—some pose of the kind.... And your family?"

"Very well."

"I am enchanted," he said in French, turning the little hat of red velvet, "to hear it. And have you lost many friends?"

"One friend and some acquaintances."

"European society has been censored," the dead man smiled; "but plenty of bores survive.... Yes, I think I shall go to Asia with papa. For a year or two nobody will want to talk about the war, then it will be talked. But it will not be the war. The big, stupid, beautiful poem of the thing will vanish. The rest is anecdotal. I suppose the heroic gentlemen of the cinema are preparing to make it useful. Can you not see the curly hero shedding tears of glycerin on his dead friend and the runaway bad boy of Smith Corners, Nebraskavada, coming home a redeemed character to the kisses of his mother and sweetheart? Europe has been a sponge soaked in hatred since 1870, and a touch of the finger on the thing made it squirt. Now we shall have an hour of saccharin, until the hate accumulates again."

"I suppose so, Philibert."

There is no way of telling how awful this was. He was a question that could not be asked in the gray little shop. Something worse than his fame in the air had made him

(Continued on Page 136)

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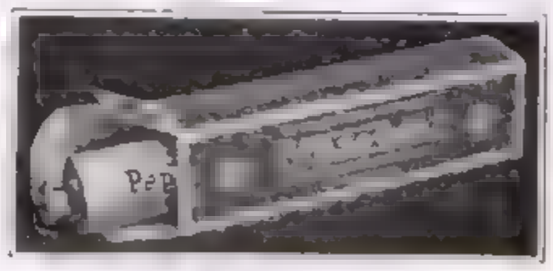

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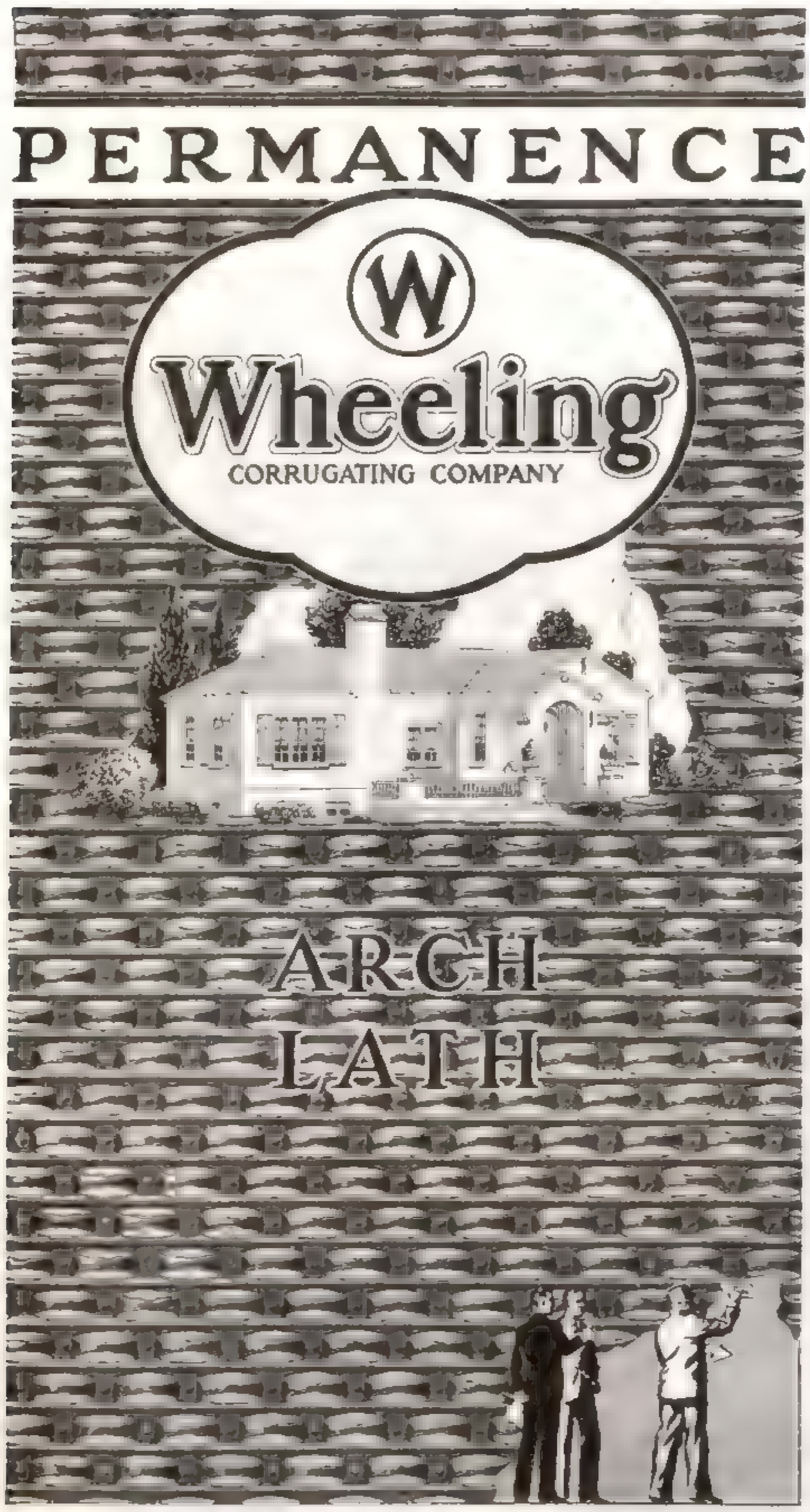

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(Continued from Page 134)

a metallic ghost, smiling politely. This boy worked in a bank in New York through 1912 and 1913, learning American business. You met him around in restaurants, alert and clever and interested. In 1913 I walked up and down a German liner, taking us both to France, with Philibert and dined at his sumptuous father's house in Paris and saw his family. But I could not ask "How about your brothers?" And his mother must be dead.

He went on smiling and I sat smoking a cigarette, and was afraid. The war had stopped and we could not talk of that. The milliner brought in a green bottle, and the wine blew its perfume out of two glasses.

"Some toast, Monsieur Philibert?"

"No; just some coffee for monsieur."

"Immediately," she said, and slammed the door of her kitchen behind the shop.

It was now my turn to say something. Philibert stared in his glass, waiting for me to drink. I ought to say something. So I said, meaning nothing at all, "Well, to the living and the rest of them," and wondered why I had said it.

But Philibert answered "Thanks" in English, and drank a whole glass of champagne. He hurled it down his throat and then sat looking at his fingers, with red streaks mounting his face.

"It was Charlot who killed my mother. He was not her favorite, you know; but she had been ill and they telegraphed from the hospital and we went down there, and were too late. She died in the train coming back. Her heart, I dare say. When André went she was amazingly calm. . . . This is not a bad wine. Do drink some."

It may have been excellent. I sat and looked at him.

"André was the—the blond one who was crazy about mountain climbing?"

"Yes. Georges was my father's favorite. They were extremely sympathetic. The same manias—rare stamps, yachting, Russian music and women. If Georges had lasted, papa would have an interest. He cannot recover from my mother's—disappearance. They were profoundly linked—tied together. Americans do not understand the European marriage, I discover. You make a fetish of fidelity and leave the questions of comprehension, mutual ambitions, mutual respect—off in a corner. . . . He will last a few years. It is pathetic, because he has nothing. He has never liked me, and I regret to say that I do not like him. We lost our one topic in common when Jean was killed."

"That kid!"

"Oh, it does sound fantastic, does it not? But he was driving with one of our aunts the morning of the Easter bombardment, and that was convenient. A bit of metal went in through one of his ears. . . . To the rest of them," said Philibert, lifting his glass.

I think I drank some wine. Philibert's voice went on, light and precise, but his springs were running down. He could not sit erect in the chair of common velvet stamped with little rosebuds. He was talking now in French:

"One imagined oneself a logician. One discovers that one lived only for affections. Bah! There are so many of us. . . . See! I brought down the Herr Lieutenant Brunoff inside our lines, after he had smashed my arm for me. His machine took fire. We both landed in this charming cabbage field. We were so extravagantly polite. He had a bracelet with four black acorns. I said, 'What an amusing mascot, monsieur!' He said, 'Is it not? I had four brothers.' I said, 'Ah! I also had four brothers. . . .' He fell down among the cabbages and began to cry like a child of ten. Men were running up to us. His machine then blew up with a fine noise. It was an orchestral effect. Amusing—all that—amusing, amusing, amusing! . . . Every night after dinner, when his guests are gone, my father goes into that little smoking room with the marble floor and walks up and down. The servants shut all the doors in the house, but the noise comes through. And I get drunk. . . . Amusing, humanity! We are all like the comic serials in your Sunday newspapers. Little figures running and playing dirty jokes on each other, throwing bricks and talking nonsense. The orators and the Kaisers and foreign secretaries with this and that sphere of influence, and their balances of power!" His voice thickened: *"Courage, Monseigneur! Voilà la bonne comédie!* . . . And so "

Only, just then, the wine hissed in a wide pool on the floor and Philibert curled down in his chair and was asleep with his chin on the highest medal of his azure coat. The woman, coming in at the noise of smashed glass, looked at me over his head. I was still thinking about her eyes when the concrete of the platform at the station sounded under my feet, but I was now safe from everything. If any other dead man came and tried to talk to me, I could jump into our familiar compartment and lock the door. The empty train was my fortress against emotions. If that English colonel with the black band on his arm tried to tell me about his sons or something, I could escape him. We both walked up and down the platform and enjoyed the pleasant air. Until Jeroboam Todd trotted through the door of the waiting room, I was comfortably alone.

"Look here!"

"Be as respectful as you can, Jero. I'm merely an adjutant, but the British Army is watching. You ought to have saluted me "

"Go to hell," said Jeroboam, taking my arm. "Gimme a ton of francs. Got to cable mother. Say, I'm dead!"

"What?"

"I'm dead," the boy chuckled. "It was in the New York papers. October twenty-sixth. The colonel's goin' to kill somebody. Drove him down here to get the records fixed up. Y'see, my captain recommended three of us for some damn medal. Sent the names up on a slip of paper, 'n' the ass of a sergeant major turned us in for killed in action. *Je suis mort—glorieusement—pour la patrie.* Or words to that effect." He watched me grubbing money out of my clothes and chattered: "The colonel got a New York paper yesterday. He's up complainin' to somebody at the office. He can complain worse'n a cat. Good man, though. . . . Seen dad anywhere round in this war?"

"No. Where is the major?"

"Lieutenant colonel, please! . . . Dunno. His outfit's gone up into Deutschland. . . . Look here ——"

"Yes?"

Jeroboam ground a shoe on the concrete and looked at me sideways.

"You write dad, huh? Tell him he needs a new orderly—red-headed. He knows the whole works at Chaumont. He can get me transferred to his outfit. You write him an' say you saw me and you're scared my morals are gettin' smeared. . . . I'm a fool about dad."

"You've always concealed it pretty carefully, Jero."

"I know. People do," said Jeroboam. "I wonder why? . . . Well, you write dad about it. I'm nineteen first of December. Make it a birthday present. He can have some big stiff at Chaumont transfer me. You can tell him I'm blue as—as a gob's pants. Make it pretty strong. I kind of hinted. Wrote him day of the Armistice. I ——"

"Go and wire your mother—fast, Jero!"

He nodded and ran, stuffing five hundred francs, which he still owes me, into his tunic. He flicked out of sight and his bicycle made a grand noise. An electric thrill shot out of my brain. This message—I could see it—passed down France and under many waves and pleased men in cable offices. I made a little time chart of its progress, deciding that Mrs. Todd would be having brilliant hysterics about one o'clock in New Rochelle. As a matter of fact, she got it just at noon. A woman's voice came through the telephone and said, "Say, dearie, this is the cable office. He

says it was a mistake in the papers and he's all right, and ain't that hell?" Mrs. Todd remembered that she had spent two hundred dollars on black gowns before she screamed and fainted. The iceman heard her from the kitchen and revived her with a piece of ice.

But Lieutenant Colonel Jeroboam S Todd was not so lucky. About the time that Jeroboam was attacked by sentiment on the platform at Bourges, this tall officer was tramping up and down a cobbled yard near the Rhine, pausing to give instructions to captains and sergeants and to pacify a major who could not understand why the Alsatians did not understand French. As long as he walked, he could keep a door shut in his head. It was a plain door, white, with a brass knob, in the upper hall of the little house in New Rochelle. Jero's football things and his tennis pants, in summer, were always hung on hooks in there. If you opened the door, a faint thin smell of sweated wool and rubber came out at you. The simple gentleman knew that when he got home he would walk upstairs and open that door. He would not be able to stop himself. He would do it. So he walked in the limpid sunlight, stopping when a band sounded The Star-Spangled Banner at retreat. After a while a brigadier general came humbly up with a letter in his hand

"Been runnin' all over France after me," Todd said, looking at the envelope with its scrawls and stamps. "This must be the kid's last letter." He tore it up slowly without opening it and tossed the scraps away.

"Don't blame you," the general said. "I wrote Charlie at Chaumont, Red."

"What about, Bronco?"

"You. He can order you sent home pronto. Get home and get to work."

"Thanks a heap," said Todd, and went on walking.

He was ordered to report to Chaumont on November twenty-eighth. There were five men of his year at West Point on duty at the desolating headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force in the stupid high town, and Charlie told him he could be snapped back to the States in a couple of days. He took a room in a big hotel and walked the floor, wondering about Marion in New Rochelle. If he cabled her to have that door nailed shut she would understand it perfectly. At intervals he went over to the headquarters and sat on men's desks and talked about things. Everyone was quietly tactful and good to him. Nothing much happened to distress him. He slept well and saw his face thinner every morning when he shaved. He thought of things he must never say to Marion. For instance, he must never mention that letter from Jero. She might think it awful to have torn it up. And perhaps he ought to go down to the boy's regiment—it was at Châtillon now, they said—and ask lads in the company all about him. But he was too tired to do that or anything else. And everybody was tired around him. Only the young enlisted men on the hurrying bicycles that whipped in from the armies now had any life in them. Everyone else seemed dead, and on the morning of December 1, 1918, a trivial snow fluttered down from the dead sky on Chaumont and dampened the windows of Charlie's office in the vast headquarters.

"Damn fine day, Red," said the grandee.

"For what? Ducks?"

The grandee lay back in his chair and stopped signing papers. He presently said: "Say, old man, Jero's colonel—Bask Woodward—phoned me last night to locate you. Probably wants to tell you some stuff. I told him you were here. It was a bad connection. He said something about sending someone up. Probably one of the kid's pals has some—letters or something."

"Oh? Woodward was in the class of '88, wasn't he?"

"In '89," said Charlie, tapping the desk. "I'm sendin' you down to Havre tomorrow."

"Thanks."

"You go home," said Charlie, "and go to work. It's all there is."

Somewhere else in the headquarters was an amended statement as to three soldiers of an infantry regiment, incorrectly reported killed in action on October second, but this news had not yet climbed into the sensitive region where Red Todd's boy was known about. Todd stayed at his window watching the yard of the old barracks. At twelve o'clock he took up his round cap and put it precisely on his head and left Charlie at work. He came down the yard, thinking that even the dirt under him had a look of being bored, and saw me with Scott and John Pierre at the gateway. The springs of courtesy made him stop.

"Where did you drift in from?"

"Oh," I said, "they've got us down the road here at Foulain—the remains of the division headquarters."

"That's Sam's division, eh? Saw him yesterday for a minute. . . . Funny for you."

"How so, sir?"

"You can remember the lot of us a bunch of lieutenants and captains when you were a kid. I can remember you out in St. Paul. Stopped off to see your people when I was changin' posts. And you were all up at the Point in 1900 for the Hundredth Night Show. Remember that? Your kid brother got lost and they had cadets scoutin' for him. . . . Probably forgotten it. But I remember."

"I don't think anybody ever forgets going to West Point for a Hundredth Night Show, sir," I said, and meant it. "Seen Jero? He makes a first-class doughboy."

His face did not change at all. He said, "Yes? . . . Well, so long. I'm at the Hotel de France until tomorrow. Drop in and see me this afternoon."

He nodded and walked away so sharply that I could not answer him. He had been dreading just this. He would meet someone, like me, who didn't know about Jero and they would say they had seen the boy. It had come, and it stung him through; and I had made it worse, because he was used to shaking hands with me when we came up to West Point for games and shows in 1899 and 1900 and 1901, when he was an officer on duty there, and Jero was in his perambulator. An ordinary thing had overtaken this man—his shocked mind hung about the years of Jero's babyhood. The dead boy was a soft, wriggling nuisance who clung to his father's trousers and wandered out once on the shimmering parade ground and interrupted the gray-and-white cadet corps in a superb parade for an English general. This sentiment—but he did not call it that—for the old times was something he never aired.

Marion hadn't liked the service and he resigned in 1901, and was never exactly happy afterward except with Marion and the boy. He had not liked business, although he had been pretty competent, and had investments and a fat account in the bank at New Rochelle, and consequential men spoke to him on the trains coming out from New York at night. He had been born in the service, at a post in Arizona where his father commanded, and it had always seemed to him that Jero had been cheated out of something rather fine, in a way that was narrow, of course, and led to no money and not much consideration. But the kid, born at West Point, should have grown up at Fort Russell and the Presidio and had a year at Governor's Island and a couple in San Antonio. It was a kind of life that Americans didn't know much about, although it went on among them—a life in which everything was simple and leisurely and plain. It was the service, and Jero had been born in its heart, at the Point. And if Todd had stayed in the service, the boy would be a yearling at the academy this minute, and not —— He really thought these things, walking a hundred yards ahead of me. He was so tired that he hoped I would come up to his room and talk to him, even about Jero, because he was sick of himself and of life, but knew he must go

(Continued on Page 140

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ALABAMA

Alabama Motorists Association — *Birmingham*
Florence — Automobile Club of Florence
Decatur, Br — Motorists Service Bureau
Russellville, Br — Automobile Club of Russellville
Sheffield, Br — Motorists Service Bureau
Tuscumbia, Br — Motorists Service Bureau
Mobile — Automobile Club of Mobile

ALASKA

Ketchikan, Ketchikan Auto Club of Alaska

ARIZONA

Arizona Good Roads Association — *Phoenix*
Phoenix — Arizona Good Roads Assn

ARKANSAS

Arkansas Motor Club — *Little Rock*
Fort Smith — Fort Smith Motor Club

CALIFORNIA

California State Auto Association — *San Francisco*
Chico, Br — California State Auto Assn
Eureka, Br. — California State Auto Assn
Fresno, Br — California State Auto Assn
Hanford, Br — California State Auto Assn
Hollister, Br — California State Auto Assn
Modesto, Br — California State Auto Assn
Martinez, Br — California State Auto Assn
Marysville, Br — California State Auto Assn
Merced, Br — California State Auto Assn
Modesto, Br. — California State Auto Assn
Napa, Br — California State Auto Assn
Oakland, California State Auto Assn., Eastbay District
Red Bluff, Br. — California State Auto Assn
Redding, Br. — California State Auto Assn
Sacramento, Br. — California State Auto Assn
Salinas, Br — California State Auto Assn
San Jose, Br — California State Auto Assn
San Mateo, Br — California State Auto Assn
San Rafael, Br — California State Auto Assn
Santa Cruz, Br — California State Auto Assn
Santa Rosa, Br — California State Auto Assn
Stockton, Br — California State Auto Assn
Susanville, Br — California State Auto Assn
Vallejo, Br — California State Auto Assn
Williams, Br — California State Auto Assn
Woodland, Br — California State Auto Assn.
Yosemite Valley, Touring Bu., California State Auto Assn.
Yreka, Br. — California State Auto Assn

CANADA

Calgary, Alberta Motor Assn., Southern Div
Cranbrook, Br. — Auto Club of B. C.
Edmonton — Alberta Motor Assn.
Kamloops, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
Kelowna, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
Lethbridge — Alberta Motor Assn.
Montreal — Montreal Motorists League
Nanaimo, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
Nelson, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
New Westminster, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
Ottawa — Automobile Club of Ottawa
Penticton, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
Saint John — New Brunswick Auto Assn.
Saskatoon — Saskatoon Motorists Club
Trail, Br — Auto Club of B. C.
Vancouver — Auto Club of B. C.
Victoria, Br — Auto Club of B. C.

COLORADO

Rocky Mountain Motorists — *Denver*
Alamosa, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Boulder, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Canon City, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Colorado Springs — Automobile Club of Colorado Springs
Fort Collins, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Grand Jct., Br. — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Greely, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
La Junta, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Loveland, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Longmont, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Montrose, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Monte Vista — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Pueblo, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists
Trinidad, Br — Rocky Mountain Motorists

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport — Automobile Club of Bridgeport
Hartford — Connecticut Motor League
New Haven, The Automobile Club of New Haven County
Winsted — Litchfield County Auto Club

DELAWARE

Delaware Motor Club — *Wilmington*
Rehoboth, Br. — Delaware Motor Club

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington — District Division, A.A.A.

FLORIDA

Florida State Automobile Association — *Orlando*
Clearwater — Clearwater Motor Club
Daytona Beach — Florida State Auto Assn.
Jacksonville — Clearwater Motor Club
Fort Lauderdale, Broward County Motor Club (HSAA)
Jacksonville — Jacksonville Motor Club
Jennings, Florida State Automobile Association, Gateway Branch
Lake Worth, Br., Automobile Club of Palm Beach County (FSAA)
Lakeland — Polk County Motor Club
Miami — Miami Motor Club
Orlando, Orange County Motor Club (FSAA)
Palm Beach, Br. — Automobile Club of Palm Beach County (FSAA)
St. Petersburg — St. Petersburg Motor Club
Sarasota — Sarasota Motor Club
Tampa — Tampa Motor Club
West Palm Beach Automobile Club of Palm Beach County (FSAA)

GEORGIA

Alpharetta, Br. — Georgia State Auto Assn.
Atlanta — Atlanta Motor Club
Augusta — Augusta Motor Club
Brunswick Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Carrollton Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Columbus — Columbus Motor Club
Commerce Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Conyers Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Cordele Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Douglas Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Dublin — Atlanta Motor Club
Dalton — Georgia State Auto Assn.
Fort Gaines Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Fort Benning Br — Chattahoochee Valley Motor Club
Gainesville Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Hazlehurst Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Hogansville Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Jesup Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Macon — Georgia State Auto Assn
Milledgeville Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Moultrie Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Newnan — Georgia State Auto Assn
Rossville Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Statesboro Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Thomasville Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Valdosta Br — Georgia State Auto Assn
Waycross — Waycross Motor Club

HAWAII

Honolulu — Honolulu Auto Club

IDAHO

Idaho State Automobile Association — *Boise*
Barley, Br. — Idaho State Auto Assn
Idaho Falls, Br. — Idaho State Auto Assn
Pocatello Br — Idaho State Auto Assn
Preston Br — Idaho State Auto Assn
Twin Falls Br — Idaho State Auto Assn
Lewiston, Br — Inland A.A.A. Spokane

ILLINOIS

Alton — Alton Auto Club
Aurora Br., Chicago Motor Club Kane County
Belvidere — St. Clair Auto Club
Bloomington Br — Chicago Motor Club McLean County
Canton — Southern Illinois Auto Club
Carthage — Hancock County Auto Club
Centralia Br — St. Clair Auto Club
Champaign Br — Chicago Motor Club Champaign County
Chester Br — St. Clair Auto Club
Chicago — Chicago Motor Club
North Side Br — Chicago Motor Club
West Side Br — Chicago Motor Club
Danville — Chicago Motor Club, Illinois Div.
Decatur — Decatur Motor Club
De Kalb, Br., Chicago Mtr. Club, De Kalb Co.
Dixon, Br., Chicago Motor Club, Carroll, Lee and Ogle Counties
East St. Louis, Br. — St. Clair Auto Club
Edwardsville, Br. — Alton Auto Club
Elgin, Br. — Chicago Motor Club
Evanston, Br. — Chicago Motor Club
Freeport, Br., Chicago Motor Club, Jo Daviess and Stephenson Counties
Galesburg, Br., Chicago Mtr. Club, Knox Co.
Granite City, Br. — Alton Auto Club
Greenville Br — Alton Auto Club
Joliet Br — Chicago Motor Club, Grundy and Will Counties
Kankakee Br — Chicago Motor Club, Kankakee Co.
Kewanee Br — Chicago Motor Club, Kewanee Div.
Lincoln Br — Chicago Motor Club, Logan Co.
Litchfield Br — Alton Auto Club
Macomb — Macomb Motor Club
Mattoon — Mattoon Motor Club
Monmouth Br — Chicago Motor Club, Ford and Warren Counties
Peoria — Chicago Motor Club, Peoria, Woodford, Tazewell Counties
Peoria Br — Chicago Motor Club, Livingston Co.
Quincy — Western Illinois Motor Club
Rockford Br — Chicago Motor Club, Winnebago Co.
Rock Island — Western Illinois Motor Club
Springfield — Springfield Motor Club
Streator Br — Chicago Motor Club, Livingston Co.
Sterling Br — Chicago Motor Club, Sterling Div.
Waukegan Br — Chicago Motor Club, Lake Co.
Wheaton Br — Chicago Motor Club, Du Page Co.
Woodstock Br — Chicago Motor Club, McHenry Co.

INDIANA

Hoosier State Auto Association — *Indianapolis*
Anderson — Anderson Motor Club (HSAA)
Auburn, DeKalb County Motor Club (HSAA)
Bedford — Bedford Motor Club (HSAA)
Bluffton Br — Hoosier State Auto Assn
Brazil Br — Brazil Motor Club (HSAA)
Columbia City, Whitley County Motor Club
Columbus — Columbus Motor Club (HSAA)
Connersville — Connersville Motor Club
Crawfordsville — Crawfordsville Motor Club
Crown Point, Br — Chicago Motor Club
Decatur — Decatur Motor Club (HSAA)
Decatur Adams County Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Elkhart, Br., Chicago Mtr. Club, Elkhart Co.
Elwood Br — Hoosier State Auto Assn
Evansville — Evansville Motor Club (HSAA)
Fort Wayne, Fort Wayne Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Frankfort, Br — Hoosier State Auto Assn
Franklin — Franklin Motor Club (HSAA)
Gary, Br. — Chicago Motor Club
Goshen, Br — Chicago Motor Club
Greencastle — Greencastle Motor Club (HSAA)
Greenfield — Greenfield Motor Club (HSAA)
Greensburg — Greensburg Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Hammond, Br — Chicago Motor Club
Hartford City Br — Hoosier State Auto Assn
Huntington, Huntington Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Indianapolis — Hoosier Motor Club
Jeffersonville, Br., Hoosier State Auto Assn
Kendallville, Kendallville Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Kokomo — Kokomo Motor Club (HSAA)
Lafayette — Lafayette Motor Club (HSAA)
Lawrenceburg, Lawrenceburg Motor Club (HSAA)
Logansport, Logansport Motor Club (HSAA)
Madison — Madison Motor Club (HSAA)
Marion — Marion Motor Club (HSAA)
Martinsville, Martinsville Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Michigan City, Br. — Chicago Motor Club
Monticello, Br. — Hoosier State Auto Assn
Muncie — Muncie Motor Club (HSAA)
New Albany, Br., Hoosier State Auto Assn
New Castle, New Castle Motor Club (HSAA)
Noblesville — Noblesville Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Peru — Peru Motor Club (HSAA)
Portland, Br. — Hoosier State Auto Assn
Richmond — Wayne Co. Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Rochester, Br. — Hoosier State Auto. Assn
Salem — Salem Motor Club (HSAA)
Scottsburg — Scottsburg Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Seymour — Jackson Co. Motor Club (HSAA)
Shelbyville — Shelbyville Mtr. Club (HSAA)
South Bend, Br. — Chicago Motor Club
Sullivan — Sullivan Motor Club (HSAA)
Terre Haute, Terre Haute Auto Club (HSAA)
Valparaiso, Br. — Chicago Motor Club
Vincennes, Knox County Mtr. Club (HSAA)
Wabash — Wabash Motor Club (HSAA)

IOWA

Iowa Automobile Association — *Des Moines*
Ames, Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Avoca Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Belle Plaine, Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Burlington — Southeastern Iowa Motor Club
Cedar Rapids — Cedar Rapids Motor Club
Clarinda Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Clarion Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Clinton (Dist.) — Eastern Iowa Motor Club
Corydon Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Council Bluffs Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Creston Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Davenport — Eastern Iowa Motor Club
Decorah Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Des Moines — Des Moines Motor Club
Dubuque — Dubuque Motor Club
Eagle Grove Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Eldora Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Fort Dodge Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Greenfield Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Grinnell Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Guthrie Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Grundy Center Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Hampton Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Hudson Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Independence Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Iowa Falls Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Knoxville Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Lenox Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Marshalltown Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Mason City Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Montezuma Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Nevada Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Newton Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Osceola Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Oskaloosa, Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Ottumwa Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Perry Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Red Oak Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Sac City Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Shenandoah Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Sioux City — Sioux City Auto Club, Inc.
Tama, Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Toledo, Br. — Iowa Auto Assn
Vinton, Br. — Cedar Rapids Auto Club
Waterloo, Br — Iowa Auto Assn
Winterset, Br. — Iowa Auto Assn.

KANSAS

Kansas City — Wyandotte Motor Club
Topeka — Southwestern Automobile Club

KENTUCKY

Covington — Covington Auto Club
Lexington — Lexington Automobile Club
Louisville — Louisville Automobile Club
Newport, Br. — Cincinnati (Ohio) Auto Club
Paducah — West Kentucky Auto Club

LOUISIANA

Monroe — The Monroe Motor Club
New Orleans — Motor League of Louisiana
Shreveport — Shreveport Motor Club

MAINE

Maine Automobile Association — *Portland*

MARYLAND

Automobile Club of Maryland — *Baltimore*
Cumberland, Br. — Auto Club of Maryland
Frederick Br — Auto Club of Maryland
Hagerstown Br — Auto Club of Maryland
Salisbury Br — Auto Club of Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston — Boston Automobile Club
Cambridge Br — Boston Auto Club
Fall River — Auto Club of Fall River
Gt. Barrington, Br., Auto Club of Berkshire County
Holyoke — Auto Club of Holyoke
Lawrence — Lawrence Automobile Club
Lynn, Br. — Boston Automobile Club
Malden, Br — Boston Automobile Club
New Bedford, Greater New Bedford Auto Club
Newton, Br. — Boston Auto Club
Pittsfield — Auto Club of Berkshire Co.
Quincy, Br — Boston Automobile Club
Salem — North Shore Motor Club
Springfield — Automobile Club of Springfield
Taunton — Taunton Automobile Club
Worcester — The Bancroft Auto Club

MICHIGAN

Adrian, Br. — Detroit Automobile Club
Alpena — Auto Club of Northern Michigan
Ann Arbor, Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Bad Axe — Auto Club of Northern Michigan
Battle Creek Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Bay City — Auto Club of Northern Michigan
Benton Harbor, Br — Detroit Auto Club
Big Rapids, Br. — West Michigan Mtr. Club
Cadillac, Br — West Michigan Mtr. Club
Caro — Auto Club of Northern Michigan
Coldwater, Br. — Detroit Automobile Club
Detroit — Detroit Automobile Club
Flint — Flint Automobile Club
Grand Rapids — West Michigan Motor Club
Howell Br — West Michigan Motor Club
Jackson Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Kalamazoo Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Lansing — Lansing Automobile Association
Ludington Br — West Michigan Motor Club
Muskegon Br — West Michigan Motor Club
Mount Clemens — Auto Club of Northern Michigan
Monroe Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Mt. Clemens Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Mt. Pleasant — Auto Club of New Michigan
Muskegon Br — West Michigan Motor Club
Niles Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Petoskey — North Shore Automobile Club
Pontiac Br — West Michigan Motor Club
Port Huron Br — Detroit Automobile Club
Port Huron, Br. — Detroit Automobile Club
Rogers City — Auto Club of Nor Michigan
Saginaw — Auto Club of Nor Michigan
Sault Ste Marie — Chippewa Co. Auto Club
Traverse City, Br., West Michigan Mtr. Club
Ypsilanti, Br. — Detroit Automobile Club

MINNESOTA

Minnesota State Auto Association — *Minneapolis*
Aitkin — Aitkin Automobile Club
Albany — Automobile Club of Albany
Albert Lea — Albert Lea Automobile Club
Alexandria — Auto Club of Alexandria
Anoka — Anoka Automobile Club
Arlington — Arlington Automobile Club
Austin — Automobile Club of Austin
Bagley — Bagley Automobile Club
Belle Plaine — Belle Plaine Automobile Club
Belview — Belview Auto Club
Bemidji — Bemidji Automobile Club
Benson — Automobile Club of Benson
Blue Earth — Blue Earth Automobile Club
Braham — Automobile Club of Braham
Brainerd — Automobile Club of Brainerd
Breckenridge — Breckenridge Auto Club
Brookpark — Automobile Club of Brookpark
Buffalo — Buffalo Auto Club
Ceylon — Automobile Club of Ceylon
Chaska — Automobile Club of Chaska
Cloquet — Automobile Club of Cloquet
Crookston — Crookston Tele-Trail Club
Detroit — Detroit Automobile Club
Duluth — Duluth Automobile Club
East Grand Forks, Auto Club of East Grand Forks
Elk River — Automobile Club of Elk River
Fairmont — Fairmont Auto Club
Fergus Falls — Auto Club of Fergus Falls
Glenwood — Automobile Club of Glenwood
Grand Rapids — Auto Club of Grand Rapids
Grand Rapids — Auto Club of Grand Rapids
Grand Rapids — Auto Club of Grand Rapids

Butte, Br .....Montana Auto Assn
Great Falls, Br .....Montana Auto Assn.

NEBRASKA

Lincoln Automobile Club
Omaha Auto Club
North Platte Valley Mtr. Club

NEVADA

Nevada State Auto Association .....Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire Automobile Association . Concord

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City.....Atlantic City Boatmen's Association
Motor Club of Atlantic City
The Auto Club of Southern N J
Dover .....Morris County Auto Club
Frenchtown .....Frenchtown Auto Club
Hasbrouck Heights.....Auto Assn. of Bergen County
Jersey City .....Auto Club of Hudson Co
Lakewood .. Ocean County Auto Assn
Newark .. New Jersey Auto & Mtr Club
New Brunswick .....Middlesex Auto Club
New Brunswick.....New Jersey Motoring Federation
Ocean City, Br., Motor Club of Atlantic City
Paterson ..... North Jersey Auto Club
Perth Amboy ..... Raritan Auto Club
Phillipsburg ..... Warren Motor Club
Pleasantville, Br., Motor Club of Atlantic City
Trenton ..... Mercer County Auto Club

NEW MEXICO

Roswell.....Roswell Automobile Club

NEW YORK

New York State Automobile Association Albany
Albany.....The Albany Auto Club
Albion.....Albion Motor Club
Alfred.....Alfred Automobile Club
Amsterdam....Montgomery Co. Auto Club
Andover.....Andover Auto Club
Angelica.....Angelica Auto Club
Argyle.....Argyle Auto Club
Auburn.....Cayuga County Auto Club
Batavia.....Genesee Auto Club
Bath.....Bath Auto Club
Binghamton.....Binghamton Auto Club
Bolivar.....Bolivar Auto Club
Bronx .....New York Auto Club
Brooklyn.....New York Auto Club
Buffalo .....The Auto Club of Buffalo
Camden.....Automobile Club of Camden
Canandaigua.....Canandaigua Auto Club
Carthage, Br., Jefferson County Motor Assn
Catskill .....Greene County Auto Club
Cattaraugus.....Central Bridge Auto Club
Chatham.....Chatham Auto Club
Cobleskill.....Cobleskill Auto Club
Cooperstown.....Cooperstown Auto Club
Corning.....Corning Auto Club
Cortland.....Cortland Auto Club
Dansville.....Dansville Auto Club
Deposit.....Deposit Auto Club
Dolgeville.....Dolgeville Auto Club
Dunkirk.....Chautauqua County Auto Club
Earlville.....Chenango Valley Auto Club
Elmira.....The Elmira Auto Club
Endicott.....Endicott Auto Club
Fort Edward.....Fort Edward Auto Club
Geneva.....Automobile Club of Geneva
Glens Falls.....Glens Falls Auto Club
Gloversville.....Auto Club of Fulton County
Greene .....Automobile Club of Greene
Hancock .....Hancock Automobile Club
Herkimer .....Herkimer Auto Club
Hornell .....Hornell Automobile Club
Howe Cave.....Howe Cave Auto Club
Hudson.....Columbia County Auto Club
Ilion .....Ilion Auto Club
Ithaca .....Ithaca Auto Club
Jamaica, L. I. .....New York Auto Club
Jamestown .....Jamestown Auto Club
Jefferson .....Jefferson Auto Assn
Johnstown Office...Auto Club of Fulton Co
Kinderhook .....Kinderhook Auto Club
Kingston.....Auto Club of Ulster County
Liberty.....Sullivan County Auto Club
Little Falls.....Little Falls Auto Club
Lockport.....Lockport Auto Club
Medina.....Medina Auto Club
Middletown.....Middletown Auto Club
Morris.....Otsego County Auto Club
Mt. Vernon.....Mt. Vernon Auto Club
Newburgh.....Automobile Club of Newburgh
New York.....New York Auto Club
Niagara Falls, The Niagara Falls Motor Club
Norwich.....Norwich Motor Club
Nyack .... Rockland County Automobile Assn
Ogdensburg.....Ogdensburg Auto Club
Olean.....Olean Auto Club
Oneida .....The Oneida Auto Club
Oneonta.....Oneonta Auto Club
Oswego.....Auto Club of Oswego County
Otego .....Otego Auto Club
Owego.....Owego Auto Club
Oxford.....Oxford Auto Club
Oxford .....Oxford Auto Club
Palmyra.....Palmyra Auto Club
Peekskill .....Auto Club of Peekskill
Port Jervis.....Port Jervis Auto Club
Poughkeepsie .....Poughkeepsie Auto Club
Richfield Springs Automobile Club of Richfield Springs
Rochester.....Auto Club of Rochester
Rome.....Auto Club of Rome
Salamanca.....Salamanca Auto Club
Saranac Lake.....Adirondack Auto Club
Schenectady.....Schenectady Auto Club
Seneca Falls.....Seneca County Auto Club
Sherrill.....Sherrill Auto Club
Springwater.....Springwater Auto Club
Syracuse.....Syracuse Auto Club
Tompkinsville, S. I..New York Auto Club
Troy .....Troy Automobile Club
Unadilla.....Unadilla Auto Club
Utica.....Utica Auto Club
Branch Office.....Utica Auto Club
Verona.....Verona Auto Club
Vestal.....Vestal Auto Club
Walden.....Walden Auto Club
Warwick.....Warwick Auto Club
Watertown.....Jefferson County Motor Assn.
Waverly.....Waverly Auto Club
Rochester.....Webster Auto Club
Wellsville.....Wellsville Auto Club
Westfield.....Westfield Auto Club
Williamson.....Williamson Auto Club

NORTH CAROLINA

Carolina Motor Club.....Greensboro
Asheville, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Burlington, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Charlotte, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Concord, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Durham, Br .....Carolina Motor Club
Elizabeth City, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Gastonia, Br .....Carolina Motor Club
Goldsboro, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Raleigh, Br .....Carolina Motor Club
Rocky Mount, Br.....Carolina Motor Club
Statesville, Br .....Carolina Motor Club
Wilmington, Br. .....Carolina Motor Club
Winston-Salem Winston-Salem Auto Club

OHIO

The Ohio State Automobile Association Columbus
Akron .....Akron Auto Club
Alliance .....Alliance Auto Club
Newark, Br.....Darke County Auto Club
Arcanum, Br.....Darke County Auto Club
Ashland .....Ashland County Auto Club
Ashtabula.....Ashtabula Auto Club
Athens .....South East Ohio Motor Club
Barberton, Br .....Akron Auto Club
Barnesville, Br., Belmont County Auto Club
Barton, Br .....Belmont County Auto Club
Bellaire, Br. ..Belmont County Auto Club
Bellefontaine .....Logan County Auto Club
Bowling Green .....Wood County Auto Club
Bradford, Br.....Darke County Auto Club
Bremen .....Bremen Auto Club
Brewster .....Brewster Auto Club
Bridgeport.....Belmont County Auto Club
Bucyrus .....Crawford County Auto Club
Burton, Br.....The Warren Auto Club
Byesville .....Noble County Auto Club
Canton .....The Canton Auto Club
Celina .....Mercer County Auto Club
Chillicothe.....Ross County Auto Club
Cincinnati.....Cincinnati Auto Club
Branch Office.....Cincinnati Auto Club
Cleveland .....Cleveland Auto Club
Columbiana, Br.....Columbiana Motor Club
Columbus .....Columbus Auto Club
Conneaut.....Conneaut Auto Club
Corning .....Corning Auto Club
Coshocton.....Coshocton Co Auto Club
Crestline .....Crestline Auto Club
Dayton.....Dayton Auto Club
Defiance, Br.....Toledo Auto Club
Delaware.....Delaware Auto Club
Dennison Br .....Tuscarawas Co. Auto Club
Dover, Br .....Tuscarawas Co. Auto Club
East Bellton ham.....Tri-City Motor Club
East Liverpool, Columbiana Co. Motor Club
Eaton .....Preble Co. Auto Club
Elyria .....Lorain Co. Auto Club
Findlay .....Findlay Auto Club
Flushing, Br.....Belmont Co. Auto Club
Fostoria .....Fostoria Auto Club
Fremont .....Sandusky Co. Auto Club
Gallipolis .....Gallia Co. Auto Club
Girard Br .....Warren Auto Club
Glenford.....Northern Perry Co. Auto Club
Gloucster, Br .....South East Motor
Greenfield.....Highland Co. Auto Club
Greenville .....Darke Co. Auto Club
Hamilton.....Butler Co. Auto Club
Ironton .....Ironton Auto Club
Junction City.....Junction City Auto Club
Kent Br .....Cleveland Auto Club
Kenton .....Kenton Auto Club
Kinsman Br .....Warren Auto Club
Lancaster .....Fairfield Co. Auto Club
Lima .....Lima Auto Club
Lisbon Br .....Columbiana Co. Motor Club
Lodi .....Lodi Auto Club
Logan .....Hocking Co. Auto Club
Lorain Br .....Cleveland Auto Club
Loudonville, Br.....Ashland Co. Auto Club
McArthur, Br., South East Ohio Motor Club
McConnelsville.....Morgan Co. Auto Club
Mansfield .....Richland Co. Auto Club
Marietta.....Washington Co. Auto Assn
Marion .....Marion Auto Club
Martins Ferry .....Belmont Co. Auto Club
Massillon .....Massillon Auto Club
Mechanicsburg, Br., Champaign Co. Auto Club
Medina .....Medina Auto Club
Middleport, Br., South East Ohio Motor Club
Middletown, Br .....Butler Co. Auto Club
Mt. Vernon.....Knox Co. Auto Club
Nelsonville, Br. South East Ohio Mtr Club
Newark .....Newark Auto Club
New Madison Br .....Darke Co. Auto Club
New Philadelphia .....Tuscarawas Co. Auto Club
New Straitsville Br, Tuscarawas Co. Auto Club
Niles Br .....Warren Auto Club
Norwalk .....Huron Co Auto Club
Oberlin .....Oberlin Auto Club
Ottawa, Br.....Lima Auto Club
Painesville, Br. .....Cleveland Auto Club
Parkman, Br.....Warren Auto Club
Paulding .....Paulding Co. Auto Club
Piqua .....Miami Co. Auto Club
Portsmouth Br .....South East Motor Club
Ravenna Br .....Portsmouth Auto Club
Rittman .....Cleveland Auto Club
St Clairsville Br .....Rittman Auto Club
St Marys, Br.....Belmont Co. Auto Club
St Paris, Br.....Auglaize Co. Auto Club
Salem, Br .....Champaign Co. Auto Club
Sandusky.....Columbiana Co. Motor Club
Sidney .....Erie Co. Auto Club
Silver Br .....Shelby Co. Motor Club
Springfield .....Richland Co Auto Club
Steubenville .....Springfield Auto Club
Tiffin .....Steubenville Auto Club
Toledo .....Tiffin Auto Club
Uhrichsville, Br., Tuscarawas Co. Auto Club
Upper Sandusky.. Wyandot Co. Auto Club
Urbana .....Champaign Co. Auto Club
Van Wert .....Van Wert Co. Auto Club
Versailles, Br.....Darke Co. Auto Club
Wadsworth.....Wadsworth Auto Club
Wapakoneta.....Auglaize Co. Auto Club
Warren .....Warren Auto Club
Washington, C. H .....Fayette Co. Auto Club
Willoughby, Br.....Cleveland Auto Club
Wilmington.....Clinton Co. Auto Club
Woodsfield.....Monroe Co. Auto Club
Wooster.....Wooster Auto Club
Xenia .....Greene Co. Auto Club
Youngstown.....Youngstown Auto Club
Zanesville.....Muskingum Motor Club

OKLAHOMA

Ada.....Ada Auto Club
Altus .....S. W. Oklahoma Auto Club
Anadarko .....Caddo Co. Auto Club
Ardmore, Auto Club of Southern Oklahoma
Bartlesville.....Bartlesville Auto Club
Blackwell .....Blackwell Motor Club
Bristow, Touring Bu.... Auto Club of Okla.
Chickasha .....Chickasha Auto Club
Enid.....Wheat Belt Auto Club
Fairfax, Touring Bu .... Auto Club of Okla
Frederick, Br.....S. W. Oklahoma Auto Club
Hobart .....Tri-County Auto Club
Hominy, Touring Bu.....Auto Club of Okla
Lawton .....Lawton Auto Club
Miami .....Ottawa Co Auto Club
Muskogee .....Muskogee Auto Club
Oklahoma City.....Oklahoma Auto Club
Pawhuska Br .....Auto Club of Oklahoma
Ponca City .....Ponca City Auto Club
Sapulpa, Touring Bu .....Auto Club of Okla
Shawnee .....Shawnee Auto Club
Tulsa.....Auto Club of Oklahoma

OREGON

Oregon State Motor Association .....Portland
Albany, Br (May to Oct.), Oregon State Motor Assn
Ashland Br .....Oregon State Motor Assn
Bend, Br .....Oregon State Motor Assn
Corvallis Br .....Oregon State Motor Assn
Cottage Gr Br .....Oregon State Motor Assn
Eugene Br .....Oregon State Motor Assn
Hood River Br (May to Nov.), Oregon State Motor Assn.
Klamath Falls, Br., Oregon State Motor Assn.
La Grande, Br ....Oregon State Motor Assn.
Marshfield, Br....Oregon State Motor Assn
Medford, Br .... Oregon State Motor Assn
Ontario Br (May to Nov.), Oregon State Motor Assn.
Pendleton, Br....Oregon State Motor Assn
Roseburg, Br.... Oregon State Motor Assn
Salem, Br.....Oregon State Motor Assn

PANAMA

Balboa, Canal Zone.....Panama Auto Club

PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania Motor Federation.... Harrisburg
Allentown ..... Lehigh Valley Motor Club
Aspinwall .....Woodlawn Auto Club
Avalon .....White Deer Valley Auto Assn
Avonmore .....Blair County Motor Club
Avonmore .....Kiski County Motor Club
Beaver Falls .....Beaver Valley Motor Club
Bedford .....Bedford County Motor Club
Berwick .....Easton-Mauch Chunk Trail Motor Club
Bellefonte, Br...Centre County Motor Club
Bellevue .....Bellwood Motor Club
Berwick .....Columbia County Motor Club
Bethlehem .....Bethlehem Motor Club
Bradford .....Bradford Auto Club
Butler .....Butler County Motor Assn
Carbondale, Br .....Lackawanna Motor Club
Carlisle .....Carlisle Motor Club
Carlisle Br .....Carlisle Motor Club
Chambersburg .....Chambersburg Motor Club
Clearfield .....Clearfield Motor Club
Coraopolis .....Coraopolis Motor Club
Corry .....Corry Motor Club
Coudersport .....Coudersport Motor Club
Dallas .....Dallas Motor Club
Dawson .....Dawson Motor Club
Delmont .....Delmont Motor Club
Doylestown .....Doylestown Motor Club
Duboistown .....Duboistown Motor Club
Easton .....Northampton County Motor Club
Edwardsville .....Edwardsville Motor Club
Emporium .....Cameron County Motor Club
Erie .....Erie Motor Club
Fairchild .....Fairchild Motor Club
Franklin .....Franklin Motor Club
Girard .....Girard Motor Club
Greensburg .....Greensburg Motor Club
Greenville .....Greenville Motor Club
Grove City Br .....Sharon Auto Assn.
Harrisburg .....Motor Club of Harrisburg
Hartleton, Br .....Lewisburg Motor Assn
Hazleton .....Hazleton Motor Club
Hermitage .....East Susquehanna Motor Club
Herndon .....Mandata Motor Club
Homestead Br .....Lackawanna Motor Club
Huntingdon, Huntingdon County Mtr Club
Indiana .....Auto Club of Indiana County
Johnstown .....Johnstown Motor Club
Kingston .....A A A. Club of Armstrong Co
Lancaster .....Lancaster Auto Club
Latrobe .....Panther Valley Motor Club
Laurel .....Ferry Motor Club
Lebanon .....Lebanon County Motor Club
Leechburg .....Leechburg Auto Assn
Lewisburg .....Lewisburg Motor Assn
Lewistown .....Lewistown Motor Club
Lock Haven .....Lock Haven Motor Club
McKeesport .....McKeesport Auto Club
Meadville .....Meadville Auto Club
Mercer Br .....Sharon Auto Assn.
Milesburg Br .....Centre County Motor Club
Mount Carmel .....Mount Carmel Motor Club
New Castle .....New Castle Motor Club
New Columbia, Kelly-White Deer Motor Club
Oil City .....Oil City Motor Club
Orwigsburg .....Upper Schuylkill Motor Club
Penn Run Br .....Huntingdon Co. Motor Club
Osceola Mills .....Osceola Motor Club
Palmyra .....Palmyra Auto Club
Philadelphia .....Auto Club of Philadelphia
Philadelphia .....K of C Automobile Club
Philadelphia .....Pelham Auto Club
Philadelphia .....Phila. Auto Trade Assn
Phillipsburg, Br., Centre County Motor Club
Pittston .....Valley Auto Club
Pittsburgh .....Auto Club of Pittsburgh
Pleasantville .....Pleasantville Motor Assn
Port Allegany .....Port Allegany Motor Club
Pottstown .....Pottstown Auto Club
Pottsville .....Schuylkill County Motor Club
Punxsutawney .....Punxsutawney Auto Club
Quakake .....Rush Township Auto Assn
Quakertown, Br ..Bethlehem Motor Club
Reading .....Reading Auto Club
Renovo .....Renovo Motor Club
Sacramento ..Lykens Valley Motor Club
St Marys .....Elk County Motor Club
Scranton .....Lackawanna Motor Club
Shamokin .....Shamokin Motor Club
Sharon .....Sharon Auto Assn
Sharpsville .....Sharpsville Motor Club
Shinglehouse .....Shinglehouse Auto Club
Shippensburg .....Shippensburg Motor Club
State College .....Centre County Motor Club
Stroudsburg .....Monroe County Auto Club
Sunbury .....Sunbury Motor Club
Tionesta .....Tionesta Motor Club
Towanda .....Towanda Motor Club
Trevorton .....Bradford Co Mtr Federation
Trevorton .....Trevorton Motor Club
Tyrone .....Tyrone Motor Club
Unionville .....Unionville Motor Club
Uniontown .....Uniontown Motor Club
Warren .....Warren County Motor Club
Washington, Washington County Mtr Club
Washingtonville, Br .....Lewisburg Mtr. Assn
Waynesboro .....Waynesboro Motor Club
Wellsboro .....Tioga County Motor Club
West Chester .....Auto Club of Chester Co
Wilkes-Barre..Wyoming Valley Motor Club
Williamsburg .....Williamsburg Auto Club
Williamsport .....Lycoming County Auto Club
York..White Rose Motor Club of York Co

RHODE ISLAND

Automobile Club of Rhode Island. Providence
Newport Br. .....Auto Club of Rhode Island
Westerly Br .....Auto Club of Rhode Island

SOUTH CAROLINA

South Carolina Motor Club.....Columbia
Charleston Br. .....South Carolina Motor Club
Florence Br ...South Carolina Motor Club
Greenville, Br .....South Carolina Motor Club
Spartanburg, Br, South Carolina Mtr. Club

SOUTH DAKOTA

Mitchell .....Custer Battlefield Hiway Assn.

TENNESSEE

Athens, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Bristol, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Chattanooga .....Chattanooga Auto Club
Dayton, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Greenfield, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Hampton .....Tri-State Motor Club
Henderson, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Humboldt, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Huntingdon, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Jackson .....Tri-State Motor Club
Johnson City .....Appalachian Motor Club
Kingsport Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Knoxville .....Knoxville Auto Club
Lexington, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Martin, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Memphis .....Auto Club of Memphis
Milan, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Nashville .....Nashville Auto Club
Newport, Br .....The Tri-State Motor Club
Newport .....Newport Motor Club
Paris, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Ridgely, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Rogersville, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Shelbyville, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Trenton, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club
Union City, Br .....Tri-State Motor Club

TEXAS

Texas State Automobile Association Dallas
Abilene .....Abilene Auto Association
Amarillo .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Austin .....Austin Auto Club
Beaumont .....Beaumont Auto Club
Breckenridge .....Breckenridge Auto Club
Brownsville .....Lower Rio Grande Valley Automobile Club
Canyon Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Childress, Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Cisco, Br .....Eastland County Auto Club
Clarendon, Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Dalhart, Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Dallas .....Dallas Auto Club
Eastland, Br .....Eastland County Auto Club
El Paso .....El Paso Auto Club
Ennis .....Ennis Auto Club
Fort Worth .....Fort Worth Motor Club
Gainesville .....Gainesville Auto Club
Galveston, Galveston Auto Protective Assn
Houston .....Motor League of South Texas
Laredo .....Laredo Auto Club
Lubbock .....South Plains Auto Club
Lufkin .....Lufkin Auto Club
McKinney .....Collin County Auto Club
Marshall .....Marshall Auto Club
Mineola, Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Mexia .....Mexia Auto Club
Nacogdoches .....Nacogdoches Auto Club
Panhandle, Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Paris .....Paris Auto Club
Port Arthur .....The Port Arthur Auto Club
Ranger .....Eastland County Auto Club
San Angelo .....San Angelo Auto Club
San Antonio .....San Antonio Auto League
Shamrock, Br .....The Panhandle Auto Club
Sherman .....Sherman Auto Club
Brownwood .....Brownwood Auto Club
Texarkana .....Texarkana Auto Club
Tyler .....Tyler Auto Club
Waco .....Waco Auto Club
Waxahachie .....Waxahachie Auto Club
Wellington, Br...The Panhandle Auto Club
Wichita Falls....Wichita Valley Auto Club

UTAH

Utah State Automobile Association Salt Lake City
Logan, Br .....Utah State Auto Assn

VERMONT

Automobile Club of Vermont.....2 Montpelier

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville, Br.....Auto Club of Virginia
Danville, Br .....Auto Club of Virginia
Franklin, Br...Tidewater Auto Assn. of Va
Fredericksburg, Br . Auto Club of Virginia
Hampton, Br Tidewater Auto Assn of Va
Lynchburg, Br .....Auto Club of Virginia
Norfolk Tidewater Auto Assn of Va
Richmond.....Auto Club of Virginia
Roanoke .....Roanoke Auto Assn
Staunton, Br.....Auto Club of Virginia
Suffolk, Br.....Tidewater Auto Assn of Va
Virginia Beach, Br., Tidewater Auto Assn of Virginia
Winchester ..Winchester Division, A. A. A

WASHINGTON

Automobile Club of Washington .... Seattle
Aberdeen, Br . .Auto Club of Washington
Bellingham, Br.. Auto Club of Washington
Blaine, Touring Bu.....Auto Club of Wash
Bremerton, Touring Bu. Auto Club of Wash
Centralia, Br..... Auto Club of Wash
Charleston, Touring Bu .Auto Club of Wash.
Chehalis, Br.....Auto Club of Wash
Chelan, Touring Bu.....Auto Club of Wash
Ellensburg, Br..... Auto Club of Wash
Everett, Br..... Auto Club of Wash
Goldendale, Touring Bu.. Auto Club of Wash.
Hoquiam, Touring Bu...Auto Club of Wash
Kelso, Touring Bu.....Auto Club of Wash
Long Beach, Tour Bu. Auto Club of Wash
Longview, Touring Bu..Auto Club of Wash
Monroe, Touring Bu ..... Auto Club of Wash
Mount Vernon, Br ..... Auto Club of Wash
North Bend, Tour Bu ..... Auto Club of Wash
Olympia, Br ..... Auto Club of Wash
Pasco, Touring Bu ..... Auto Club of Wash
Port Angeles, Br ..... Auto Club of Wash
Shelton, Touring Bu ..... Auto Club of Wash
Snoqualmie, Touring Bu ..... Auto Club of Wash
Spokane, Br ..... Auto Club of Washington
Tacoma, Br ..... Auto Club of Washington
Vancouver, Br.....Auto Club of Washington
Walla Walla, Br...Auto Club of Washington
Wenatchee, Br.....Auto Club of Washington
Yakima, Br.....Auto Club of Washington
Inland Auto Association..... Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield Automobile Club .....Bluefield
Cabin Creek, Br .....So. W Va. Auto Club
Carbon .....Cabin Creek Auto Club
Charleston.....Southern W Va. Auto Club
Clarksburg .....Clarksburg Auto Club
Fairmont .....Automobile Club of Fairmont
Grafton.....Taylor County Auto Club
Grantsville .....Grantsville Auto Club
Huntington .....Huntington Auto Club
Lewisburg .....Greenbrier Valley Auto Club
Logan .....Logan Auto Club
Morgantown .....Morgantown Motor Club
New Cumberland Hancock Motor Club
Parkersburg .....Parkersburg Auto Club
St Albans, Br .....So. W Va. Auto Club
Spencer .....Spencer Auto Club
Weirton Br .....Hancock Motor Club
Wheeling .....Wheeling Auto Club

WISCONSIN

Wisconsin State Motorists Association Milwaukee
Beloit .....Beloit Motor Club (WSMA)
Janesville..Janesville Motor Club (WSMA)
Kenosha....Kenosha Motor Club (WSMA)
La Crosse..La Crosse Motor Club (WSMA)
Madison .....Madison Auto Club
Milwaukee .....Milwaukee Motor Club
Downtown Touring Bu, Milwaukee Motor Club
Racine .....Racine Motor Club (WSMA)
Superior....Superior Motor Club (WSMA)

WYOMING

Casper Motor Club .....2 Casper
Cheyenne Rocky Mountain Motorists Wyoming Division

EUROPE

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(Continued from Page 137)

on. When he got to the dim hotel he lingered in the corridor, nodding to officers and ladies in uniform and said to me, "Come on up after lunch, please," in the dreariest, quiet voice.

"What's the matter with that magnificent apparition?" John Pierre asked in the dining room.

"Red tape, maybe. Probably tried to get his son shifted to his outfit and can't make it. He's an awfully good man. Maybe he just has the vicious blues like the rest of us."

"Order one of the wines," said Scott, "with as much kick as these wines have got."

"Try to appreciate the pleasant land of France, Scotty," John Pierre advised.

"I'd sooner be in Yell County, Arkansaw," Scott drawled.

We had a table close to the door of the corridor. A thin tide of depressed people rose past us and ebbed out. I admit that some jaunty American girls and a hunting Frenchwoman, and a few officers who would presently be clever stockbrokers once more—these few people showed animation. But there was none at our table. John Pierre kept reading from a Chicago newspaper and humming bits of a dolorous Tschaikovsky concerto between courses. Scott watched a phantom cotton crop in his glass of Meursault, and I acutely wished to be on the long wharf that hems one bit of San Francisco's bay, with the trade winds blowing for me and the Pacific gulls quarreling and fish bright on counters of the booths.

"The division wasn't in action," John Pierre argued with his coffee cup. "Stands to reason they'll want the divisions that did something to parade in Paris, and all that rot. I don't see why our chances of being sent straight home aren't pretty fair."

"Chicken feed!" said Scott. "What's that white liqueur that tastes like rotten pears? Tell the woman to bring some."

The waitress was moving at me: "*Y'a un soldat qui veut parler au lieutenant.*"

"*Moi?*"

"*Oui, monsieur. Il est très pressé.*"

Jeroboam was standing in the corridor and scowling at me. I beckoned, but he shook his head and jabbed his cap at the floor. So I went out to him.

"Saw you in there. Got to talk to you. Come out here."

"Seen your dad yet, Jero?"

"No. It's what I want to talk about. Come on!"

He was in an awful hurry to get out of the corridor, and we banged into a room where a lady was doing up her hair, and then banged out, and into a kind of alcove.

"Look here! Y-you go up an' tell dad I'm down here."

"What on earth for?"

Jeroboam wanted to hit me. His face was pale behind its freckles, and he kept slapping his cap on a leg. "I can't!"

"Why?"

"He thinks I'm a casualty—a stiff—caput—killed in action! I wrote him the day of the damn Armistice, but he hadn't answered yet. S'pose it missed him. And I got scared. I got the colonel to ring up Uncle Charlie last night to see where dad was. 'N' he's here. And the colonel gave me a car to come up in."

"Privileges of being an army baby. You bully your colonel to bore one of the highest officers in the A. E. F. to find where your parent is, and then you get a car to come in. If you were a mere officer, you'd have ——"

"Aw, shut up!" said Jeroboam. "And I reported to Uncle Charlie, and he darn near fell out of his chair. He says they're all scared that dad's dyin' or something. He doesn't know that list was a mistake yet. This Army has a fine bookkeepin' system! . . . I'm scared."

I did not grin. Jeroboam was afraid that he would cry, or that his father would. It was very serious on his nineteenth birthday. This thing had to be put through with dignity.

"I'll go up, Jero."

"Well, be careful. You be careful. Try to—to let him down easy."

"I'll be careful, Jero," I said.

He took hold of my sleeve and pinched the official braid on the cuff. He did not want me to go yet.

"Please be careful, will you? Don't try to be funny or anything. . . . I used to think he didn't care anything about me—when I was a kid. 'N' then I got hurt playin' football in 1916 and ——"

"Yes?"

"I dunno. He came and sat on my bed and talked to me about West Point and when he was a kid in Wyoming and all that. . . . I've been up to his room twice—and I can't go in. I'm scared!"

I was scared, too, and suddenly. I had to walk in between two emotions and one of them was tearing my cuff. It was not going to be gay or funny or anything but painful to watch. I was afraid of the long, simple man upstairs.

"I—I'll be as careful as I can, Jero."

"I'll stay out in the hall," said Jeroboam. "You tell him and then come and tell me."

"All right."

We proceeded upstairs and I found that I had a useless napkin in my hand. I left it on a rail at the second floor and followed Jeroboam along a hall. He knew that I was scared now, and kept hold of my cuff. Misery had made him about eleven years old. His feet dragged on the rugs and he halted four times.

"I ought to have wired him when I wired mother."

"Why didn't you?"

"I dunno. . . . Thought he'd hear. . . . I don't know why I didn't wire him. I'm a fool. It—it just didn't strike me. I'm so scared I'm seein' green spots."

A voice made in France asked "Of what are you scared?"

It just needed Philibert Gran to make this a complete slaughter. He was standing in the open door of a room with a glass of champagne in his hand. He had his cap on and a raincoat was slung over his ruined shoulder. In the silence all his medals jingled and the bubbles made a tiny yawning sound in the thin glass.

"Colonel Todd thinks that Jero's—one of the rest, Philibert. The kid's come to see him. Some jackass made a mistake and sent in some recommendations for medals as killed in action."

"Beautiful complication," said Philibert. He looked at the boy and lifted the glass to his lips. "Well, to the living! . . . Yes, that is an amusing error. When did your father hear this? How long ago?"

Jeroboam stiffened before the medals and ribbons and was a soldier.

"Don't know, sir. I guess about three weeks."

"Twenty-one days in hell, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Egotist!" said Philibert. "You are sure he thinks so much of you?"

"Yes, sir," Jeroboam said.

Philibert Gran nodded. Then he tossed his glass over a shoulder and seemed to be pleased by its loud death on the floor. He smiled as if he were alive.

"This is very amusing. And now you are afraid to go to him, soldier?"

"Don't tease the kid, Phili——"

"Ass! I am not teasing him. I have the analytic mind. I am just trying to find out how it feels to know that one is—supremely valuable. What is it like?" He hunted the emotions of life with his eyes on the boy's face. "Yes?"

"It's awful," said Jeroboam.

Philibert leaned on the side of the doorway and stared, always smiling at the carpet. A bracelet of silver links with four blue stones and one red stone drooped on his wrist. Jeroboam looked at it, and then looked off at his father's numbered door. The ace somehow saw the boy's face move.

"I shall go and speak to your father."

"Thank you, sir."

"Philibert," I said, "you're pretty drunk."

"So much the better. I shall see without feeling. I wish," he said in French, "to see—something. When I go in come to the door."

Philibert dropped his raincoat on the floor and walked along the carpet. He walked up this strip of brown carpet for some hours, it seemed, although he went swiftly and in a straight line. When he got to the panels he lifted his one hand and rapped twice.

"May I come in, colonel?"

A dim voice asked "Who is it?"

"That does not matter," said Philibert. "You would not remember me. . . . I am coming in."

He opened the door and walked into the room's grim light. I made an arm move and shoved Jeroboam. The boy hitched forward in a lump, and I had to shove him again.

"Your son is outside in the hall, colonel."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Your son," said Philibert, "is outside in the hall. There has been a mistake. He is well and he is outside in the hall. Go and see." I shoved at Jeroboam's shoulder. "It is so!" said Philibert. "Go and look!"

The doorway was a piece of empty gray gloom set in the wall. Then Todd came out of it and stood looking at Jeroboam. Nothing happened for such a time that I began to count in my head—one—two—three—four—five.

"Dad," said Jero in a squeaking baby's voice, "it's me."

His father walked two steps forward and lifted a hand and slapped the boy on the face so that the crack shot my head back. He said "You damn little pup!" in the roar of a charging bull. Then he whirled around and tumbled down with his nose against the wall. Jero hopped away and leaned on the other side of the hallway and gaped at the fallen uniform. A waiter with a tray walked politely between them and into a bedroom.

"Where've you been?" Todd asked the wall.

"Oh, I dunno, dad."

"And you're all right?"

"Yeh—yes, sir."

Todd rubbed his face on the wall and got up to his feet. He looked at me with a sort of baffled, apologetic grin, and then finally looked back at Jeroboam. He went on rubbing his face with a palm. Something puzzled him.

"You—you're bigger, son!"

"Guess so. You haven't seen me in eighteen months."

"Oh, longer than that, son!"

"It is not," said Jeroboam crossly; "first of June, last year. And this is the first of December. Eighteen months, sir."

"That's so," Todd said humbly; "just eighteen. H-had lunch, sonny?"

"No."

"You," the man told me, "have 'em send up lunch—up here—for two—please. In a hurry—please."

He took his son's sleeve violently and hauled him into the room and one of them kicked the door shut. I was afraid that Philibert was still in there, and then saw him standing as a dead shadow in a corner of the hall.

"Thanks."

"Very amusing," he said.

But this was not all. We stood there, and there was something to be done. Philibert lifted his fingers and let them fall along the stupid door as though it were a fair woman's arm. Then he walked past me into his own place and that door closed. I went down the stairs.

"We've ordered some champagne," said John Pierre, "to try to lift the gloom."

"What gloom?"

"Oh, the gloom. Something funny happened?"

"Yes."

"Tell us!"

"None," I said, "of your business. . . . This isn't bad champagne."

Scott spun his glass in his fingers and looked at me.

"What's the matter with your eyes?"

"Nothing. . . . Well, to the living!"

"Don't be such an ass," said John Pierre.

Good taste in Hose

now reflects conservatism in color and pattern

At the Sigma Nu House, University of Chicago. Wherever well dressed men gather, particular attention to details is noted. For example, the care with which socks are selected to harmonize pleasingly with the other items of dress

GONE is the barbaric . . . gone the bizarre . . . modified are the stripes and the checks.

Now come the tans, the rich browns, the subdued greens, the more conservative shades of red and blue, with their neat clocks and quiet but unusual patterns.

These selections will identify the well-dressed man this summer.

Months ago Realsilk correspondents forecast the new style trends from the great style centers here and abroad.

On 100 special knitting machines, that have revealed entirely new possibilities in hose manufacture, Realsilk turned these style trends into patterns of hitherto unknown beauty—the new Realsilk Super-Service Socks.

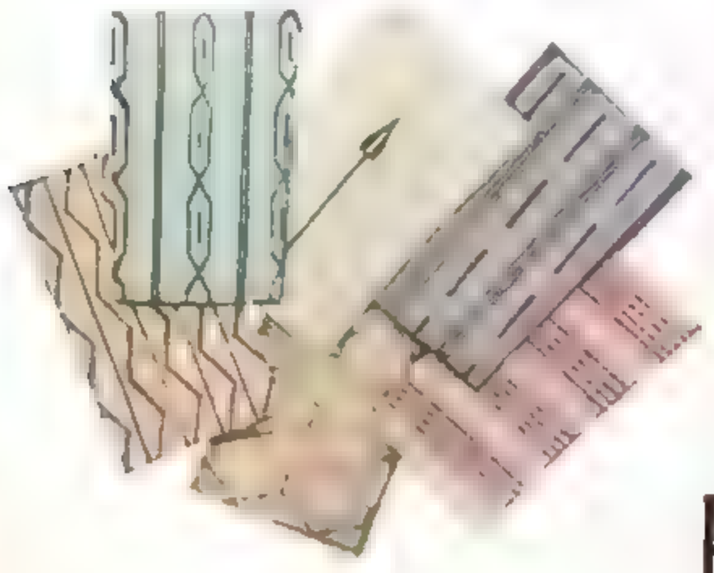
And the amazingly rapid system of distribution, developed by Realsilk, brings them to you without delay—with no in-between steps.

Also, these Super-Service Socks go from Mills to wearer so quickly that the silk is seldom more than 24 days old.

In each pair the silk used is strong, elastic, *fresh* silk, insuring wear that will astonish you.

Further, each sole is doubly reinforced. Toes and heels are of 4-ply special-processed lisle.

A few of the new patterns—each woven in many rich color combinations



There are *two* thicknesses of garter band.

And before any shipment leaves our Mills, it must undergo the strenuous friction test (patented) to satisfy our experts that the fiber is tough enough, the workmanship sufficiently skillful to withstand the hardest wear.

These are socks made to satisfy men. To look well. To support the claim millions of users have found true to the letter: *"The best wearing silk socks in America—bar none."*

In your home or office, at your leisure, you may examine these smart patterns, this unusual quality of wear. If you are not being called upon regularly by one of our Representatives, we suggest that you telephone the Realsilk office in your town for an appointment—without obligation on your part. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

World's largest manufacturers of Silk Hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States and Canada. Consult 'phone directory for your local office

FASHION NOTES FOR MEN

Indications generally point to conservatism in every department of dress with the possible exception of neckwear. Figured ties are enjoying popularity, with original patterns in soft colors showing themselves.

Two button and even one button suits in off-shades of blue and in brown seem to be the style favorites. Snap brim and roll brim hats are about equal the country over.

Sports apparel, abnormally quiet of late, will probably get wilder as the summer sun warms the fairway and the green.

Sartor

THE NEW
REALSILK
SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

Get rid of

Dandruff

BY USING

Sergeant's for the Hair, regularly

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50-year-old company.

Sergeant's for the hair will not only relieve dandruff, but will make dry, brittle hair soft and lustrous; it cleans the scalp, promotes the flow of natural oils, and relieves falling hair. It is an effective conditioner of hair and scalp.

"Comb your hair with it"

No longer need you fear odor or stain. The new treatment will not over-grease the hair. It contains nothing to dry the scalp. The new bottle will fit in the medicine cabinet, so that you may remember to use it—daily...Form the habit of using Sergeant's whenever you comb your hair, instead of using water, for you never know what chemicals the water may contain. Moisten the hair or comb with Sergeant's—then comb your hair.

"Comb your hair with it"

Also, a "Sergeant's rub" every week, will invigorate the scalp. Apply Sergeant's freely. Then rub the scalp with the tips of your fingers until you feel it tingle.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the hair (75c)—and give your hair and scalp the treatment they need. Free trial bottle sent postpaid, anywhere, on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2101 Broad St., Richmond, Va.

"Comb your hair with it"

Sergeant's

For the Hair

THE SON AND HEIR

Continued from Page 23

Zack had gained a strategic point about midway from the gate, and Dempsey was nearly to the bottom step, when Colonel Spottiswoode bent over, casually informing Elaine of tomorrow's program. Then their bubble burst.

"Couldn't think of it, colonel! Positively not! Nothing shall disturb McWirter's routine. Children are such creatures of habit."

For invincible reasons the lady's edict went forth that McWirter should remain at Sherwood, to follow his daily schedule as prescribed by Doctor Bostwick.

"But, colonel, I shall go. I should be charmed to visit your Southern club. The balls at our Windemere Hunt are the most *recherché* functions of New York. Adolf! Adolf! Mademoiselle! *Attendez, s'il vous plait.*"

The mask-faced Adolf and mademoiselle appeared to receive instructions. They must immediately pack up evening dresses, afternoon gowns, morning toilets, with the necessary array of costumes for monsieur. Adolf would accompany their party. No back talk, no squabbling. The colonel wasted some breath in trying to explain that Lafayette Clubhouse was only a shack and Elaine need not take so many fine clothes. But Mrs. Dempsey omitted to hear him.

Punctually at the morning hour old Zack witnessed their ceremonial of departure, when Mrs. Dempsey gave final admonitions from her car window.

"Mademoiselle, kindly see to it that the young master does not break his regular hours."

"*Oui, madame, oui.*"

"Hairdressing at nine."

"*Oui, madame.*"

"French lesson at 9:30."

"*Oui, madame.*"

"At his afternoon airing McWirter will put on heavier boots. And do not allow him to venture off the gravel walk."

"*Oui, madame.*"

Mademoiselle Delphine was still answering "*Oui, oui,*" when the colonel started his new car, and Adolf followed with their trunk on a truck. Mr. Dempsey had never opened his mouth.

"Ain't it perculiar," Zack mused, "how one white lady kin mess up things 'mongst a lot o' men?"

After Mrs. Dempsey had gone her way, Mademoiselle Delphine began preparations to dress the young master's hair. First she fetched out a small table, on which she ranged scissors, combs, brushes, bowls of sweet-smelling water, curling irons and a funny kind of lamp that burned blue.

When everything was fixed she said, "Now, Master McWirter, will you please sit here?"

"I do not wish to have my hair dressed," the boy answered peevishly. "I want this black man to tell some more stories."

"But," the governess argued, "I must dress your hair. Be a polite young gentleman. Sit here."

Jerusalem! What a bad little boy he was! He squirmed and ducked his head and screamed, "You hurt me! I shall tell my mother—tell my mother!"

Such a racket drew Selina from her kitchen to stand scowling at the door.

"Go away!" McWirter commanded. "You are ugly."

"Ef you was my chile," Selina retorted, "I'd tan yo' hide."

This riled the young master, who kicked the lady's shins, then raised a foot, pushed against the table and overthrew the whole works, lamp, bowls and all.

"I will not have my hair dressed!" Master McWirter sprang up and stomped amongst the wreckage.

Selina fairly itched to get hold of that child, but the French lady never spoke a harsh word, merely turned back into the house and came out again, hiding one hand behind her as she snapped, "You devil! I'll thrash you!"

Things happened. Mademoiselle's fingers twisted amongst McWirter's curls and dragged him down across her lap, then Zack saw that she had a long-handled brush, a solid brush that worked up and down mighty swift. Slap! Slap! Slap! It operated on the tightest part of the boy's trousers.

"Kick now!" she hissed. "Kick! Scream! Yell!"

"Spank him good," Selina applauded every lick, until Zack grabbed his hat and left.

Flying, Zack darted around the house, snatched up a few provisions, his paddle and fishing tackle, but never stopped running.

"Dere'll be hell to pay on dis plantation."

His original burst of speed carried him pretty nigh to Twisty Bayou before two scary eyes glanced behind and saw the little boy chasing after him.

"Git back! Git back!" He motioned with his paddle. "I aims to stay out o' dis fuss."

If some meddler hadn't tied the rope of his dugout into a hard knot, Zack might have shoved off before Master McWirter reached the bayou. But he was still chewing on the knot when the red-faced child came floundering through mud and said, "I am going with you."

"No you ain't! No you ain't!"

"I will go! That woman whipped me."

"She sho did." Old Zack grinned at the recollection of a complete job.

Yet he felt sorry for the child, who stood gazing at him with teary eyes, insisting "I mean to search these forests and find my father."

"You'll git lost, boy. Injuns'll scalp you. Alligators eat you up—snakes."

"I am not afraid."

Something in the way he said it made Zack look more kindly upon the little fellow with mannish trousers, dinky short jacket and stovepipe hat and the curls that his father hated. Maybe it was a quick toss of the head, perhaps a gleam of fearlessness in the child's brown eyes; anyhow, old Zack imagined a resemblance to Mr. Buck, and his tone softened.

"Dat's all right, honey. Come 'long wid me. I'm goin' fishin'."

"Fishing? Can I go too?"

"You sho kin. Plenty white perches in dis bayou. Wait! Stop!" The negro put out a hand and halted him, for McWirter was already stepping into the dugout. "Wait 'till I gits in. Dis boat'll turn over wid you. When you rides in one o' dese tricksy dugouts you got to part yo' hair in de middle; also keep yo' chaw o' tobacker in de middle o' yo' mouf."

It got Zack muddled to hear a baby speak like high-eddicated grown folks. He had put out an arm to prevent a child from getting drowned, when this mature person reassured him: "I can manage your canoe. Our sailing master taught me."

"Sailin' master? Who's he?"

"The man that has charge of father's boats. Give me that paddle."

Astounding. Old Zack allowed the child to take his paddle, to seat himself in the stern and shove off the upsettingest dugout on Twisty Bayou. Then Master McWirter proceeded to navigate with the strokes of a seasoned swamper.

"It is like my canoe," the boy decided. "Somewhat heavier."

So they started voyaging, two children, one black and seventy, the other white and seven—maybe eight or nine. Years count for nothing when hearts are of the same age. A warm sweet day in April, a placid winding water, a craft that glided along with neither sound nor effort. On either side lay dense-grown jungle banks, forest solitudes in which lurked the lure of many mysteries. The black child talked and the fair child listened to his tales of how bears scratch their backs against the trees; how the eyes of bobcats glitter when they come at night to drink; how an alligator made that plastered slide by crawling out from the bayou. This they stopped and examined, thereby adding to McWirter's knowledge.

God is good to black folks and children. If life becomes unbearable, a negro and a boy may turn their backs upon that place, leave all the loose ends dangling and live happily somewhere else. After a single hour of confiding, after a few miles of bayou comradeship, old Zack and young McWirter understood each other with a deep, philosophic comprehension. Along the water path of dalliance they rambled into the Land of High Adventure, while the old black troubadour began to sing:

"*My gal works in de white folks' yard;*
She brings me butter an' she brings me lard;
When dey has turkey I gits de stuffin';
Niggers think I'm workin', but I ain't doin' naffin'."

A child's light laughter went rocketing to the skies; then McWirter stopped and pointed with dripping paddle.

"Look, Zack! What's that boy doing?"

"Shucks!" The negro barely turned his head. "He ain't nobody 'cept Skinny. Huh! Done busted his skiff."

The bayou tragedy told its own tale. Pinch-faced Skinny Gilson had run over a snag and ripped his rotten skiff. There he sat, paddle in hand, middlewise the water, roosting like a chicken on a stump.

Swampers never gabble, so Skinny made no remark as his rescuers drew nigh and Zack called to him, "Whyn't you swim out?"

"'Cause ma's medicine's in my pocket, an' pa'll larrup me ef it gits wet."

As Skinny drawled this explanation his diluted blue eyes fastened themselves upon McWirter. Never had either child beheld such prodigy. The shanty-boat boy was older, with hatchet features, tattered overalls and straggling hair undefiled by any comb. The city child's stovepipe hat, collar and curls had startled him into a surprise that no swamper will betray.

Yet Skinny shot a glance at Zack which inquired, "Whar'd you trap that varmint?" Skinny, up a stump, felt himself in no predicament to pick quarrels as the curly-headed sissy drew alongside and he scrambled into their dugout, saying, "Uncle Zack, I figger you'll take me to pa's boat."

"How fer is it?"

"He's tied up nigh the Injun mound."

"That's nine miles."

"Yep. But ma's mighty low an' 'bleeged to git her physic."

Silently, McWirter sat with paddle poised. Old Zack still grasped the stump and glanced at the sun. Not yet noon.

"All right," he decided, "you help paddle."

Just beyond Fool's Turn, the sluggish bayou waters wind around the base of an Indian mound, built ages ago by a race that left no other monument. Half girdled by Big Twisty, the mound sloped sharply upward, its sides and top overgrown with forest trees. Near its foot Pa Gilson's dingy craft lay moored, a drab, weather-beaten house boat, framed of blistered plank. Here dwelt a man little less primitive than the Mound Builders, and far more solitary. For in raising such a mass of earth human cooperation was required, and Pa Gilson cooperated with none of his kind.

"Skinny," Zack nodded toward the shanty boat and inquired, "is dat a ketchin' sickness what yo' ma's got?"

"Dunno."

Taking no chances, the negro landed a hundred yards below, where Skinny left them and started home. At a little distance he turned and volunteered, "Zack, the levee's done broke."

"Levee broke? Whar 'bouts?"

Continued on Page 144

What a camera *for making your vacation movies!*

The new Bell & Howell Filmo 75

"Watch-thin" as compared with others...Flat, handy, fits in a pocket. Attractive new price. Get details

YOUR vacation dreams—of beach and woods and purling streams and wonderful times—will soon be *realities.* Why allow them to end in *hazy* memories? You can save them *forever,* in Filmo motion pictures—moving, sparkling, *living* records of the happiest moments of your life, exactly as you would want to remember them through the passing years.

Here is the camera that at last brings within reach of the average family all the pleasure, entertainment and satisfaction of having *quality* motion pictures. It is the new Bell & Howell Filmo 75, costing *one-third less* than the famous Filmo 70, yet retaining many of its features of adaptability and precision.

You hold the Filmo 75 in one hand, the index finger falling naturally on the automatic release button—look through the spy-glass viewfinder concealed within the frame—press the button. That's all there is to do. What you see, you get—with mirror-like fidelity—motion and all.

"What you see you get"

The Filmo 75 is jewel-like in its beauty. It is "watch-thin" as compared with all others. Readily slips into the coat pocket. No shutter adjustment, no focus, no tripod—so simple a child may successfully operate it. Ideal for field, travel, vacation and sport use.

Filmo 75 is built to the same high standards of quality as the Bell & Howell standard professional cameras costing up to $5,000, with which practically all the world's finest theatre motion pictures are made. Among amateur cameras it is excelled *only* by the Filmo 70, the finest amateur movie camera made at *any* price, as any dealer can tell you.

Both Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box, obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postpaid to you. Then you are ready to see your own movies shown in your own home with the Filmo Projector—shown with the theatre *depth, beauty* and *brilliancy* that are always characteristic of Bell & Howell motion picture equipment.

This summer have a Filmo 75 or 70 for your vacation—for taking movies of the children—for the thousand other pleasant things. See your Filmo dealer, or mail the coupon for further information.

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Please mail full descriptive information on your new Filmo 75 and send name of nearest store where I may examine and try it.

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DOES YOUR CHECK SAY "HERE'S A MAN WHO HAS GOOD, SOUND, BANKING CONNECTIONS?"

Look at the next check you write and see whether it has a wavy line design on it.

If it has, it means that your bank is alive to the importance of using a distinctive-looking check—a check that looks as if it is issued

on a sound, well established bank drawing its clientele from the better class of business men.

60 per cent of the banks in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco are issuing checks on Safety Paper made by La Monte. It's a check paper that's safe as paper can be—protected on both sides—and recognized everywhere *for quality* by men who deal in money. You can always tell it by its wavy line design.

Suggest to the cashier of your bank that you think it would be good business to use National Safety Paper—for you—for the bank.

George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York.

LA MONTE

NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER

(Continued from Page 142)

"At Johnson's Landin'."

"Right in front o' here! Boy, whyn't you tell me dat afore?"

"'Cause I was skeered you mought not fetch me home."

A broken levee meant nothing to McWirter, who stepped ashore, bringing Zack's coffeepot and hatchet. His cheeks blazed with excitement. Never did any child look less like a woodsman, and never was a child more enthusiastic.

"Now, Zack, we're going to camp out and cook in the forest and hunt Indians and explore."

"No us ain't." The negro shook his woolly head. "'Cause dat overflow water'll come rampagin' down here an' kivver ev'ything 'cept dis mound."

"How utterly charming! Like Noah's deluge."

"Huh!" Zack sniffed. "Wimmenfolks brags continual 'bout Mister Noah, but he ain't never seed nary genuwine flood. It'd make Noah's eyes pop out to see ole Missip' rear up on his hind legs. Dis'll be de onliest dry lan' in forty miles."

"Then I shall be on an island!" The child clapped his hands. "A desert island! I shall be Robinson Crusoe and you shall be Friday."

"Dunno what you's talkin' 'bout. But, Lord, Lord, chile, ole Noah had to catch dem beastes, tie 'em two an' two an' tote 'em into his ark. Shucks! Nobody won't have to tote nary beastes to dis mound. Dey'll come. Soon as de water rises, ev'y kind o' critter in de swamp'll be seekin' dry ground—animules an' varmints. Look here, boy, you needn't set yo'self to make no fire, 'cause us is leavin' for home."

"No; we shall serve our luncheon in the wilderness."

That's what started the first of many arguments, a manful wrangling, while the hard-headed little McWirter lighted his fire.

"Look yonder, boy!" Zack nodded. "Overflow's comin' already. Dis bayou's riz a foot an' our dugout's nigh afloat."

As Zack dragged his boat entirely out of water, besides lashing it to a tree, he chuckled: "Huh! Ef dis dugout breaks loose, us sho will be livin' here wid de beastes."

"And cannot go home?"

"No, sir-ree! Not ontil somebody 'rives to fetch us off."

During the next hour Twisty Bayou rose nearly two feet, and muddy water from the crevasse went racing past as Zack and the boy sopped up their last streak of molasses from a pan.

"Now den"—Zack licked his sticky lips—"us better start for Sherwood."

"No; I intend to remain and see the beasts."

This had opened an even hotter debate, when Pa Gilson thrust his head from a window of the shanty boat and shouted, "Hey, Zack! Want to see you on business. Come git a drink."

"Comin', suh. Wait here, boy."

As soon as the negro's coat tails had gone flopping through a screen of brushwood, Master McWirter got extremely busy. A quick worker, he removed from Zack's dugout the fishing poles, paddles, frying pans—everything.

To avoid delay in untying the rope, he slashed it with a hatchet, then slid their boat downhill and gave it a kick.

"I shall not go back to that woman," he said, and sat down to wait.

It might have amused Mademoiselle Delphine to observe the patience with which a pampered son and heir could wait, for the longer Zack delayed his return, the more certain it was that he could not recover their boat. Even when the negro shuffled back, grinning over his drink, McWirter held attention by a discussion of beasts.

After a while Zack rose, took sun time and announced, "Nigh three o'clock. Us got to trave." Still McWirter said nothing, while Zack glanced at the place where his dugout should have been, batted both eyes, and ran to the water's edge, exclaiming, "Whar's my dugout? Lord, Lord! Somebody's done cut dis rope!"

"Oh, yes," McWirter answered nonchalantly; "I set your boat adrift."

"You did? Den us can't git home!"

"We shall remain here. This island suits me."

The earliest shafts of morning sunlight struck slantwise across the mound, pierced an artificial shelter and dazzled upon the face of a sleeping child. The curly-headed boy unclosed his eyes with an expression of bewilderment. The roof above him was strange, unfamiliar. Never had Mrs. Dempsey's son wakened beneath a thatch of greenery, under a sloping roof of leaves so low that he might touch it with his hand.

Suddenly McWirter flung aside the borrowed quilt, sat up on his bed of dry grass and remembered how he and Zack had built this arbor last night, of two forked sticks set in the ground, a ridgepole, with brushy canes to thatch it. Excitedly the boy crawled out as from a pup tent and gazed around him. No Zack. Not a human creature anywhere. He was alone on a desert island—alone except for three solemn mules lathered with mud that stood staring at him. They must have come out of the high water as Zack assured him that the beasts would come.

Having crept on all fours into the open, McWirter sprang erect, his eager young eyes searching the woods, where he hoped to see a flock of bears. Evidently the bears had not yet arrived. So he glanced at his rumpled jacket, a badly soiled collar and a jagged rent in his trousers where he had torn them on a brier. Everything was so amusing; he laughed.

"Slept with my clothes on." This achievement pleased McWirter immensely. "And I shall not wash my face all day long. . . . Zack! Oh, Zack!" No answer. McWirter heard nothing except a cautious tread through the canebrake, as of some animal that came up the slope. A bear? A deer? The least he hoped to welcome was a catamount. Expectantly McWirter watched until the canes parted for Skinny Gilson to step forth and thrust his lean jaw into the other child's face.

"Dang my scaly hide!" Skinny began. "Is you jest gettin' up?"

"Yes. Good morning. We shall have a fine day."

The bully of the shanty boat refused to be placated. Up and down the stranger, from neat boots to soft brown curls, he glared and glowered. The wet bottom of Skinny's overalls flapped about two bare feet whose prehensile toes seemed taking hold of the turf as he sidled around the city boy.

"Sissy!" he repeated, hitched up his single gallus and gave a more belligerent tilt to his ratty straw hat. "Sissy, I kin lick you."

"What do you mean?"

"Lick you to a frazzle. Beat the stuffin' out o' you."

"Oh! You wish to box? Very good."

Quite agreeably little McWirter stripped off his Eton jacket, and from long training by mademoiselle laid it folded on a log. Next he rolled up two ruffled sleeves, advanced his left foot and fronted the challenger. Such businesslike preparations were even more disconcerting than McWirter's pleasant smile. Heretofore Skinny's fights had opened with a cussing match, shoving, drawing lines on the ground and daring the other boy to step across.

But McWirter only asked "Are you ready?"

"Sure I'm ready. Dang my scaly hide, ready as a pack o' wildcats!"

"*Allons!*"

"What you callin' me?" Skinny demanded with a ferocious scowl.

"I said come on."

"Aw!" Skinny leaped into the air and cracked both heels together. "Come on yo'self! In a minute you'll be squawkin for somebody to pull me off. A gal with

(Continued on Page 147)

MODEL 11743

CABINETS BY

Seeger

SAINT PAUL

for a quick

"Come-back"

when you feel "below par"

Here's a delightful food-drink from Switzerland . . . Picks you up instantly

We Offer You a 3-Day Test

DO you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself?

Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim.

Cause of logginess—
how Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both. Ovaltine in most cases overcomes this trouble, in this way:

FIRST—It combines in easily digested form certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. (One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears and your body responds.

Doctors recommend

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A 3-day test

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Continued from Page 144

curls!" The young swamper spat contemptuously. "I'm fixin' to jump down yo' thote an' gallup yo' insides out."

The arena in which Skinny Gilson began offensive maneuvers was clear of undergrowth and fairly level. His opening tactics promised to show McWirter a novelty in ring generalship, his left being held much too low, his right fist very high and revolving as though Skinny were turning the handle of a coffee mill.

"I don't aim to make 'cept one lick!" he jeered.

As his antagonist circled round and round, the smaller boy kept facing him, until Skinny made what he intended as a lunge. Then —— Skinny didn't know exactly what happened, or how. Daylight turned black, stars glittered before his eyes. Both feet flew up and the back of his head struck a knoll. The next thing that Skinny really knew, McWirter's brown curls were tickling his jaw, while the anxious enemy inquired:

"Are you hurt? I'm sorry. You should have put up your left, as the instructor taught me—like this."

A soft answer failed to turn away wrath; the furious Skinny grappled him and they rolled over in a tussle which lasted only a few seconds longer than their stand-up combat. Almost instantly McWirter had put Skinny's shoulders to the ground and held him powerless.

Contrary to every rule of rough-and-tumble, the sissy never hit a lick while Skinny was down, but immediately let go, rose and stood back smiling.

"Skinny, please don't be angry. I was only boxing."

"What t'hell's the difference twixt boxin' an' fightin'?"

"In boxing no gentleman loses his temper. My instructor says it isn't good sport. Please get up. Let me show you the proper guard, so that nobody can hit you that way."

"Kin you larn me how you done that?" Skinny eased up dubiously, still rubbing the point of his jaw, and asked, "Say, boy, what's yo' name?"

"McWirter Blessington Dempsey."

"Aw, jest say Squirty an' let it go at that."

After his morning drink with Pa Gilson, and borrowing a couple of perch from pa's live box, Zack Foster reclimbed the mound to wake his sleeping protégé. The bunk was empty.

"Dere now! Dat boy done gone. Wirty!" he called. "Oh, Wirty! Whar you? Huh! Skinny's been here, an' I bet dem two chillun is got into some kind o' devilment."

Zack's pussyfoot explorations carried him nearly around the island—an island now in fact—before he spied the boys.

"What is dem chillun doin'?"

Through the bushes his two white eyes peered at Skinny, who sat on a fallen sapling holding little McWirter's head, wedged tightly between his knees. At first Zack might not have recognized Mrs. Dempsey's curly-headed son, until he heard Skinny's solicitous voice inquire:

"Squirty, does I hurt you?"

"Certainly you hurt. But cut it all off—short."

As Zack looked closer he saw that Skinny Gilson was grabbing a handful at a time and with his pocketknife sawing off McWirter's curls.

"Here, Skinny!" he shouted. "Stop dat!"

Then the negro ran, tumbling over logs and crashing through brier patches, while Skinny's knife went whack, whack, whack until he finished the shearing.

"Ugh! Ugh!" Zack groaned. "Boy, you sho is acted one plumb fool. Never seed sech a boy in all my born days."

"That's tellin' 'em, fat lady!" Skinny screeched. "That's tellin' 'em, fat lady!"

"Dere now! Jest look at yo' hat!" Zack's exasperation broke out again when he noticed McWirter's Eton stovepipe, half full of water, with tiny mud turtles swimming in it. "Who done dat?"

"Me." Skinny snickered, and Zack promptly poured out his low opinion of shanty-boat boys.

"That's tellin' 'em, fat lady!" McWirter yelled with glee. "That's tellin' 'em, fat lady!"

Eight days of watery chaos had swirled across the flatlands. Even after Dempsey learned by crippled telephone that Mademoiselle Delphine had abandoned her charge and disappeared, while his boy was on an Indian mound with Zack, there was no possibility of reaching him. Neither Dempsey's millions nor his wife's hysteria could prevail upon a rescue boat to bring off McWirter.

Eight harrowing days had elapsed, and Dempsey's chartered steamboat was now approaching the spur of an abandoned levee where Buck had arranged to pick up his son. A brilliant noon. The General Catchings moved sturdily up the treacherous Mississippi, now running brimful, as in a trough, between the lines of yet unbroken levees. Not a dozen people were on board—only the Dempseys, Colonel Spottiswoode and a few Red Cross workers. These strangers the mother had prepared in a way for what they soon must see by hinting at the perfections which made up that youthful paragon, Master McWirter Blessington Dempsey. So the Red Cross ladies, frankly curious, stood watching from the guards.

Now that Mrs. Dempsey's maternal fears were quite allayed, she resolved to make no vulgar display of emotion, but receive her son with high-bred English reserve. She occupied a capacious chair out front, chatting with the Red Cross workers, her abundant figure attired in the most correct of yachting costumes, the rigid Adolf standing by.

Buck Dempsey put up no such bluff. As their steamer drew near the broken end of a levee which projected into the river, he observed the usual group of draggled refugees, with two small boys amongst them. No smart Eton jacket, no top hat, no curls.

"Colonel," he whispered anxiously, "there's Zack, but I don't see McWirter."

The two children that Buck saw were equally dirty, gummed with mud, impartially tattered. One of them hugged a bundle to his breast. Apparently the other claimed possession of it. They clinched and rolled in the mud, while out of their bundle scampered a tiny bear cub. Whereupon the fighters let go of each other and recaptured their pet.

"Look, colonel!" Buck Dempsey yelled triumphantly. "That's McWirter! He's fighting—fighting!" As the steamer dropped her stage plank a happy father rushed downstairs to welcome his worthy son.

"Fighting," Mrs. Dempsey murmured. "That cannot be McWirter."

A gabble of voices that crossed the stage plank and moved along the boiler deck should have conveyed some premonition. But the first that Mrs. Dempsey actually saw was the head of Colonel Spottswoode as it appeared above stairs, eyes twinkling, and a grizzled mustache that failed to conceal his grins. Next came Mr. Dempsey. Beside them tramped two little barefooted ruffians. The boy in front wore no hat, had inconceivably ragged hair, his face buried beneath a mask of mud. Like most of these high-water refugees, he carried what seemed to be a wad of bed clothing, hugged tight in both arms.

As this remarkable procession came upstairs, the Red Cross ladies stood silent, and old Zack dared not show himself above the staircase, while Mrs. Dempsey's brow puckered in wonderment. Why should the colonel and Mr. Dempsey lead such a pair of ragamuffins to her? Where was McWirter?

"Hey, ma!" a young voice shrilled, as her clip-headed son ran to his mother, an unwashed hide showing through many a rent in his shirt. A second miscreant followed, to stand behind, carrying a rusty bucket as McWirter knelt to unroll his bundle, which was wrapped in the remnants of an Eton jacket.

"Look, ma! Look!"

The lady stared and drew back from a wriggling fuzzy object that her son produced. "What is that thing?"

"Bear—real genuwine live bear. Me an' Skinny kotch 'im."

"Kotch! Skinny! Ugh!"

"Sure, ma, us kotch 'im. Skinny's me pard. He's a peach."

"Aw"—the swamp boy scoffed and kicked McWirter from behind—"shet yo' mouth, Squirty! Don't slobber!"

"Squirty!" At this horrid nickname Mrs. Dempsey gave a low moan. The Red Cross workers began to smile, with restraint, and Adolf's face froze solid.

On the deck, an excited child with dancing eyes exhibited his treasures.

"Say, Skinny, show ma them turkles in our bucket. An', ma, look! Us caught my hat nigh full of crawfishes."

Mrs. Dempsey glared until even the hard-boiled swamp rat began to feel unrestful, and Skinny inquired, with a jerk of his thumb, "Squirty, is that yo' ma?"

"Yep."

"Then I'm through." Disgustedly the swamp boy spat on deck and marched himself downstairs, with McWirter yelling, "Aw, Skinny, don't be no quitter! Ma's all right. Say, ma, every varmint in the world come gallivantin' over our mound. Dang my scaly hide, me an' Skinny had a bully time!"

Mrs. Dempsey's ample form uprose; Zack's kinky pate vanished from the stairhead. But she had spied him, and her condemning finger pointed: "You did this! Wretched old negro! I shall have you severely punished—whipped—yes, whipped—put in prison for life!"

"'At's tellin' 'em, fat lady! 'At's tellin' 'em, fat lady!" little McWirter piped up from the floor.

"Adolph," in icy tones the mother ordered, "take that child away. Give him a thorough bath—fresh clothes."

"Ain't goin' without my bear an' turkles an' crawfishes. We can swim 'em in the tub, can't we, Adolf?"

"And, Adolf, for heaven's sake do something—do something to Master McWirter's head!"

"Shall I clip it, madame, very close?"

"Anything—anything!"

After Mrs. Dempsey had passed wrathfully toward the cabin door, she stopped and said, "Mr. Dempsey, I shall leave you to settle with that miserable negro. Make an example of him."

"Yes, my dear."

Like a startled prairie dog, the negro had ducked downstairs, where Dempsey and the colonel found him. In a secluded corner of the boiler deck two white men extracted all the details from Zack Foster, colored, and Buck tried not to laugh so loud that his wife could hear.

"You say, Zack," the proud parent inquired, "that McWirter kicked your dugout in the bayou?"

"Sho did, Mister Buck, so us couldn't go home."

"And he was fighting all the time with Skinny?"

"Scrappin' continual, Mister Buck, continual."

"Behaved like a real honest-to-goodness boy, did he?"

"Huh! Dat's de wust tore-down youngster ever I did see."

"Fine, Zack, fine! Now Mrs. Dempsey told me to settle with you. Here's what money I have in my pocket—two or three hundred, maybe. If you need any more, get it from the colonel. And the colonel will take care of Skinny. But, Zack, tell me this: Did McWirter learn to cuss?"

"Cuss?" Zack cocked his wise old head on one side and chuckled. "Not what me an' you would call real downright cussin'. But ev'y time Skinny reemarked 'Dang my scaly hide' or 'Dat's tellin' 'em, fat lady,' den Squirty'd sneak off an' practice. Yassuh, Mister Buck, I figgers dat Squirty done larnt mighty all what Skinny knows."

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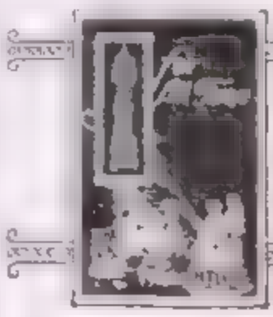

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FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

(Continued from Page 13)

and go as we pleased. Several times we had to use the freight elevator and go out through the basement to an alley where a private car was waiting.

On one rest day we slipped through the Sunday traffic of Cincinnati and across the Ohio River into the Kentucky hills. After an hour or two of driving in these picturesque surroundings, with Lindbergh at the wheel, someone suggested stopping near a village drug store for refreshments.

We parked a short distance away and I was elected by the toss of a coin to obtain the refreshments. While I was waiting for the soda clerk to prepare the orders I happened to see a small puzzle labeled "New York to Paris." It consisted of several wooden blocks that could be shifted in various directions; the purpose of the game being to move the airplane block from the New York corner to the Paris corner.

"That looks easy," remarked the soda clerk, noting my glance. "But just try it once."

"We ought to have Colonel Lindbergh here to show us how to do it," I answered casually.

The soda clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"He could fly over there all right," he admitted, "but he'd fall down like anybody else on that puzzle."

"How long would you give Lindbergh if he were here?" I asked him.

"I'd bet him he couldn't do it in four hours," he declared.

Restraining a rather unholy glee, I purchased the puzzle and went back to the car. Lindbergh grinned appreciatively when I told him of the affair. Then his face grew serious.

"Let's see it," he said, and within ten seconds everything else was completely forgotten.

We drove on back to Cincinnati with the colonel still as engrossed as though he were again over the Atlantic. Only to leave the car and hurry up to our rooms did he interrupt his study. Once he glanced quickly at the clock. He had been working for almost two hours.

A little later he sat up with a look of satisfaction.

"There it is," he announced calmly. "Now, what do you say we order dinner? I'm getting hungry."

Stealing away for even these brief changes from the routine of his ninety-five-day tour always rested Lindbergh and helped him maintain his cheerful courtesy when the next official day began, although some even more experienced public figures might have cracked under this undeniable strain.

His ever-ready sense of humor also helped him through trying situations; although not infrequently this same characteristic resulted in just such situations for members of the tour party.

Following the Scent

One of these occasions brought about an undesirably lasting effect. It began when we were opening mail after finishing a parade. As Phil Love unwrapped one package he grinned and looked over at me.

"My, won't Slim be sweet after he gets through with all this," he said, holding up a complete assortment of toilet water, perfume and scented soap.

Before I could do more than agree, Lindbergh took one look and started after Phil, who dropped the box and beat a hasty retreat. He seemed about to follow, but instead, stopped and glanced back at the cause of the trouble. Then he gazed thoughtfully at me, hesitated, and finally went on with his unpacking. Apparently the affair was ended as far as he was concerned.

That evening two local pilots came up to our rooms after the banquet. After talking a while, Lindbergh stretched his long legs, stood up and began to pace back and forth, his hands in his pockets. No one paid much attention to this, for it was not an entirely new procedure. But a minute or two later I saw a sudden movement as he passed behind Love's chair. I watched out of the corner of my eye, and the next time he walked behind Phil I caught a gleam of something in his hand. It was the perfume bottle.

As a liberal application of the perfume soaked into the coat of our unsuspecting advance pilot I caught Lindbergh's eye. He shook his head in quick warning. Hiding my amusement, I turned my head to see if anyone else had noticed this performance, and instantly became aware of a powerfully sweet odor that emanated from nowhere but the back of my own coat! There was another bottle near by, but by the time I had reached it, Lindbergh had fled temporarily, taking off his coat while he went, as a safety precaution.

In spite of the heroic efforts of hotel valets, Phil and I traveled for a time in a rose-scented world of our own. This in itself was bad enough, but at one banquet it proved extremely embarrassing. We had been seated for several minutes when I noticed the guest between Colonel Lindbergh and me sniffing uneasily. Finally he gave a disgusted glance at the nearest table and turned to Lindbergh.

"Awfully close in here, colonel," he remarked. "Those women certainly piled it on thick tonight. Maybe I'd better have a window opened."

Lindbergh leaned over toward him with a solemn countenance.

The Privilege of Officialdom

"It's the rest of my party," he said apologetically. "Somebody sent us a bottle of perfume and they used it up in one night."

Then he smiled serenely at me as the committeeman turned startled eyes in my direction. Extremely mortified, I attempted to give an explanation; which, plainly, he did not begin to believe.

At times like this I was almost convinced that Lindbergh deserved the burden which the tour continued to place upon his shoulders. Moments immediately after landing were still difficult in many cases. On one afternoon as Colonel Lindbergh was taxiing into a hangar, a crowd of several thousand people burst through the lines of guards and swept irresistibly into the building and almost into the transatlantic plane.

Lindbergh hurriedly switched off his engine and climbed out to protect his ship. A wild pandemonium ensued as two or three hundred persons sought to reach him at the same time. For an instant it seemed that the Spirit of St. Louis must go down under this tremendous onslaught. Then reënforcements arrived and a huge ring of police was thrown about the colonel and those of the reception committee who had survived the rush.

As the colonel was being escorted to the speakers' stand a schoolgirl tried to dart under the arm of one burly officer, evidently to shake Lindbergh's hand. The policeman thrust her back with an energetic sweep of his powerful arm. Then, almost in the instant, he held out his own hand, nearly three times that of the girl in size.

"Put her there, colonel," he said pompously, evidently caring little for the impression this would make on those he denied the privilege, nor for the example he was setting thirty or forty other policemen in the ring.

Lindbergh smiled and extended his hand, but the officer failed to see the twinkle in his eyes. He, too, smiled, rather importantly, but only for a moment.

As their fingers met, a ludicrous expression of pain and astonishment replaced that complacent look, though the colonel's face still held only a gracious smile. When the policeman withdrew his hand, which he did with a somewhat surprising celerity, he glanced down at it regretfully, and then slowly back at Lindbergh with a mixture of

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wonder and suspicion. But the colonel's expression was guileless.

This universal desire to shake hands with the colonel sometimes resulted in odd incidents. One morning when we were being driven from the hotel to the airport we were halted at a grade crossing by an old white-haired flagman.

"Colonel, I can't stop you when you're up there," chuckled the old fellow, hobbling to the side of the car and jerking his thumb toward the sky, "but things just happened right for me today."

Lindbergh laughed and took the old man's hand, in spite of the impatient police, who had by this time discovered that the nearest danger was a slowly moving switch engine some distance away. And this time there was no steely grip, but only a friendly acknowledgment in his grasp.

The speed of parades was another source of trouble. If the car bearing the colonel moved too rapidly there were many complaints from those who had waited hours to see him.

In addition, he himself suffered an undeniable inconvenience from fast parades, for the bouquets, boxes of candy and other things which ordinarily were tossed into his car were then hurled with more or less imperfect aim. The result was that he had to become skilled in dodging from one side to another.

"I picked up a real collection today," he said rather ruefully as one parade came to an end. He fingered a spot on his head where a penknife had struck, disregarding a prominent mark on his cheek where a toy tin airplane had found a not entirely desirable landing place. "I think we'd better slow down even more after this. I'm not so good at missing things as I thought I was."

But slowing down to a walking speed in turn brought about difficulties. Spectators would run out between cars and motorcycles, imperiling their lives in a frantic endeavor "just to touch Lindy"; usually putting such energy into the attempt that when they did succeed in reaching him they whacked him unmercifully on back, shoulders or head, whichever happened to be nearest. More than once he bore bruises as a result of this, though I never heard him mention them.

A Hasty Retreat

During one procession a man who had eluded three motorcycle police seized the colonel's arm and almost pulled him backward into the street from the top of his car. The alarmed mayor beside him grasped at him quickly, but Lindbergh had expertly hooked his foot against the side of the car and saved himself. Though the motive behind these acts was interest of one sort or another, the effect sometimes was no different than if they had been done with malice. A man with less patience and understanding than Lindbergh might have forgotten the thought behind the deed, after the thousandth repetition of these more extreme cases.

Not all of the results of slow parades were of this nature, however. Once, as I was watching the crowds, I saw a young girl out in front of the other spectators, her eyes riveted in awe on Colonel Lindbergh. This in itself was not unusual, but when she reappeared one block farther on, I began to watch her. As the first car passed she ducked back through the throng and ran at top speed for the next opening. This was repeated three or four times. I managed to tell Lindbergh this without attracting her attention.

"She must be a regular marathon runner," he commented curiously. "We're going at least five miles an hour."

"She's standing about one hundred feet ahead," I told him—"the one dressed in blue."

Lindbergh turned to look casually at her as we drew abreast. His expression did not alter that I could see, but something must have told her that he knew. She blushed a fiery red, as though she had just then realized what she was doing. This time, when she ran through the crowd, she went as fast as possible in the other direction.

At the very next city another result of too-slow movement became evident. The motorcycle police had to surround the car to ward off the closely packed crowds, and in order to keep their engines from choking up at slow speeds they raced them freely, with clutches disengaged. We traveled amid an almost choking cloud of exhaust smoke for several miles.

Colonel Lindbergh arrived at the hotel with his face gray from the smoke deposit. Even his hair did not escape, for, as usual, he rode bareheaded. While he was walking along the corridor toward our suite three girls pressed closer for a better glimpse.

"Oh, dear," one of them exclaimed disappointedly, "and I thought all along he was blond. You just can't believe a thing you read about him."

On the Way to Helena

In the privacy of our rooms Lindbergh glanced at his face in a mirror. Quite possibly he could have gone through the streets unrecognized, for even his eyes looked different, with dark rings about them.

"No wonder someone is always saying I don't look well," he observed, with a grin that shone strangely through the duskiness of his face. "I look as though I might pass out any minute."

By the time we reached Chicago these rumors about the colonel's health had become serious. People had begun to clamor for the tour to be ended before he became completely exhausted.

Secretary MacCracken, who had met us in Chicago, suggested a physical examination to forestall further rumors of this kind. Lindbergh objected vigorously.

"I'm perfectly all right," he declared. "I get enough sleep and have plenty to eat, and I can finish this tour. I don't say I'd want to do this all my life, but I'm going through with it."

After some persuasion, he gave in and permitted an examination to be made. This showed him to be in very good condition as he had said. Undoubtedly his regular hours helped maintain the pace without ill effect, though there were times when he put the question of sleep second and even cut out his rest days. This last occurred when he discovered that by error only a touch stop, or temporary visit, had been scheduled for two states.

"That won't do," he said decisively. "One of the main ideas of the tour was to spend a night in each state. We'll have to do it. Where shall we be on our next rest day?"

"Denver," I told him, looking at our itinerary.

He bent over his map.

"We can make Pierre, South Dakota, that day and get back to Cheyenne on the next," he said after a moment. Then his eyes lighted. "That will give us a trip over the Bad Lands and the Black Hills too. We can fly over the summer White House."

"Two weeks till we get another rest," mourned Doc Maidment. "Not even a Sunday when we're not flying."

Lindbergh did not seem very sympathetic.

"We're getting to see more of the country and we can rest at Butte. Remember, we get a week there."

The thought of a week's relaxation at a camp beside a Montana lake had kept us from getting discouraged when the tour was hardest. But when we arrived we found that a special trip to Helena, Montana, had been agreed upon.

"Here's our chance at Glacier and Yellowstone," said Lindbergh as the four of us gathered in our rooms that night. "We'll fly over Glacier tomorrow on the way to Helena, and over Yellowstone on the way back to Butte the next day. And don't forget this is a secret."

"They're only two or three hundred miles off the course each way," observed

(Continued on Page 153

W. T. G. MORTON
1819-1868

C. W. LONG
1815-1878

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN

"WE'LL have to operate right away," the doctor had said. And already they are wheeling the patient into the operating room. He can feel his heart beating a little faster. He is tense. . . . What are they going to do? . . . Then a soothing, gentle voice: "Just relax and breathe easily."

Oh, yes! They are going to give him ether! . . . Instinctively he obeys. . . . Nothing much seems to be happening. . . . A general feeling of lightness comes over him . . . and drowsiness . . . sleep. . . . So this is anæsthesia!

* * *

He is in bed, now . . . his eyes open . . . he is coming out of the ether. . . . "Everything is all right!" . . . Only convalescence ahead now. . . . How marvelous!

How marvelous, indeed, this accomplishment of American medical science, this conquest of pain which has robbed the operating room of its terror—of the mental anguish and physical torture which once accompanied the surgeon's art.

Yet it was only in the early eighteen-forties that Dr. Crawford W. Long in Georgia and Dr. W. T. G. Morton in Massachusetts first demonstrated that the pain of surgical operation could be relieved by the use of ether.

* * *

For some years after its discovery the use of ether remained in the experimental stage. Its purity and effectiveness, its safety in general use, were very questionable. Dr. E. R. Squibb, founder of the Squibb Laboratories, determined to develop a process for manufacturing pure ether for anæsthesia which would make its use safe in general practice.

After many discouragements, after patient and persevering experiments, he perfected this process. That was almost three-quarters of a century ago. Since then, Squibb's Ether has been used by surgeons in *millions* of cases for the greater safety and comfort of their patients.

In addition to Squibb's Ether, E. R. Squibb & Sons have been manufacturing many of the important products used exclusively by the medical profession, such as the antitoxins for diphtheria, erysipelas, scarlet fever and tetanus; the serums and vaccines; also insulin, etc. E. R. Squibb & Sons also prepare many important medicinal household products such as milk of magnesia, cod-liver oil, castor oil, bicarbonate of soda, dental cream, liquid petrolatum (mineral oil), etc.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker.

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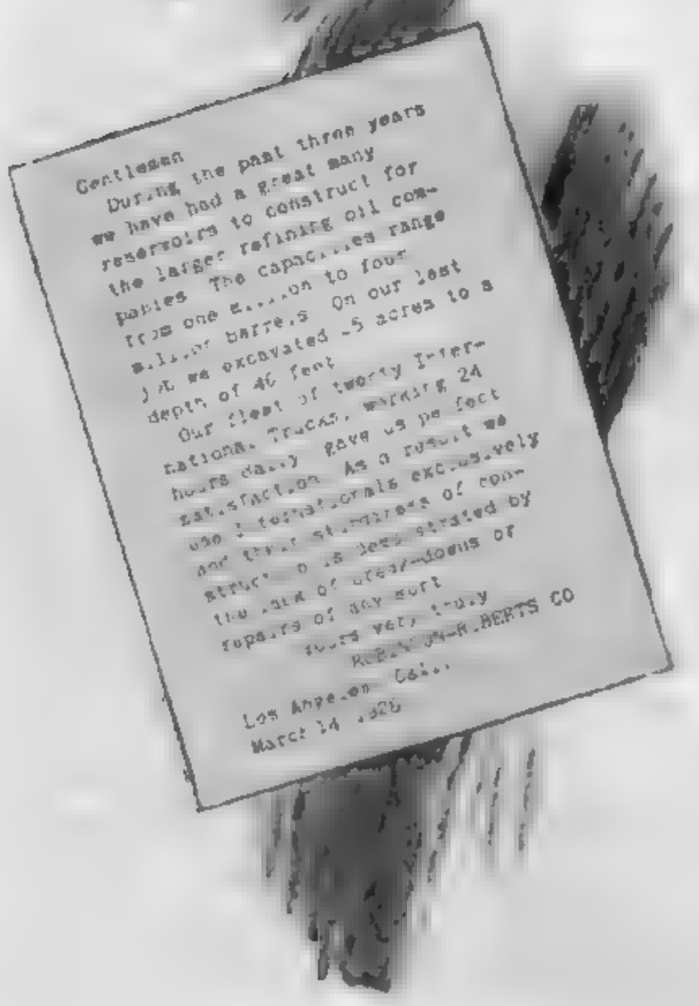
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858


Gentlemen
During the past three years
we have had a great many
reservoirs to construct for
the larger refining oil com-
panies. The capacities range
from one session to four
million barrels. On our last
job we excavated 25 acres to a
depth of 40 feet.
Our fleet of twenty Inter-
national Trucks, working 24
hours daily, gave us perfect
satisfaction. As a result we
use International exclusively
and their steadiness of con-
struction is best attested by
the lack of breakdowns or
repairs of any sort.
Yours very truly
ROBINSON-ROBERTS CO
Los Angeles, Calif.
March 14 1928

An Ocean of Oil

Big enough and deep enough to float six of Uncle Sam's biggest battle-ships, here is the world's largest oil reservoir.

At Lomita, California, Robinson-Roberts Co. built this reservoir for the Pan American Oil Co. They excavated twenty-five acres to a depth of forty feet in just forty days. And their fleet of twenty International Trucks was always on the job—no breakdowns, no repairs. Forty days and forty nights—twenty-four hours a day, without a hitch.

A remarkable test of endurance and dependability! But no more than had been expected. For Internationals were chosen by elimination tryouts on previous jobs. Mules were used at first, but these were slow and expensive. Trucks, one make after another, replaced the mules, and then Internationals replaced all other trucks. Robinson-Roberts now use Internationals exclusively.

Put International Trucks to work for you—at stiffer jobs than this if you can find any. The result will be the same—unequaled performance, low-cost hauling, minimum maintenance. There is an International branch or dealer near you.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ½-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1½, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 160 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 So. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 150)

Phil dryly. "You'll have to tell people the Spirit of St. Louis is only good for fifteen miles an hour nowadays. It's only eighty miles to Helena, and they're going to know when we leave here and when we get there."

Strangely, only a few people noted this wide variation between the regular flying time and the hours we took, although on the second day a rumor was spread at Butte that we had been forced down in the mountains. At first, no one knew of our excursion over the two national parks except Kusterer, our advance representative, who had come back to spend a few days with us at camp.

On the night of our return to Butte we went down into one of the city's famous copper mines. Lindbergh secretly tried to make an arrangement with the hoist engineer to drop the double-deck iron cage in which we were to descend—the shaft being only about 2800 feet deep. But our host signaled the hoist man otherwise at the last second, and we went down at only a rapid rate, instead of at breath-taking speed.

Lindbergh was visibly disappointed. "I wanted to give Kusterer a surprise."

"Never mind the surprises," said Kusterer emphatically. "I came back here for a rest. If you'd been traveling by railroad all over the country trying to keep ahead of a couple of airplanes, you'd be ready to rest too."

By the end of the first day at camp it began to look as though rest was the last thing to be expected. Free for once to move without being followed by crowds, Lindbergh relaxed quickly. In a few hours he proved himself a good shot with both rifle and pistol, skilled in the handling of a canoe, versed in fishing tactics, and able to explore the surrounding wilderness without a guide.

By the end of the first night his love of a good joke had also been practically demonstrated, as one of the party fell for the well-known snipe hunt which he engineered. Somehow, this spirit became contagious, spreading rapidly through the entire camp. As Lindbergh had a guiding hand in the first of these affairs, he soon fell under constant suspicion whenever anything like this happened. Some of the party took advantage of this. Even though the colonel was nowhere near when a small powder bomb exploded in the club tent, he was immediately blamed, and from then on for several things with which he had little or no connection.

Pull the Man Down

By the second night his appearance in the club tent was sufficient to cause distinct uneasiness and even immediate evacuation by one or two members of the party. If he stood up to walk behind someone's chair, its occupant hastily faced about to see what was going on. Even when sitting still, he was watched carefully, and a sudden smile was the cause of obvious apprehension.

That night Kusterer found a large fish in his bed. He seemed to think that Lindbergh was guilty.

"I'm going to get even with him," he told me. "But you'll have to help. I'm sleeping in the same tent with him and I can't work it."

He proceeded to secure a rope so that when pulled it would jerk down Lindbergh's bed. He concealed it carefully, leading the end from his tent to mine.

"I'll put out the light when Slim turns in," he said. "Then you yank the rope. And throw the end outside so he won't know who did it."

This seemed reasonable, so I consented. I waited for the signal and hauled heavily at the rope. It seemed to be caught on something. I redoubled my efforts, but the expected crash from Lindbergh's tent did not come.

Lifting up the side of my tent, I poked out my head and discovered I had been trying to pull down a tree about two feet in diameter. As I was disgustedly considering this explanation, with slow suspicion of Kusterer growing on me, a sudden shower of cold water descended from out of the shadows.

Whether Kusterer or Lindbergh caused that unexpected chilly bath I do not know, but of one thing there is no doubt—with all respect to Kusterer, the brain that created the trap into which I blithely walked was the same as the one which planned that brilliant flight across the Atlantic.

Those carefree days, with parades and banquets forgotten, were an excellent preparation for the long weeks that followed. After five days, during which Colonel Lindbergh was nonexistent, when, as Slim, he roamed about the camp a nonranking member of the outfit, it seemed strange to go back to a world where thousands hung onto his every gesture, where scores of policemen were needed to force a way for him into hotels, and where even the best attempts at privacy in his quarters sometimes failed.

An example of this latter occurred at a hotel in a large city, where a dozen officers were posted in the corridors and before the doorway to our suite. When we returned from the banquet the committee bade Colonel Lindbergh good night at the door. We entered the suite alone.

The Artist's Touch

"I'm going to start figuring ——" the colonel began, and then stopped short, his eyes snapping in an unaccustomed manner as he stared across the room.

A radio microphone had been placed on the ledge of an open window, hardly noticeable in that secluded position. Motioning us to keep silent, Lindbergh strode over and picked it up. The wires trailed out of the window and far down the side of the building. He gave a pull, using the instrument as a handle. Something cracked in the microphone and a second later the wires gave way below. Drawing the dangling ends into the room, he coolly turned to a police officer whom one of us had called inside.

"You can tell the man who put that in here we're through with it," he said, and went on into his bedroom.

The officer scratched his head.

"From the looks of it, I doubt if it'll ever be of much use to anybody," he hazarded. "But I'll keep it in case the owner comes around."

Microphones frequently caused difficulties of another nature, both at banquets and at open-air meetings where two amplifiers were used. Naturally, the other speakers at these ceremonies were often of lesser stature than Colonel Lindbergh, and an adjustment which was correct for them placed the instrument out of range for him.

Raising or lowering the microphone was done ordinarily as quickly and unostentatiously as possible, when the colonel began to speak. But on one afternoon the opposite held true. The radio announcer, instead of stepping to one side of the platform, assumed a rather prominent position and watched critically as the colonel started to talk. In a few seconds he leaned forward, released the set screw and raised the microphone a few inches. After another short interval this was repeated. Lindbergh hesitated for an instant, but went on.

The announcer cocked his head on one side in the manner of an artist inspecting his work. Apparently still dissatisfied, he made one more attempt, although the amplifiers seemed to be performing quite well.

This time he stood almost behind the microphone, so that his back was toward the audience, while he sighted along an imaginary line from the instrument to the colonel's lips.

Lindbergh stopped talking and waited. As the announcer withdrew he held out his hand.

"Thank you very much," he said politely, and without a trace of a smile.

The announcer reddened to his ears, the crowd roared, and Lindbergh went on with his brief talk.

Lindbergh's ability to hide his humor under a serious expression almost caused me

DIANA
"Stuft"
CONFECTIONS

Bunte
CANDIES

FROM school days on, whenever social usage calls for fine hard candy, these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades* are the choice of those who know. These luscious tidbits—ideal summertime candy, were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 individual pieces—21 distinctly different varieties. Packed in one pound air-tight jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tins.

If your dealer does not carry the genuine, we will supply you. Send 75c for the one pound glass jar. We will gladly mail it postpaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS • 3301 Franklin Blvd. • CHICAGO

Makers of the famous Mi Choice chocolates

DIANA "STUFT" CONFECTIONS
The original "Stuft" confections—often imitated but never equalled

"For six months my husband was away. I took advantage of his absence to effect a change in my home with a brush and can of KYANIZE. When my 'severest critic' returned his delight in the transformation amply repaid me for the little effort I had expended."
Mrs. W. H. Hansen, Spokane, Wash.

Working Miracles with *Kyanize* Celoid Finish

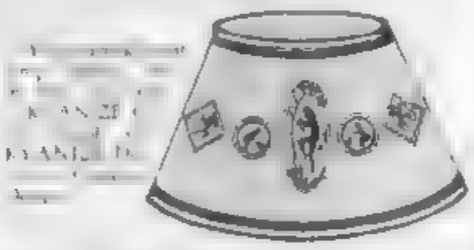
YOU can work a miracle with Kyanize Celoid Finish and a set of Kyanize Decals on those shabby pieces of furniture that seem so useless and out of date. It's all so easy and inexpensive. Kyanize will match the tint or color you prefer then simply brush it on. No offensive odor—no tiresome mixing—doesn't dry too fast for easy brushing. It isn't really work. Then as soon as it is dry—it dries with a velvet-like hand-rubbed surface—apply the Decals which are exquisite floral and silhouette decorations. This can be done in a minute. All you have to do is wet the Decal with a little water. It does the rest itself. And, before you know it, you have a harmonious and attractive new set of furniture.

Kyanize Celoid Finish is very durable, waterproof and sanitary. It comes in a wide variety of tints and colors. On walls and woodwork it is easily and quickly applied, giving a long wearing finish—washable and sanitary.

Special $1.00 Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $1.00. We will forward, prepaid, a full pint can of KYANIZE Celoid Finish (solid covering), a good brush to apply it and our new book, "The Charm of Painted Things"—all for $1.00. State color desired. CELOID TINTS: Sunset Pink, Orange, Havana Brown, Granite Gray, Gulf Blue, Mellow Cream, Niagara Green, Dixie Gray, India Buff, Pure White, Twilight Blue, Chinese Red, Pure Gray, Black

Send 10 cents for the latest edition of "The Charm of Painted Things," or if your dealers cannot supply you with KYANIZE, send $1.00 for a special trial pint can with brush and booklet included



BOSTON VARNISH CO.
64 Everett Station
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Kyanize
VARNISHES & ENAMELS
for Floors~Furniture~Woodwork

to get arrested at San Diego. During our two-day visit at the city where the Spirit of St. Louis had first taken the air, he spent much of his unofficial time with B. F. Mahoney, builder of the New York-Paris ship, and with other old friends. Love, Maidment and I took this time for a vacation from the business of being buffers for the colonel.

On the second afternoon I was driving along a boulevard in an open roadster when I heard the familiar shriek of motorcycle sirens. Preceded by four or five traffic police, along came the colonel, also in an open car. Mahoney and one or two other friends were with him.

They passed swiftly without seeing me and I speeded up to a position just left of their rear bumper, blowing my horn noisily. Mahoney turned and then tapped Lindbergh on the shoulder. When he glanced around I knew I was in for something. Without a second's hesitation he had his driver signal one of the policemen ahead.

When the officer looked around, Lindbergh gestured toward me in an annoyed manner. That was enough. The officer dropped back at once.

"Pull over there," he commanded, while Lindbergh grinned at my confusion. "Where do you think "

Glancing up, he surprised an intensely amused expression on Mahoney's face, though Lindbergh's grin had vanished instantly. Comprehension dawned on him, and he went back again to his post, but not without a long stare at the colonel that held a variety of emotions.

At every city where we stopped there was always a demand for some personal souvenir of Colonel Lindbergh. A pencil he had used, a piece of scrap paper, an envelope from a letter he had received—these were only a few of the constant entreaties. But the matter did not stop at requests. Flying jackets, helmets, and even wearing apparel and laundry disappeared mysteriously and regularly. It made no difference to whom these belonged, the assumption apparently being that a certain percentage of the objects taken would contain something that belonged to the colonel. It soon became a frequent duty for Love, Maidment or me to replace clothing so that we could go on with the tour.

Far From Souvenir Hunters

One evening as a pair of new shoes was delivered, Lindbergh wrapped up an old pair in a newspaper.

"If you leave those things here," said Maidment, "somebody will have them on display inside of two hours after we leave."

"Sure," agreed Love. "They'll have a sign on them: Lindbergh Wore These Shoes All Over the United States. They might even put them in a museum."

Lindbergh looked at the two of them out of the corner of his eye, but otherwise ignored these sallies.

"How about dropping these out of your ship tomorrow?" he asked me.

I agreed, but after a second Phil shook his head.

"As an aeronautical inspector of the Department of Commerce, I can't permit you to break the regulations," he said solemnly. He reached into his brief case and drew out a booklet. "'The pilot shall not drop or release, or permit any person to drop or release, any object or thing which may endanger life or injure property ——'"

He paused and looked at the package Lindbergh still held.

"And if those things wouldn't be a menace to life and property anywhere underneath them, I'll - "

That was as far as he went. The argument was rather brief, and on the following day the shoes in question were dropped in an isolated part of the Great American Desert.

Throughout the tour Lindbergh put his personal comfort last. Once this took the form of sitting atop an open car during a long parade in a cold, driving rain. This happened at New Orleans. As we left the ferryboat after crossing the Mississippi from the airport, someone began to put up the top of the car. Several in the crowd at the pier voiced objections to this, as they could not see the colonel.

"Leave it down," said Lindbergh. "If people can stand out there in the rain, I can sit up here a couple of hours."

The car went on, while one or two officials looked at each other and shivered in the downpour. In a little while I noticed that we were traversing a street deserted except for a few scattered onlookers.

"I guess the rain was too much for the people along here," I said to the committeeman beside me.

"No," he answered, pouring the water off the brim of his dripping hat, "it isn't that. The parade doesn't really begin for a couple of miles yet. We're using this for a short cut."

Hearing this, Lindbergh was suddenly embarrassed.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" he inquired. "I thought that this was the parade."

The top of the car was put up temporarily and we drove on more rapidly.

"I was wondering what his idea was," the committeeman remarked later on. "But, of course, I didn't think I'd better say anything."

Too Correct for Everyday Use

This awe of the colonel was frequently noticeable, even among chief committeemen who had the best chance to see him as a normal, extremely human and likable young man.

But sometimes this awe was lacking, most particularly in a letter which he received. It came at a city where the police had caught several pickpockets operating in the parade crowd. It read:

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH,

Dear Sir: Well, I went down to the parade yesterday to look at you like a monkey, and while I was staring at you, somebody stole my purse. I'm just a poor shopgirl, so now I've got to go hungry, with only a couple of dollars between me and pay day, while you dine in luxury, with nothing to worry about. I hope you're satisfied.

This remarkable letter was unsigned. I showed it to Lindbergh.

"She must think we have an arrangement with the pickpockets," he observed, somewhat amused. "But she didn't sign her name, so we can't refund her money."

Another letter, along a different order, was from an apparently close student of the English language. This read:

Dear Colonel Lindbergh: I hope you will not think me impertinent, and that you will not take this note in any way but as a well-meant suggestion.

Yesterday, in your speech you used the word "aviation" several times. I observed that you pronounced it "a-vi-a-tion" with the *a* as in "hat," whereas the correct form is "a-vi-a-tion" with the *a* as in "late." The same is true of "aviator."

I know that you will be glad to learn about these little errors in your speech. Signed,

For once Lindbergh seemed rather disgruntled.

"That's about the fiftieth time someone has told me that," he said. "But when I started flying, every pilot I knew said that word the way I say it now. And most of them still do. It's usually the people outside of the flying game that say it correctly. So I'm still going to use it that way."

And he did, in spite of at least one more politely worded reproof for his laxity.

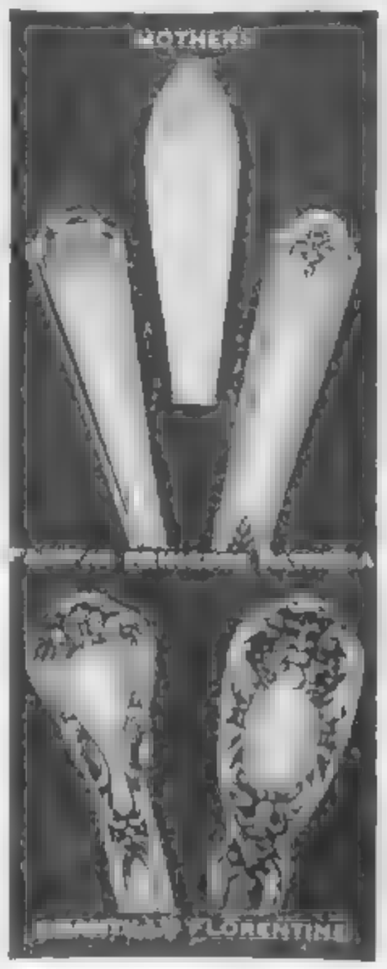
There were hardly any crank letters received during the entire tour. Lindbergh's carefulness in carrying out programs and his consideration for both sides of each question at issue were mainly responsible for this lack of criticism.

His instinctive sense of the correct way to handle extraordinary situations was evident on the occasion of the death of the governor of Tennessee at Nashville. This knowledge was imparted to us late one

(Continued on Page 157)

KING ALBERT

A KING PAID HOMAGE TO THIS PATTERN



WHEN Albert, King of the Belgians, saw the sterling silver service later to bear his name, its regal simplicity and rare charm brought forth his warmest admiration. Discriminating Americans everywhere have given it enthusiastic patronage.

Its contour is graceful. High lights and shadows make striking play on its deftly manipulated surface. Like a lovely painting, like any fine work of art, you will find its charm growing with the years. An exquisite modern example of the age-old art of the craftsman in precious metals.

Based on a Colonial motif, Gorham recommends King Albert especially for the Colonial or Georgian home or apartment. It is produced in sterling silver in complete dinner sets, tea sets, coffee services by the Gorham Master Craftsmen—and it is but one of the 27 Gorham patterns with which your jeweler can supply you. (Teaspoons $9.50 for six. Dessert Knives, $20 for six. Dessert Forks, $20 for six.)

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEMBER OF THE STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

Your game begins before you start to play

AS you analyze the play of the great masters of golf, you are amazed at the machine-like precision—the absolute uniformity with which they make every swing.

And this uniformity is the secret of great golf. It is the one part of your game that begins before you start to play. For it must begin with your clubs if you, yourself, are to acquire it.

If your clubs are unrelated—unmatched—each will require a different swing and timing. Obviously the golfer who tries to master six or seven different swings passes his game under a tremendous handicap.

The ideal condition is to have every club in the bag feel exactly like every other club *when swung through the arc of a stroke*.

That is what Spalding has accomplished. A set of clubs so perfectly related that with your eyes closed, you cannot tell which you are swinging. These clubs are accurately related for pitch, lie, weight, balance and feel. Perfect your stroke with any one of them, and you have the perfect stroke for all of them.

And Spalding has so planned the distribution of metal in the heads, that the Sweet Spot—the one spot that gives greatest distance to the ball and sweetest feel to the shot—comes in exactly the same place on every club face and is marked there.

Spalding originated this idea of matching golf clubs—both irons and woods. And also made it possible to obtain a set of matched clubs in either of two ways.

Buy a matched set complete or build it club by club

Take your choice—buy either the famous Spalding *Registered* Clubs which are sold in sets only, or build up a set, one or two clubs at a time, by getting the Kro-Flite *Related* Irons, which are sold individually.

Kro-Flite *Related* Irons come in three weights, indexed by one (▲), two (▲▲) and three (▲▲▲) crows. You can build up a perfectly related set of clubs from driving-iron to mashie-niblick simply by selecting clubs of the same index, whether you buy them all at once, or one club at a time. Kro-Flite Related Irons are $6.50 each.

Spalding Registered Kro-Flite sets of irons and woods are never sold individually. The set of six perfectly matched irons is $50—the set of nine is $75. The six-club set can be increased to nine at any time after purchase.

The Wood Set, consisting of new driver and brassie, is $30. Spoon to match is $15. Duplication of any Registered Club is possible at any time. Should a Registered Club be lost or broken, simply send us set number and club number to Spalding and a duplicate club will be made to match.

Kro-Flite Related Irons may be purchased one at a time with Kro-Flite Related Clubs, or all at once with Registered Kro-Flite set. Spalding dealers carry complete stocks of Clubs, and of course all Spalding stores.

SEND FOR FREE GOLF BOOKLET entitled "Your Game Begins Before You Start to Play." Address A. G. Spalding & Bros., Dept. P. 6, 105 Nassau Street, New York City.

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
Golf Clubs

REGISTERED SETS—SOLD IN SETS ONLY

RELATED CLUBS—SOLD ONE AT A TIME

At the left is shown an average set of clubs. It is easy to see that there is little relation between them. Your swing and timing for each club would have to be a trifle different.

At the right are six Spalding clubs. They are so accurately related that a line drawn through the centers of balance parallels the tops of the shafts. They all feel exactly alike. The swing and timing is the same for all of them.

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(Continued from Page 154

night. We were to have been at Nashville on the second day following

"Of course, we can't go there for any kind of tour ceremony," said the colonel immediately. "We can either eliminate that stop entirely or fly over and drop flowers, if they wish."

"Shall I send a wire to that effect?" I asked him.

He shook his head thoughtfully

"No," he replied. "We'd better wait till we hear from the committee. I think the best thing would be to spend an extra day at Memphis. Even flying over to drop flowers might be considered improper."

His opinion proved to be that of the committee at Nashville and the visit was canceled.

Advancement of aviation continued to be Lindbergh's main thought throughout the tour. When cities requested him to fly over en route to his nearest stopping place, he always attempted to circle as many as possible, for even a brief aerial visit of this kind frequently stirred up enough interest to result in the building of a municipal airport.

On each of these deviations he dropped a message encouraging the city to support air mail and other commercial services, and to build airports. Twice the message bags caught on the tail surfaces of the Spirit of St. Louis and were carried to the end of flights. Lindbergh was careful to send them back to their intended destinations, and in a similar case, later on, he even made an extra trip to return a message.

Sometimes attempts were made to connect the colonel with enterprises not even remotely concerned with aviation, the idea being one of personal advertising. Local committees tried to prevent this, but usually they were not aware of such plans. Lindbergh remained adamant to all these requests and never allowed himself to be forced into any action, in order to avoid embarrassment in public.

An instance illustrating this happened one afternoon at an open-air meeting when a beauty-prize winner, who had stationed herself on the platform, tried to persuade the colonel to pose with her for her special cameraman. The committee, ready to go on with the program and somewhat at a loss, waited to see what he would do.

Lindbergh calmly stepped out of range of the lens and in a few words courteously explained that the tour was not personal, but that it was being made to promote aviation. She paid no attention to this.

Open Sesame

"Please, colonel," she begged prettily, using every artifice she could summon. But she was talking to deaf ears. The picture was not made.

The ever-present desire to touch Colonel Lindbergh took a peculiar form at a banquet in one of the smaller cities. The speakers' table was placed close to the edge of the raised platform. A temporary bracing had been misplaced at the bottom of the center section of the table so that it protruded slightly, pushing the long overhanging tablecloth out with it. This was directly in front of Lindbergh, and to the guests it must have looked as though he were stretching his legs straight out in front of him.

A few minutes after the dinner began, one after another of the younger and even a few of the older guests found excuses to leave their tables and walk by this spot, each one managing to touch the projecting brace. Some only brushed by it, almost blushing in their self-consciousness; others touched it determinedly and with an air of triumph.

Lindbergh was quite unaware of this, and did not even guess at the true cause for the sudden changes of expression when the tablecloth was later lifted slightly, exposing the accidental deception to those who had made this odd pilgrimage.

There was never lack of evidence of the power of Lindbergh's name. Love, Maidment and I came to call it the "magic word." Whenever we had any trouble in getting some difficult task accomplished, we had only to whisper, "For Colonel Lindbergh"—and it was as good as finished.

We collected several police cards, special detective badges, and the like, during the latter part of the tour, when nearing our home cities. Lindbergh, who naturally needed nothing like this, viewed these proceedings with amusement, but one evening our foresight proved helpful.

With some of the party he had slipped out of the hotel and was walking along the edge of a beach in the cool night air when it was noticed that several youngsters were following. As there was a large crowd on the boardwalk near by, it would not have taken much to have started the usual rush in Lindbergh's direction.

The End of the Tour

"I'll take care of them," said Phil Love confidently, and faced about. Walking up to the group, he turned back the lapel of his coat with an air that would have done credit to a professional sleuth of years' experience and displayed the shining detective badge he had acquired only that morning.

"What are you doing down here?" he demanded gruffly. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Get out of here before I run you in."

The youngsters left precipitously and the party finished the walk in peace

This was the last rest day, for the end of our long tour was in sight. By now every member of the tour party had begun to feel the effects of this fast circuit of the forty-eight states. Colonel Lindbergh gave little hint of this in his manner. He was even more careful to see that each detail was completed to the satisfaction of the cities visited and he departed from the standard program many times to avoid chance of offense.

"We're nearly at the end," he told us. "Everything seems to have been all right this far and we don't want anything to go wrong on these last days. You can agree to almost anything for me as long as it is not against the idea of the tour."

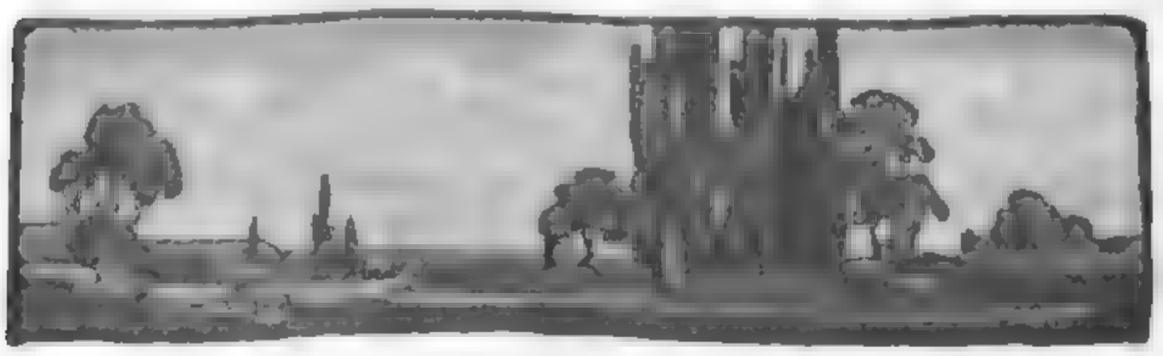
Exactly at two o'clock on October twenty-third, the time set far back in July for the end of the tour, Colonel Lindbergh dropped the wheels of the Spirit of St. Louis upon the ground of Mitchel Field, at New York.

He was immediately set upon by the waiting photographers, reporters and an ever-admiring throng.

"I am going out to Port Washington," Slim told us a little later, for he had long since ceased to be other than Slim to us. "We'll get together after a while. And by the way"—handing a package to one of us—"will you take care of these?"

"These" proved to be gold wrist watches for the tour party, each one engraved in memory of the tour, but before we could thank him he had gone, smiling as he had smiled four months before, when I had first met him there.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Keyhoe. The next will appear in an early issue



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Today more valuable to you than gold or precious stones. Tomorrow worthless—if fire should strike your business. All because you cannot insure your accounts receivable, canceled checks, inventory statements, contracts, franchises, etc. You cannot insure your vital records, therefore you must protect them.

Your banker protects your cash in Diebold Vaults—you can protect your records in Diebold Fire-Resistive Safes. There's a Diebold Safe fitted perfectly as to size and style to meet your problem—labeled by The Underwriters' Laboratories.

Our specialists will be glad to explain *"metered" protection to you and recommend the equipment best suited to your needs.

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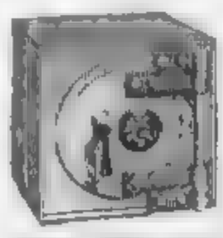

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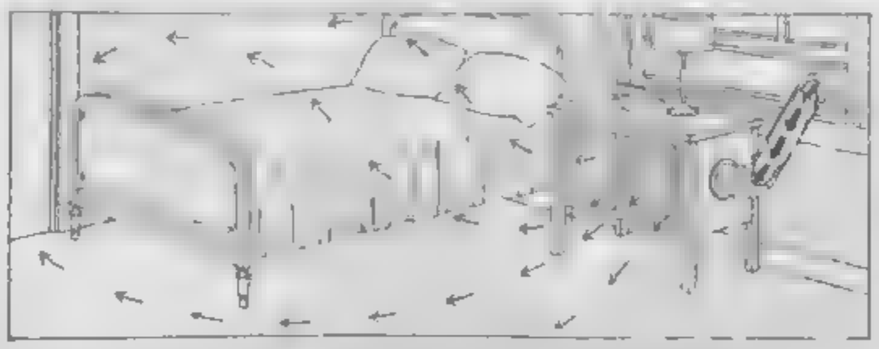

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HOOVER OF IOWA AND CALIFORNIA

Continued from Page 19

or those great novels where the hero overcomes the demon rum."

It was a long, involved story. He was to hold the rabbit by the hind legs while his brother trussed it. The rabbit got away. For this he was blamed, all the way home, all his life since, so that he was still minded to send a letter to the Youth's Companion and put the blame where it properly belonged.

He remembered roasting pigeons and prairie chickens at a small boys' camp fire and the taste of them; and fishing for sunnies and catfish with a pole, a butcher string, a one-cent hook and a cork. He forgot to say that he now is honorary president of the Izaak Walton League.

"In the matter of eating," he wrote, "my recollections of Iowa food are of the most distinguished order. You may say that is the appetite of youth, but I have also checked this up. Some thirty years after, in visiting Aunt Millie, I challenged that dear old lady to cook another dinner of the kind she provided on Sabbath days. She produced that dinner, and I am able to say now that if all the cooks of Iowa are up to Aunt Millie's standard, then the gourmets of the world should leave Paris for Iowa—at least for Cedar County."

He might have said there that all his near kin, with only one or two exceptions, are still on the soil, and it is on the periodic occasions of his reunion with them that he proves Aunt Millie's cooking.

Then the Burlington track again—the railroad that ran through his childhood, rising in one horizon and vanishing in the other, and at last, when he was ten, it carried him away.

"I mentioned the Burlington track," he wrote. "It was a wonderful place. The track was ballasted with glacial gravels where on industrious search you discovered gems of agate and fossil coral which could with infinite backache be polished on the grindstone. Their fine points came out wonderfully when wet and you had to lick them with your tongue before each exhibit."

His first sense of a national life was awakened by a torch parade in the Garfield campaign. He was permitted to stay out that night; he saw the filling and lighting of the coal-oil torches, little tin cans with necks to them and wicks in them, swinging in a fork at the end of a pole.

The Fruits of Labor

"There was no great need for urging voters in our village," he wrote. "There was a Democrat in the village. He occasionally fell to the influence of liquor; therefore in the esteem of our group he represented all the forces of evil. At times he relapsed to goodness in the form of rations of a single gumdrop to the small boys who did errands at his store. He also bought the old iron from which the financial resources were provided for fire crackers on the Fourth of July. He was therefore tolerated, and he served well and efficiently as a moral and political lesson."

Memories followed of work before play, school, tragedy, economic anxieties and long, tedious hours in the Quaker meetinghouse.

"But Iowa," he wrote, "through the eyes of a ten-year-old boy is not all adventure or high living. Iowa, in those years, as in these years, was filled with days of school—and who does not remember with a glow that sweet-faced lady who with infinite patience and kindness drilled into us those foundations of all we know today?

"And they were days of chores and labor. I am no supporter of factory labor for children, but I have never joined with those who clamor against proper work of children on farms outside their school hours. I speak from the common experience of most Iowa children of my day in planting corn, hoeing gardens, learning to milk, sawing wood and other proper and normal occupations for boys. We had no need of Montessori schools to teach us application. And I can speak for the strong and healthy bodies which came from it all.

"Nor was Iowa of those days without its tragedies. Medical science of those times was powerless against the contagious diseases which swept the countryside. My own parents were among the victims."

The Brand of Iowa

"There was an entirely different economic setting of farm life in Iowa in those days. Upon the uncle's farm with whom I lived we knew of the mortgage as some dreadful damper on youthful hopes of things that could not be bought. I have a vivid recollection that the major purpose of a farm was to produce a living right on the spot for the family. I know by experience that a family then produced all its own vegetables, carried its grain to the nearest mill for grinding on toll, cut and hauled its own fuel from the wonderful woods ten miles away, and incidentally gathered walnuts. The family wove its own carpets and some of its own clothes, made its own soap, preserved its own meat and fruit and vegetables, got its sweetness from sorghum and honey. These families consumed perhaps 80 per cent of the product of their land. Twenty per cent of it was exchanged for the few outside essentials and to pay interest on the mortgage. When prices rose and fell on the Chicago market, they affected only 20 per cent of the product of the farm. I know and you know that today, as a result of the revolution brought about by machinery and improved methods of planting and breeding animals, and what not, 80 per cent of the product of the farm must go to market. When the price of these things wabbles in Chicago, it has four times the effect on that family on the farm that it did in those days. If prices are high, they mean comfort and automobiles; if prices are low, they mean increasing debt and privation.

"I am not recommending the good old days, for while the standards of living in food and clothing and shelter were high enough for anybody's health and comfort, there was but little left for the other purposes of living.

"That is probably one reason why the people of Iowa of that time put more of their time in religious devotion than most of them do now. It certainly did not require as much expenditure as their recreation does today. Those of you who are acquainted with the Quaker faith and who know the primitive furnishing of the Quaker meetinghouse of those days, the solemnity of the long hours of meeting awaiting the spirit to move someone, will know the intense restraint required in a ten-year-old boy not even to count his toes. This may not have been recreation, but it was strong training in patience."

And the blacksmith shop.

"That reminds me," he said, "that I have the brand of Iowa still upon me, for one of my earliest recollections of that great and glorious state was stepping barefooted on a red-hot chip at my father's blacksmith shop, the scar of which I still carry."

This one embarrassed essay at autobiography was a big success. No thoughtful deliverance of ideas on problems of scientific method, economics or government had ever been so warmly received. He was both pleased and surprised; but having done it once, he apparently had no wish to do it again. The experience did not infect him. And after all, when you analyze it, what is remarkable, besides the artless picture it makes, is the detachment of view. There is more about his environment and the life that went on there than about himself.

(Continued on Page 161)

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A chance to use her own wide knowledge of real values to the best advantage. A pleasant, easy way to give her family more tempting food with less expense.

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Swiftly she has made this new method of buying a nation-wide vogue. Only a few years ago the first of the Piggly Wiggly Stores was opened. Today they are being used by the women of over 800 cities and towns.

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A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

(Continued from Page 158

Who were the Hoovers? He hardly mentions them.

They were pioneers. At the time of the first American census, year 1790, there were 147 families of that name—spelling it Hoover, Hoofer, Houver, Hover, Hovers and Huver—distributed in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. John Hoover, son of Andrew, was one of those stern little Quaker bodies that disappeared in covered wagons over the Alleghany Mountains and settled in the Western Reserve, at what became Miami, Ohio. Time, 1803.

Fifty years later, under the headship of Jesse, they joined the covered-wagon caravan again and stopped in Iowa, there founding the village of West Branch, in what now is Cedar County. Here for two generations they wore the gray garb, the broad hat and the poke bonnet that outwardly distinguished the Society of Friends; said thee and thou, sat interminable hours in the bare meetinghouse until the spirit should move them, and avoided all worldly inventions.

Jesse the second, grandson of the founder, married Hulda of the Minthorns. The Minthorns were of a New England Quaker line. This Jesse was the blacksmith; and he was one, moreover, who could distinguish among the gifts the world held forth. He introduced agricultural machinery.

To Jesse and Hulda three children were born. They were Theodore, Herbert and May, in that order. The eldest was nine and Herbert was six, and they had just moved from a one-story cottage by the blacksmith shop into a two-story house behind the maples when Jesse died of typhoid fever. He was thirty-three. The estate of a man at that age, in that life, would consist mostly in the strength of his own intentions and thus discontinue with him. So it was. The new house was not yet clear.

Hulda turned to sewing. She was an excellent seamstress. Industry, fortitude and mother devotion were such virtues as in that community would be taken for granted. For having possessed them Hulda would not be remembered as she is. But she possessed also a gift, and the power and richness of it increased with widowhood. In those long Quaker meetings she was as one chosen of the spirit to be wonderfully moved. Hearing of this manifestation, other communities began calling for her, and she went among them.

They knew her circumstances and that the income from the work of her hands suffered by reason of these journeys. She could not receive pay, for that was forbidden in the convention of their religion. Nevertheless, by secret and private generosities they did ease her difficulties.

Away Into the World

Returning home from a distant meeting, she was taken with pneumonia and died, having survived her blacksmith by only three years. The children had not come to the age of self-help. Herbert was nine; he went to Uncle Allan and Aunt Millie. Theodore went to Uncle Davis. May went to her grandmother on the maternal side. All in or near West Branch.

Meanwhile Dr. John Minthorn, Hulda's brother, had led the last westward trek of the Quakers and was settled in Oregon, at Newberg, on the Willamette, where, having founded a colony of Friends, he was proposing to found also a college. He wanted Herbert, Hulda's son, now ten. After giving the matter much thought, and seeing how, if Uncle Minthorn's college materialized, the problem of the boy's education was happily solved, Uncle Allan said to Herbert, "Thee is going to Oregon."

Nothing important ever came of Uncle Minthorn's college. He had, among other distractions, to steer his colony through a land boom, and his powers were scattered.

Here passed five or six years for Herbert. Choring, schooling, minding office for the Oregon Land Company, fishing, rambling, reading Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. Here also he met a mining engineer who had come to examine some ore specimens, for there had begun to be much talk of wealth to be got out of mines in the neighborhood and everybody was excited by it. The engineer, whose name is forgotten, found some interest in the shy, listening boy, and said to him, "Why don't you be an engineer?"

There is a legend that this question gave direction to his life. That is probably not so. It is true that he became an eminent engineer; yet engineering was never of itself his passion. It was his way into the world.

The stranger told him also of a new university to be opened the next year in California—Leland Stanford—where tuition would be free and where there would be a great man to teach mining and geology. There Herbert resolved to go. It was necessary first to overcome high family objections, for this new place of learning was of the world worldly; it was needful secondly to qualify himself in such subjects as Latin, Greek, English, physics and mathematics, wherein Quaker pedagogy had left him weak. On his first papers he failed. Nevertheless, in view of some quality sympathetically detected beneath his faulty self-preparation, he was led through a course of intensive work, and was then admitted—not wholly on the improvement in his papers; he was regarded as a very promising piece of young material and that was what Stanford University wanted.

Student Days

He was seventeen. From that time on he made his own way. He did clerical work for the faculty, was agent for a laundry, managed lectures and concerts and took his summer vacations in field service with the United States Geological Survey.

Now Hoover begins. The name of him begins.

It is to be explained why one says the name of him begins. In his Stanford years the enigma appeared, and it was then, as it has been through all the years since, that his meaning seemed more significant than his personality, or his ego-self, as if one could say there is that which is Hoover and that which he signifies. It is impossible to say how this might be literally true. Perhaps it is not. It may be only an effect of the reserve with which he hedges his personality about. Many definitions have been attempted. There is a curious passage in Will Irwin's book, Herbert Hoover, a Reminiscent Biography. Irwin entered Stanford when Hoover was a senior and first sensed him as an impersonal force. He says: "'Popularity' is not exactly the word for his reaction and influence on his fellows. A better word probably would be 'standing.'"

In the bitter war between the barbs and frats he took the side of democracy against the caste of Greek-letter fraternities and was very effective; he produced the plan under which the conduct of athletics was reformed; he was skillful in handling student finance; he was a well of sound young wisdom and had a strong, simple way with trouble. Apparently he made no effort to carry off leadership.

The explicit facts, taken simply as facts, give no account of the deep impression which by all testimony he made upon the mind of the student body. It was not character. It was not personality. There may be both character and personality without significance. Nor was it that the student body was impressionable. For in the same way he impressed the faculty. He had been admitted over the fence because of some latency felt or perceived in him.

There is no legend that he was brilliant in any part of pure scholarship. With his student work as a whole, he was generally in arrears—sometimes with more time to be made up than the law permitted, so that if he had been anyone else he might well have been dropped. The other side of it was that where he did put forth the full energy of his mind, as in the science of mining, geology, the laboratory, his originality of method and attack filled his teachers

"Why don't I get a decent jack!"

YOU may be looking at your own picture—or the way you'll be looking some hot day this summer. When the emergency does come—and you're flat, far from a service station—helpless and hopeless—you'll be sorry you didn't buy a good jack.

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CADILLAC	All Models	No. 525	
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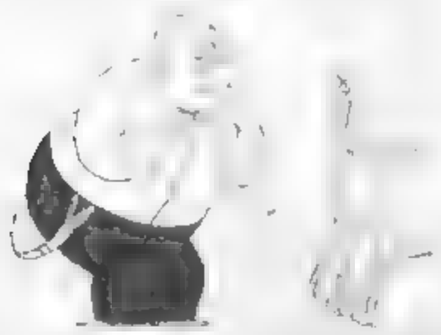
CHANDLER	Big 6 & all 8	No. 525	No. 520
CHEVROLET	All Models	No. 515	
CHRYSLER	65	No. 515	—
CHRYSLER	60 Six-70	No. 520	No. 515
CROSLEY	37 Mdl.	No. 515	No. 520
DODGE	6	No. 525	No. 520
DODGE	6, Std. & Sedans	No. 515	No. 520
DURANT	Sedan	No. 515	No. 520
DURANT	All Models	No. 520	No. 515
ESSEX	All Models	No. 521	No. 520
FLINT	6	No. 515	
FORD	Super 6	No. 520	No. 515
FORD	All Models	No. 520	No. 515
FRANKLIN	All & T	No. 515	
GRAHAM	11-55, 12-75 & 12-85	No. 525	No. 520
GRAHAM	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
GRAHAM Page	6-70, 6-75, 6-80	No. 520	No. 515
HUDSON	Super 6	No. 525	No. 520
HUDSON	6	No. 520	No. 515
HUPMOBILE	E & M	No. 520	No. 515
JEWETT	Line 6 & Line 8	No. 520	No. 515
KEW	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
LAFAYETTE	6	No. 525	No. 520
LA SALLE	6	No. 525	
LA SALLE	Junior 8	No. 525	No. 520
MARMON	68, 75 & 78	No. 515	
MARMON	68 & 75	No. 520	
NASH	6	No. 520	No. 515
NASH	Light 6	No. 520	No. 515
NASH	Spec. 6, Adv. 6	No. 515	No. 520
OAKLAND	6	No. 515	No. 520
OLDSMOBILE	6, F 28	No. 520	No. 515
PACKARD	6, 8, 5-26, 11, 4-41	No. 525	
PAIGE	6-70	No. 525	No. 520
PONTIAC	All Models	No. 515	
REO	80, 35, 6C	No. 515	No. 520
REO	6	No. 525	No. 515
REO	Closed, Speedwagon	No. 515	No. 520
ROAK	6-70	No. 515	
STEARNS KNIGHT	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
STUDEBAKER	All Models	No. 525	No. 520
STUDEBAKER	6 Mdl.	No. 515	
WILLYS	66, 77, 88	No. 525	No. 520
WILLYS KNIGHT	66	No. 520	No. 515
WILLYS KNIGHT	66, 70	No. 515	No. 520

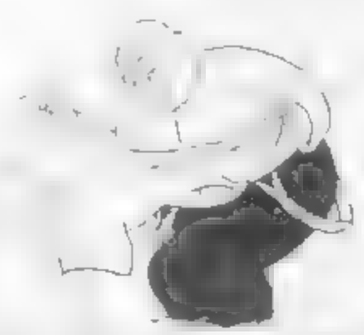
Walker Jacks

DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES

A BIG NIGHT GOES WRONG . . . by Gluyas Williams



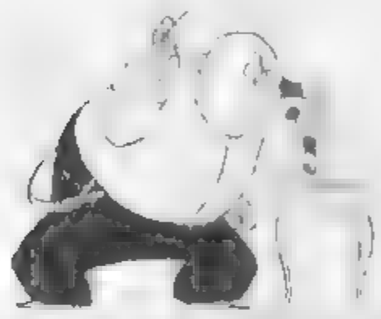
1 SEES WIFE OFF ON VISIT. STARTS GETTING DRESSED FOR DINNER AND SHOW WITH THE BOYS. HUMS CHEERILY



2 FINDS LAST CLEAN UNION SUIT DEVOID OF BUTTONS. CHEERY HUMMING CEASES

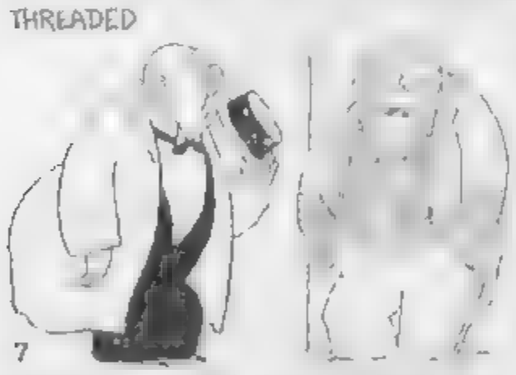
3 RANSACKS WIFE'S SEWING BASKET FOR NEEDLE, THREAD AND BUTTONS. IMBEDS NEEDLE IN FOREFINGER

4 BANDAGES FINGER AND STARTS THREADING NEEDLE. SILENCE EXCEPT FOR A LOW SNARLING SOUND

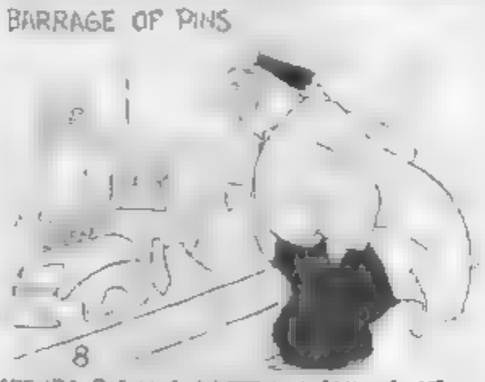


5 HALF AN HOUR LATER TELEPHONE RINGS. TELLS THE BOYS NOT TO WAIT DINNER, HE'LL BE DOWN AS SOON AS HE GETS THIS NEEDLE THREADED

6 AN HOUR LATER HAS SEWED ON TWO BUTTONS, OF WHICH ONE DROPS OFF AND THE OTHER HAS TO BE RE-ENFORCED WITH BARRAGE OF PINS



7 ARRIVES AT CLUB TO FIND THE BOYS HAVE GONE ON TO THEATRE, LEAVING WORD FOR HIM TO FOLLOW. HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT SHOW THEY WERE GOING TO



8 SPENDS EVENING WISTFULLY GAZING AT TWIN-BUTTON SEALPAX WINDOW DISPLAY WITH THE ANCHORED BUTTONS. REALIZES THAT'S WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE HAD IN THE FIRST PLACE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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with delight, and on their judgment of him lenities were elsewhere granted. It was on a technical paper at last that he passed in English.

When, before his twenty-first birthday, he walked off with a diploma and nothing but air in his pocket, the faculty was as sure as the student body was that the name Hoover was one to rise in the world. Why? Because it was signified.

For a little while he knocked about in mining towns, Nevada City for one, and worked there as a day laborer. The practical mining man was still in control of the job; a young engineer, a technician saying he knew anything about mining, was jeered at.

When he had seen enough of this he went to San Francisco, looking for a job on the engineering staff of one of the large mining organizations seated there. He applied to one Louis Janin, a celebrated practitioner of the craft, who knew scores of importunate, unemployed young engineers, and yet so liked the sound of this one that he kept him around without pay until a little job should turn up. That was a report to be made on a mine, and, as it happened, on a mine in which Hoover had worked as a laborer. The report was excellently done. Janin then took him in at a small salary and tried him on a small job of practical engineering. That also turned out well.

The next three years were spent in post-graduate education under Janin, who knew what he had found and was so proud of it that when a group of British capitalists came to San Francisco looking for an engineer who could Americanize a large Australian mining enterprise that was going wrong, he gave them Hoover.

He now is twenty-three and his world career begins.

He succeeded with the Australian mining enterprise so notably that his name thereafter had a kind of luster for international mining capital. The achievement was much more than a feat of engineering. The question was not how to do a certain thing already indicated to be done. The problem was an organic whole, presenting many aspects—technical, economic, industrial, demographic and administrative. He saw it as a whole. Then, having conceived a plan, he sent for American engineers to come and execute it, with American methods and American tools. And that was a pattern he developed progressively—not to sit on a job himself, but to give it plan and shape and then bring others to move it.

The Road to Mandalay

His next errand was to China, where the government was suddenly anxious to know what its mineral resources were. On his way to China, via California, he married Lou Henry, the Iowa girl to whom he had been engaged since his last year at Stanford. He met her there in her freshman year, first on the ground of a common zeal for geology. Her family some time before this had moved from Iowa to California.

Mrs. Hoover goes to China with him and waits in Peking while he explores the geology of the heavenly kingdom. The Boxer Rebellion overwhelms this work. But the international capitalists are waiting to get him back. He becomes technical director for a large group of mining and industrial undertakings, controlled by American and European capital and scattered all over the earth. Before he is thirty—Mrs. Hoover always with him to where the securities of civilization end—he is going round and round the world. Another big job in Australia, one in Siberia, one in Burma, one in Japan, one in South America, with errands to Egypt, the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Ceylon, New Zealand, the Malay Peninsula. Some of these jobs are years in coming through, so that he must see them at intervals again and again; and always, as with the first Australian job, American engineers to execute the plan with American methods and American tools. He makes five complete circuits of the globe in five years. Yet in the whole nineteen years of his professional career there are only two in which he fails to get home—one is 1898, the year of his first undertaking in Australia; the other is 1907, the critical year of perhaps the most exciting job of his engineering life, in Burma, where in the jungle he rediscovers a lost silver mine. It could be worked again at a profit by modern methods; but this meant building a hydroelectric plant, mills, a smelter, 300 miles of railway from the nearest town, which was Mandalay, and then driving a tunnel two miles long under the mountains to drain away the water that had stopped mining operations centuries ago. There now is a town of 25,000 people there. All the work of American engineers, working with Hoover.

The job was where it might be. Home was San Francisco. And that was all very well until the problem of two up-growing boys made a more settled family life desirable. In 1908 he resigned as technical director of the international group and seated himself in his San Francisco office. His journeys thereafter were shorter and took him only once farther from home than Europe. Now, instead of going himself to the job, he acted upon it through an organization of Hoover men, with offices in New York, London, Petrograd, Rangoon and elsewhere, as needed—still selling American engineering methods and American machinery—that is, doing on a world scale what his father Jesse, the blacksmith, did in the pioneer Quaker community of West Branch, Iowa, when he introduced farming machinery there.

An American Clearing House

At this time he is forty. His boys are passing through the public schools toward Stanford University. The Iowan's inborn earth hunger may be appeased with a California ranch. His life seems fairly round. What else can one expect to happen?

In 1914 San Francisco asked him to go to Europe and gather up government exhibits for the Panama-Pacific World's Fair to be held the next year. That is what he was doing in Europe when the war broke. He was in London. His rooms at the Savoy Hotel became a kind of travelers' aid station for his friends and their friends, asking how to get home. Then suddenly the situation assumed formidable proportions. The number of Americans in Europe, all wanting to get home at once, might be easily 200,000. Most of them by natural impulse converged upon London. The banks had stopped cashing their checks and bills and letters of credit; they were therefore without money. Moreover, the military authorities had seized the railroads and ships—especially the ships—so that means of transportation were wanting even for those who could find gold. Hoover, having by his gratuitous activities invited it, was elected chairman of this panic. He took the ballroom of the Savoy as a clearing house personally, and with nine others guaranteed anything in the form of a check or an I O U that an American presented to be cashed, organized what transportation there was, allotted the space in ships; and as if by an invisible machine working only in his head, 160,000 Americans were moved out of Europe in a few weeks, with no mishap.

He was packing up to come home himself when an engineer from Brussels brought him another problem. Brussels was out of food. That it might starve was no anxiety of the Germans. He had been sent to London—this engineer—with $500,000 to spend for food. He had bought the food and had loaded it on a ship; the only thing was, he could not clear the ship. The Allies would not let it through the blockade that was to prevent outside food from reaching the Germans. True, this was food for starving Belgians. Nevertheless, the Germans could and certainly would take it if they needed it, so in fact this would be the same as letting food into Germany.

What could the engineer from Brussels do? A shipload of food he could not move

(Continued on Page 165)

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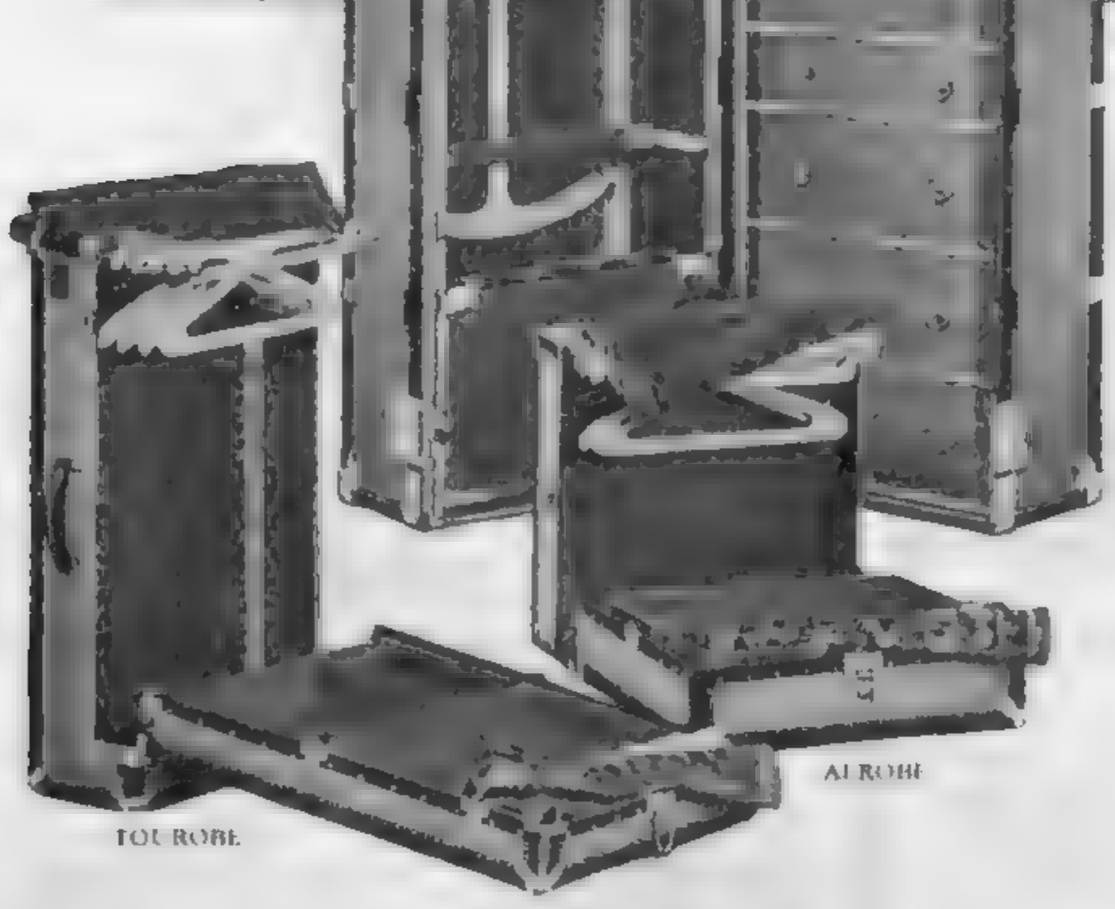

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(Continued from Page 162)

through the Allied blockade to the Allies' own people!

It occurred to Hoover that the American State Department, acting through its diplomatic officers in London, Berlin and Brussels, might receive and give the guaranty of honor that the food should actually go to the hungry citizens of Brussels, American agents to verify the fact. With the engineer, he went to the American ambassador and laid the plan before him. It was accepted and it worked.

Again he was about to come home, when Antwerp sent a man to London for food, and there it was all over again. What had been done in the case of Brussels might be done also for Antwerp; but after Antwerp would come every city and village of Belgium, for not one of them had more than a week's supply of food. So the problem grew suddenly to enormous dimensions. Merely as a work of distribution, the American diplomatic agents could not handle it. They had neither the time nor the organization. Therefore the American Government could not undertake to give the endless and multiple guaranties demanded by the Allies that the food would go only to noncombatants.

But in any case, where was the food to come from? One shipload—two or three—that amount could be found. But food continuously for 10,000,000 people—where was that to come from? How was it to be paid for? All this was put up to Hoover.

And that was the beginning of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, organized in the first place at the request of the American ambassador in London to assume and execute the American Government's guaranty to the Allies that the food let into Belgium would be dispensed to noncombatant men, women and children and that the Germans should not touch it. It became, as has been said, a state in itself, with its own ships, its own flag, a volunteer government and a word that all the belligerents alike accepted. It imported and manufactured food; it bought grain, made flour, baked bread; it divided the harvest in occupied territories; it evolved a science of mass dietetics and mass victualing that became standard in Europe.

The vast sum of nearly $1,500,000,000 was spent. Where did the money come from? A small part of it from world charity, some from state appropriations. But to an amazing degree the work of relief was self-supporting. On one hand, food was sold at a profit to noncombatant people in the German-occupied territory of Belgium and France who could still afford to pay for it, and this profit went to pay for the food which, on the other hand, was dispensed to people who had nothing to pay with.

A Big Problem

When the United States entered the war, then of course the Americans were obliged to retire. But the Hoover machine organically existed and by that time the belligerents on both sides, even the military authorities, were not only willing but moreover anxious that it should continue to function, which it did in the hands of Dutch and Spanish neutrals trained to the purpose. This, too, had been foreseen and was provided for beforehand.

Having served as head of the United States Food Administration during the period of American participation in the war, Hoover returned to Europe immediately upon the cessation of hostilities and faced a job for which all previous experience had been but the preparation.

There was first the terrible Armistice year, when people were neither at war nor at peace with one another—only mad. After that a year of cheating death in its forms of famine, plague and the impulse to social self-destruction. Food was everywhere the one solution.

There was no longer any actual scarcity of food in the world. From surplus war stores and from stimulated war production, particularly in the United States, there was so much food that millions of tons were in danger of going to waste. Nor was there any real difficulty about money. What with the American outpouring of food and relief loans to any distressed country, save only Germany, and contributions also from some of the Allies, there was plenty of money. The problem was how to move the food to where the hunger was—through blockades still unlifted, through mined and forbidden waters, over barriers of stupidity, hatred, revolution, anarchy and débris, overland by railroads that began and stopped at crazy frontiers, with no interchange permitted; into the little new Baltic countries, into Poland, Hungary, Austria, the Balkans; and then, having got it there, how to make sure it reached the people instead of spilling on the ground or falling into the hands of speculators. By force of circumstances, by right and at length by official designation of the Paris Economic Council, Hoover became food administrator of Europe.

To be Beyond Suspicion

There were at one time 1500 Hoover men, such as engineers, doctors, managers, executives, doughboys, shipping and railway experts, goers and doers, forcing food through all obstructions, jamming ships about the Baltic, goading barges up and down the rivers, opening mines for fuel, running trains as they pleased regardless of frontiers or any objection. What was necessary they did, by leave or without. It was the only organization in all that bedlam of Europe that knew what it was doing and wanted nothing but gangway. It had urgent business at the centers of hunger, and it may be said that it saved 15,000,000 from a death of starvation, disease and despair.

All as directed from a little house at 19 Rue de Lubeck in Paris. There sits Hoover. He is forty-five. One no longer thinks of him as an engineer. By this time it is clear that he was never to be comprehended as an engineer. What had been progressively indicated in his professional career now stands established. His genius and greatness belong to administration. That is his own material, and in mastery of it he has perhaps no living equal.

From such bare outline as this, many facts are left out, especially emotional facts; and these are of all kinds the most repressed in any account Hoover will give of himself.

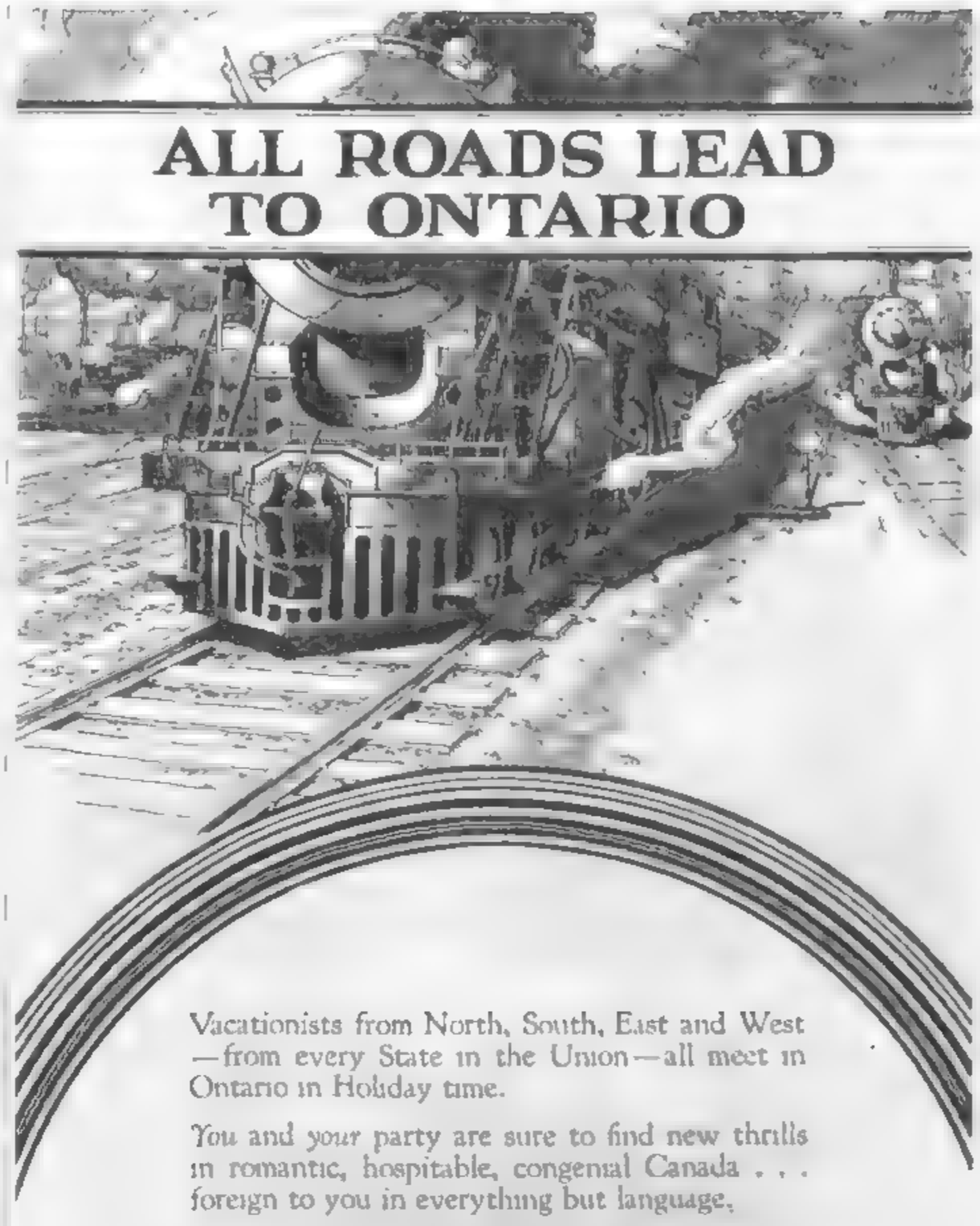
What was it that committed him to Belgian Relief?

It is clear, to begin with, that in undertaking it he made a personal choice between wealth and human service. He was in no way morally obliged. The year was 1914. The United States was neutral. Knowing where about the world the materials lay that war would require in unlimited quantities at any price, and how to obtain them, an engineer of his capacity and imagination might very easily have made himself enormously rich. Many others did and are not reproached for having done it. He went far the other way. Foreseeing that, as the head of Belgian relief, he should be handling immense sums of money in trust, and knowing how quick the world is in such cases to suspect hidden personal advantage, he disposed of his participating interest in mining and industrial enterprise, retired from all professional activities and gave himself free to the work he had chosen. The overhead cost of Belgian relief was nothing. He paid his own expenses.

What was the emotion that moved him?

Deeply, it was a feeling for children. He could not resist the appeal of their suffering. That he would be sensitive to child tragedy one might infer from the story of his own childhood. There is, however, no need to infer anything. The evidence is large in the record. In all Belgian relief and in all the famine relief of postwar time, children were the first anxiety.

In the beginning, with Belgian relief, the food needs of a population were scientifically determined in terms of chemistry—proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins—so much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for adults under variable conditions, so much for children at different ages; and upon this basis the amount of foodstuff permitted to pass the blockade was statistically determined and exactly weighed — so much and no more

All was going well until one day news came to relief headquarters in London that tuberculosis was rising among the Belgian children. That ought not to be. What was wrong? Hoover got a medical commission to survey the facts and report, and on a conclusion from the facts he persuaded the Allies to pass enough more food through the blockade to provide a special midday meal for children. Every day thereafter this meal was served under the eyes of Hoover people to 2,300,000 children in schoolhouses and public buildings. Then tuberculosis began to fall, and at the end of the war the curve of child health in Belgium was higher than had ever been the case in peacetime before. And thereafter in all cases of mass victualing, as in Poland on a very large scale, this extra noonday meal in public for children only was a fixture of the work. It had to be in public, supervised by Hoover people, for it was discovered that hungry adults, dividing up the family ration at home, could not be trusted to give the children enough.

During the Armistice year the plight of German children was pitiful. German children, to Hoover, were like all other children. That problem stood by itself. No postwar food loans ran to Germany. The American Congress, appropriating money for European relief, specifically said none of the money should go to enemy countries; and Germany was still, legally, an enemy country. So there was no money for relief of German children: and if there had been the money, there was the further obstacle that the victors were loath to lift the food blockade.

In this dilemma, Hoover appealed to the American Quakers. It was most effective. In Iowa, for example, it was Hulda's boy calling them to a work of mercy. He got them into Germany, helped them to organize and to raise money, and they then undertook the job of feeding the German children according to Hoover methods.

A Present for Hoover

His departure from Europe was an emotional event. Hardly could it have been otherwise, with literally millions of people believing they owed their survival and the lives of their children to his exertions.

The final episode of farewell occurred in Poland. The Polish Government at the last moment sent him an invitation so worded as to give him the notion that it wished him to have one more look at the state of the country. In Warsaw a monument had been raised to him. Yet that was not the object.

One hundred thousand children of Warsaw and its suburbs were waiting to salute him — his luncheon customers, many very ragged, but otherwise quite well. They were hours shaking hands and getting by in file. Then a charming incident occurred to give this reality a form of perfect childhood fantasy. A silly rabbit came loping on the field of honor. The children, breaking ranks, captured it *en mêlée* and then all together presented it to Hoover. The most vivid recollection of his own boy time in Iowa was that of letting a rabbit get away, the blame of which is still upon him

How does a mind like Hoover's work? There are some interesting glimpses of its operational characteristics. The attack upon a problem is original, simple, direct, cutting away all nonessentials.

When he was appointed Secretary of Commerce the first thing he did was to read the organic act of Congress creating the department. He was asking simply, "What is this job?" And for the answer he went to the law, which perhaps no one had read since it was engrossed. And he found in it, as no one else had, the authority for a new function in relation to government namely, to advise and inform its economic policy.

The energy of his mind is athletic. Once when Washington was in pain with a proposal to reorganize nothing less than the whole governmental system of bureaus and departments, this to be considered on the basis of an expert's report four inches thick on the working of the system as it was, he wished one of his assistants to read the report and make a digest of it, because it was a matter on which they ought to be informed. Anyone would have thought this might be a work of weary days. He had spent the evening with members of his commerce staff and was going to bed.

"Give me that report. I think I'll read it myself," he said. That was at eleven o'clock. The next morning after breakfast he delivered a short summary that was so clear, accurate and comprehending that nothing more was needed.

A Double-Track Mind

Another fact about his mind is that it seems able to act by divided intention, or in two directions at one time. One afternoon he boarded a train at Washington on his way to address an important conference at Atlantic City on the future relations of the Department of Commerce to American business. He not only had not prepared his speech: the assistant who was with him had been urging him to clear his thoughts and bring them together, for it was necessary to have a news release ready for the press. As they were getting on the train, they were met unexpectedly by several persons who were impatient to discuss very different matters. They all sat down in the drawing-room. The visitors presented their ideas, Hoover listened, commented, met them with ideas of his own, and a full conversation was sustained between them; yet all the time he was writing with a lead pencil on a yellow pad against his knee.

At Baltimore, an hour from Washington, he passed to his assistant what he had written; and, lacking only a formal line of introduction, it was a complete news summary of what he would say, and did say, at the Atlantic City conference.

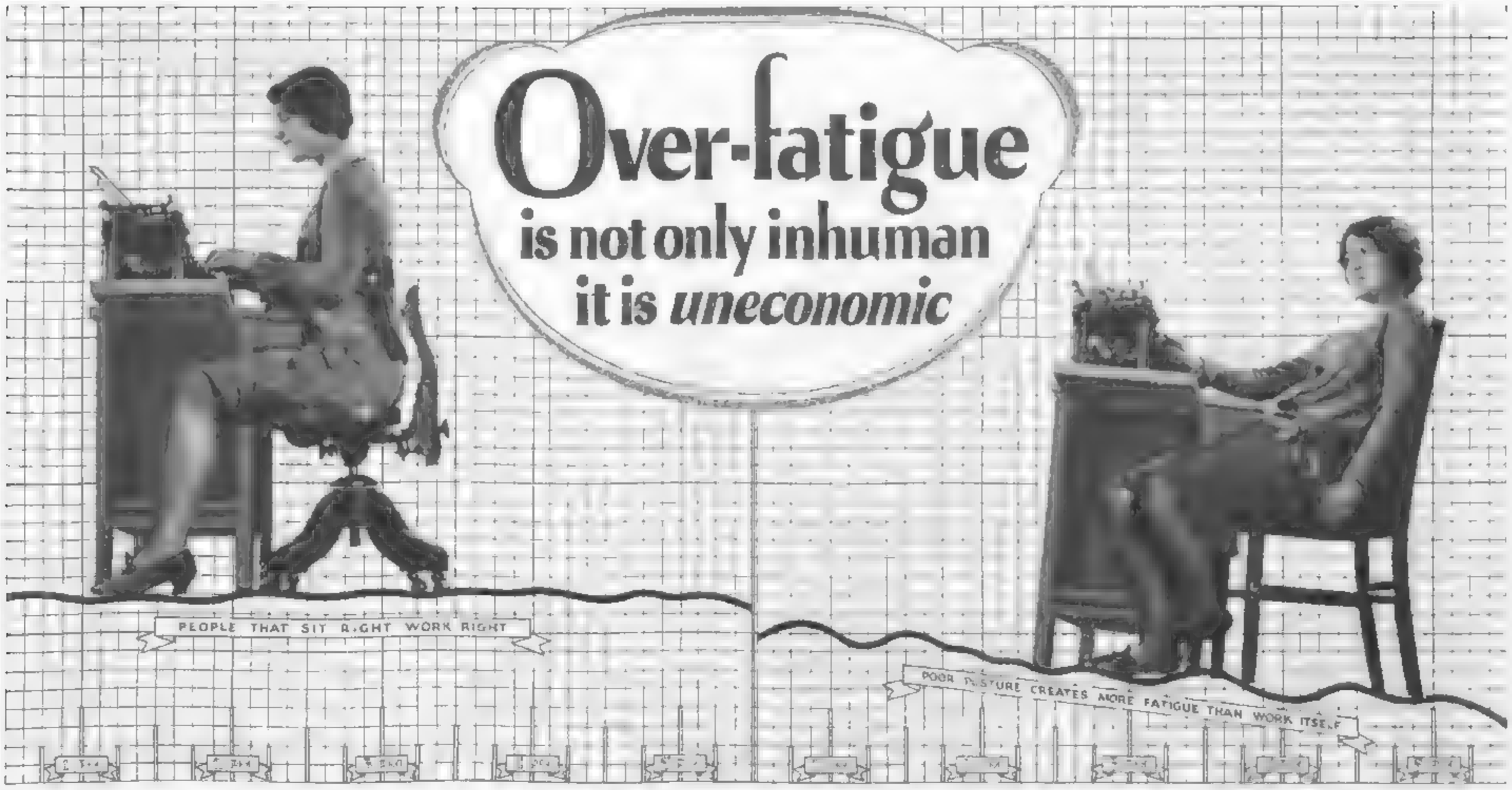
The essence of his social philosophy is contained in the last paragraph of a seventy-two-page book entitled American Individualism, by Herbert Hoover, published in 1922. It is interesting to note first the divisions of matter in this little book, for they indicate an order of values. The Contents have the following arrangement:

I. American Individualism.
II. Philosophic Grounds.
III. Spiritual Phases.
IV. Economic Phases.
V. Political Phases.
VI. Future.

And the last paragraph reads:

Humanity has a long road to perfection, but we of America can make sure progress if we will preserve our individualism, if we will preserve and stimulate the initiative of our people, if we will build up our insistence and safeguards to equality of opportunity, if we will glorify service as a part of our national character. Progress will march if we hold an abiding faith in the intelligence, the initiative, the character, the courage and the divine touch in the individual. We can safeguard these ends if we give to each individual that opportunity for which the spirit of America stands. We can make a social system as perfect as our generation merits and one that will be received in gratitude by our children.

For of children is the world tomorrow.


Over-fatigue
is not only inhuman
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POOR POSTURE CREATES MORE FATIGUE THAN WORK ITSELF

DEAD MINUTES
cost more than money

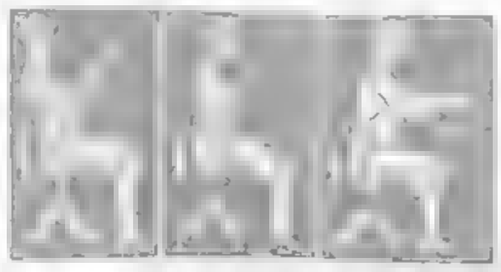
HERE is a message not only for those who *pay* wages. But for those who *get* them. Both know the price of fatigue.

Poor posture creates more fatigue than work itself. Not *honest* fatigue. But *exhaustion*. The *unnatural* kind that makes people unfit and disgruntled.

Dead minutes! In money alone they cost 25% of a payroll, says the Department of Commerce. And in ragged work, who can say how much more?

People that sit right, feel right. And work right. A whole day's work doesn't tire those seated correctly. But *two hours* of wrong sitting dampens the most energetic.

With rest-room losses like headache, stomach and intestinal disorders, faulty blood circulation, chronic fatigue being traced to poor seating, thinking employers and employes alike are impressed by these facts.



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More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

(Continued from Page 11)

I dident even till now let on that I knew how that Bull got in there. But during his lonely stand in that ring, with not a human within a Niblick's drive of him, I did announce publically and in bad Spanish to the President and all his assembled Subjects that I had heard that Mexicans were Bullfighters, and that there was a Bull that I sincerely believed would accommodate 'em, should they by any chance have such a thing as a Bullfighter in the crowd. Well, that got a laugh, but it dident get any entries. Finally one of the gang who had been Bullfighters up to the time a Bull entered decided to run from one of these hiding places along the wall to another. Well, he was caught trying to steal. This Bull run the width of the arena and caught him between bases. He picked him up on his horns and tossed him over behind the place he had just come from. If he had thrown him any other place it would have been just too bad.

The President come around up in the stand. He just happened to think of something he had forgotten. The Bull just pawed the ground and knocked two peons off the fence with the gravel. I never saw as many Bullfighters trying to lay a cape down without anyone seeing them do it. If the little Bulls could have seen through the wall what was happening out in the ring, I believe they would have been well repaid for their afternoon. It looked like the Bullfighting was about over for that day. When the Bull couldent get the fighters to come in, he turned and challenged the whole stand full of us. A couple of the folks made faces at him, but that was about as far as they went. I winked at him and wanted to thank him for making it a perfect day. They opened the gate and turned in some old steers—Cabresto's. The old Steers glanced around at all of us, and looked disgusted and went on out. The old Bull turned and followed 'em. As he got to the gate he turned and put one forefoot up to his nose and wiggled his toes at all of us and majestically walked on out. But it had been a great afternoon and a very colorful sight—this lone bull ring away out there to itself, on a kind of a hill, where you could see the whole surrounding country.

Taking Him on Faith

We went on to our train, loaded our Automobiles, and all the countryside stood around admiring the beautiful train. Some of the folks went down with us on the train to this large town near. It had been a great day, and had only showed how they all had lived and enjoyed themselves at these big ranches in the old days, before Revolution and banditry and strife upset them. But they are getting it all slowly settled, and they sure do know how to enjoy themselves. Some of the kinfolks of the people that owned the ranch lived in this town—Aguas Calientes—and the women and girls went down on the train with us. That's the first time we had had any She stuff on the train. It was only about an hour's trip.

Well, when we got there, we got out to bid 'em good-by, and there was a public Jitney, a kind of an old rattletrap bus affair standing there, and these folks asked the President, "Come on out to the house a while." Well, he grabs Ambassador Morrow and myself and just the little bunch that was standing there, and we packed into the Jitney like sardines—about 8 or 10 Women and Girls, a few scattering husbands, Presidents, Ambassadors, Comedians, an Associated Press Guy sitting on the radiator; and mind you, there was only one Soldier grabbed that thing and was on there with us, and we bumped and jolted and stalled clear through that town, away out in the suberbs, where these people lived, and all piled out of there, went in and turned on the lights. This time they exchanged the Guitar for a Piano, and they puts on some more singing. I'll bet that's the first time Morrow had ever been in an old Jitney. But he sure was a good Sport.

He whispered to me as we was winding our way down a dark street, "Where are we going, do you know?"

I said, "Lord, I don't know! But this Guy hasent led us wrong yet, so let's stick to the finish."

The thing that was impressing Morrow, I knew, was the nerve of this President, leaving his train, with all its Guards and precautions, and in a town where he had plenty of enemies, and driving right through it in the night. You got to give this Bird credit, whether you are for him or against him. He has certainly got the physical courage.

One of the Old Customs

This was a lovely home we were at, and we had a great evening. We piled in the old Jitney and the same Gang all took us back. The train was supposed to have gone right on through there. But what's five or six extra hours in Mexico? You never get where you are going on the day you start—unless you havent got any friends. If you make a date with anybody and don't keep it, why, don't apologize when you meet him. He dident get there, either. It's the land of "Manyana" and you like it. What's the good of meeting anybody up home? They are only going to try to sell you something or you them something. So we would be better off if we dident keep our dates.

The next day we went up through Monterey, a beautiful old City. The President had some kind of a political conference with some local Ward healers, so that give us all a night off. The Ambassador went somewhere to see a fine Picture Exhibit. But the newspaper Gang and I went out hunting some Chili and Tamales, and then down to the main Plaza. Well, sir, I wish you could see it. It was parade, or social, night. The girls all walk one way and the boys walk the other around this Block, or beautiful old square. You just kept strolling, and each one looking the other over as they pass. Of course if you get the proper encouragement, why, you can speak and turn and join some Girl, and that puts you marching with the Girls.

Most of our bunch was pretty good-looking young fellows, outside myself and Constantine, of the New York World. He said this was an old custom and was only carried out in certain towns. Well, it sure was carried out in this one. If all the marching those people did that night had been laid end to end, it would have taken two days to pass a given point. This Guy Pyle, with his Stone Bruise Derby across the country, ought to get some recruits from down here.

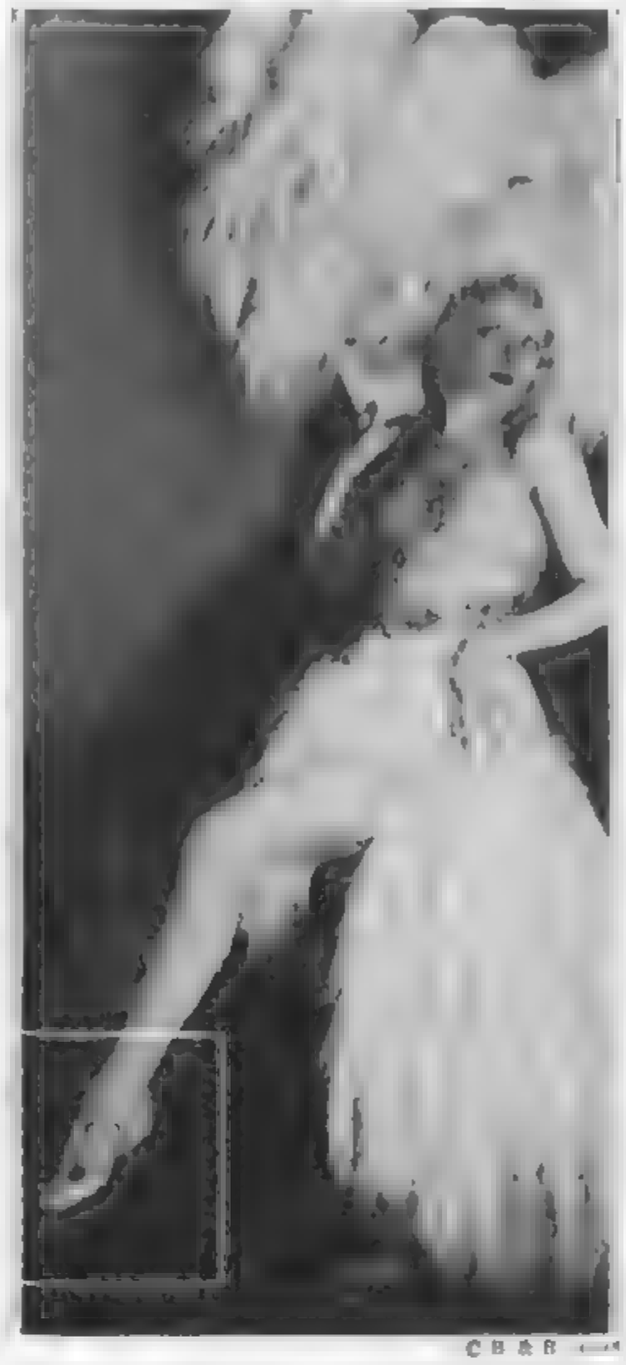
We run onto a Mexican Boy that spoke good English and he wanted us to go to his Automobile show room and he would show us something. Well, he did. It was a great big Mexican Lion, just running loose around in this big show room under the cars

He says to me, "Go on and pet the Lion. He is gentle—he is a Mexican Lion."

I told him I knew he was Mexican and the chances are he dident like Gringos. Well, an idea struck me and I wanted to buy the lion, or borrow him, or rent him, or something. I wanted to take him to the train and turn him into President Calles' stateroom—you know, Calles is called the Lion of Sonora. Well, when he come in that night and opened the door, I wanted to see what would happen. It was an awful cute lion and I don't think he would hurt you.

The train pulled out that night about one o'clock, and the next day we went to another big Irrigation dam and a tremendous canal that run from it that looked as big

FAMOUS FEET



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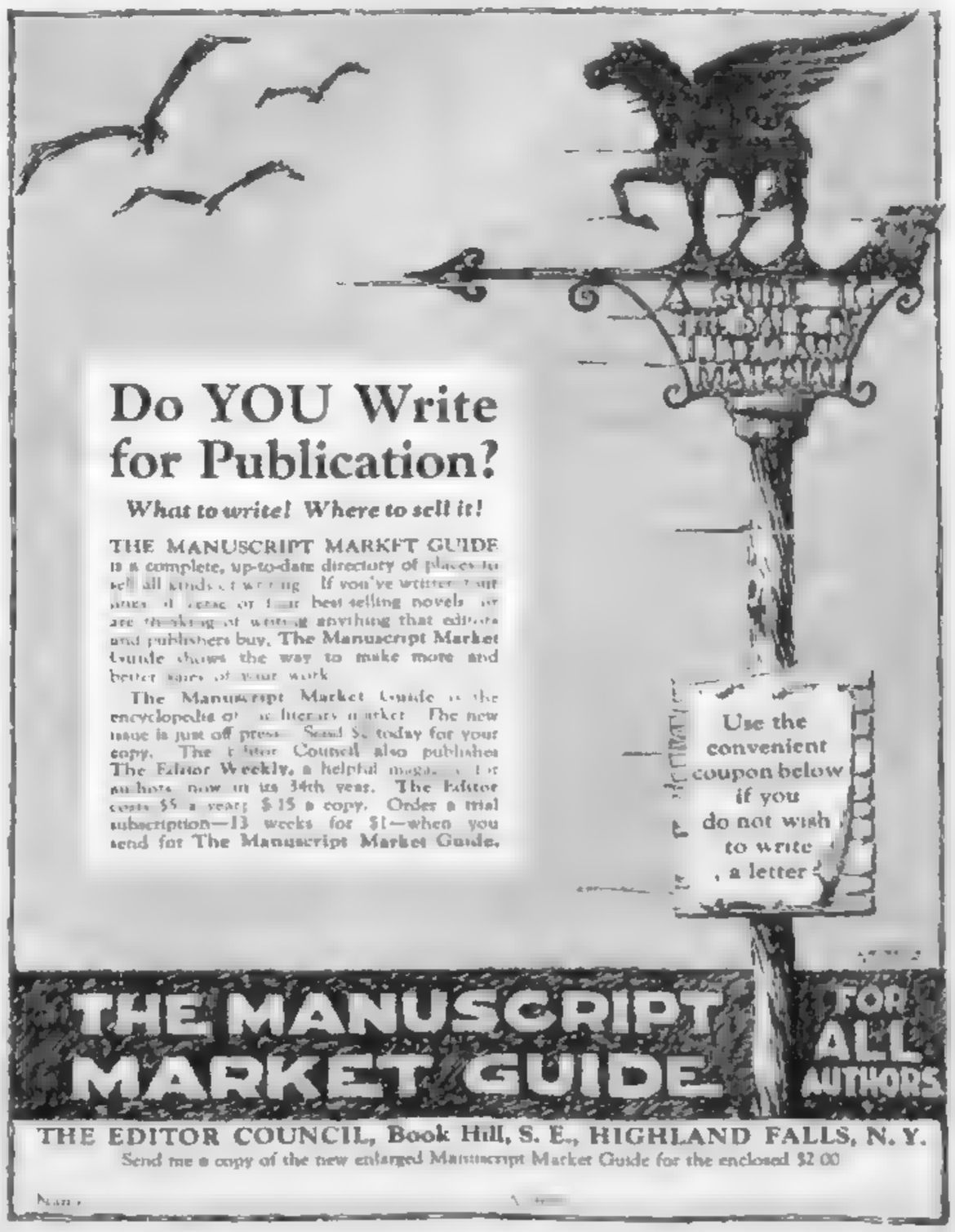

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as the Panama Canal to me. I counted forty big steam shovels at work on this one project, and another bunch of fine grinning American Boys putting the thing over.

Oh, yes, here is one I must tell you that happened after we had been to that ranch. Morrow and Calles were having a kind of confidential and business talk, and they got off onto the Land problem. You know, next to the Oil, the land problem is the big thing. A while back they got a kind of a socialistic scheme down here. It was that the Government would take over a part of the big landowners' land and give it out among some of the Peons. Well, they did that; of course, promising to pay something at some time for the land to the big owner. So Morrow happened, in talking to Calles, to ask him if in taking land away from people did he take any away from these Dos Amontes—the ones that had owned the ranch where we spent that day.

Calles dident hesitate, but answered, "I don't remember if we did take any of their land or not, but I doubt if we did. For they are Friends of mine, and if we had, I would have heard from them and remembered it."

Morrow thought that was about as frank an answer as one man had ever given a Diplomat.

We are all sitting back in the train observation room chatting. A Governor of one of the States got on the train. They would generally travel with us during the time we were in their State. He and Calles was sitting there talking, and all at once we were coming into a Tunnel, and Calles got up and excused himself and started to leave, when Morrow said, "I guess the President is afraid to trust one of his Governors in the dark." That was a yell with us all. The next day we met another Governor and I got Constantine to interpret it, and tell it to him, as it had been a big laugh on the train. He told it to this Governor and it laid right where he put it. In other words, it died standing up. It wasent funny to this old Boy.

When you are out on one of these train trips for seven or eight days like we was together, it gets just about like a camping party. I wish you would frame up something of that sort up home—kinder go round and see what all the Country is doing. Course there is places up there that you wouldent need to visit, for they ain't doing anything. But it would do you good to kinder prowl around. This fellow keeps right in touch with all these things himself. He don't take any Politician's word. And I have wondered at times if you havent trusted 'em a little too far. Some big public work up home like these are down here that we have been out seeing, they would be great for the unemployed up there.

Work Instead of Wind

Course I know you-all don't want much said about any unemployed till after the election, I see by the papers that we are getting down here. They are keeping unemployment kinder quiet—that is, the Republican press is, and that means about all the press there is, for the poor Democrat he don't read enough to support many papers. Now take that Boulder Dam, that would give a lot of work, and that Mississippi River, that would employ a whole lot of people. It sure will seem good to everybody to read where somebody was actually shoveling some dirt on the Mississippi River instead of us continually reading:

"There has been a Commission appointed to go down and make a report on what is the best plans to work out the flood-relief problem. This Committee is to confer with another Committee, who has been appointed by the House, and they are to confer with the Government Engineers and hand in their report."

If every man of every Committee that has gone to that river to investigate had put in one hour's actual work raising the levee, why, it would have been so high now you couldent have got water out over the edge with a hydraulic pump. So the next Committee you send to that river, give 'em a spade instead of a report sheet. Taxpayers don't mind paying for work, but it's investigations and reports that keeps us broke. I wish I could take you with me on one of those pilgrimages I make around up there every year. Say, you don't know what a Country you are President over till you would follow me around a while.

Well, we are drawing near the close of our trip. I hate to see the old party break up. We have had lots of fun and seen some Country. These people have some great natural resources here that they havent touched yet. You know, I kinder wonder if a Nation ain't just about as well off that has all these natural resources and havent used 'em yet as one who is just in the middle of or has about used theirs up already.

We are going at top speed, because we are using all ours up just as fast as we can. If we want to build something out of wood, all we got to do is go cut down a tree and build it. We dident have to plant the tree. Nature did that before we come. Suppose we couldent build something out of wood till we found a tree that we had purposely planted for that use. Say, we never would get it built. If we want anything made from steam, all we do is go dig up the coal and make the steam. Suppose we dident have any coal and had to ship it in. If we need any more Gold or Silver, we go out and dig it; want any oil, bore a well and get some. We are certainly setting pretty right now. But when our resources run out, if we can still be ahead of other nations then will be the time to brag; then we can show whether we are really superior.

This Age of High Living

You know, you been President at a mighty fortunate time in our lives. The Lord has sure been good to us. Now what are we doing to warrant that good luck any more than any other Nation?

Now just how long is that going to last? Now the way we are acting, the Lord is liable to turn on us any minute; and even if He don't, our good fortune can't possibly last any longer than our Natural resources. So as I look at Mexico, which hasent even been scratched as far as its natural wealth is concerned, I believe they are better off than us in the long run.

It just ain't in the book for us to have the best of everything all the time. A lot of these other Nations are mighty poor, and things kinder equal up in the long run. If you got more money, the other fellow mebbe has better health; and if another's got something, why, some other will have something else. But we got too big an overbalance of everything and we better kinder start looking ahead and sorter taking stock and seeing where we are headed for.

You know, I think we put too much emphasis and importance and advertising on our so-called High standard of living. I think that "high" is the only word in that phrase that is really correct. We sure are a-living High.

Our Children are delivered to the schools in Automobiles. But whether that adds to their grades is doubtful. There hasent been a Thomas Jefferson produced in this country since we formed our first Trust. Rail splitting produced an immortal President in Abraham Lincoln; but Golf, with 20 thousand courses, hasent produced even a good A Number-1 Congressman. There hasent been a Patrick Henry showed up since business men quit eating lunch with their families, joined a club and have indigestion from amateur Oratory. Suppose Teddy had took up Putting instead of horseback riding. It's also a question what we can convert these 4 billion filling Stations into in years to come. But it ain't my business to do you folks' worrying for you. I am only tipping you off and you-all are supposed to act on it. Say, did I tell you Lindy was coming down? Yes, he will be in here right soon now. I suppose we will be hearing up home that the State

(Continued on Page 173)

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Grace—"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you liked it. That confirms my opinion and, of course, I'm pleased. It's really just as I told you, isn't it? Since I discarded my old cleaner in favor of this modern invention, my home looks brighter, my furniture is safe from moths, and the work is so much easier. And when you said it raised home sanitation standards you were saying what I meant, but couldn't put into such professional words."

Doctor—"Well it certainly has done so. When I see a lot of dirt going out of my home, and know that it would have remained there if I hadn't got an Air-Way, I certainly am justified in saying what I did. I never saw anything like it. It is really a fine contribution to public health—a great epochal advancement."

Grace—"And think of the work it saves, doctor. We women are almost as grateful for the labor saving as for the protection it gives to the home furnishings and to the precious health of those in the home."

Doctor—"Yes, the labor saving, and the saving of costly furnishings from destruction by moths and parasites are definite values, but let me tell you that the day I phoned the Air-Way Branch here for a demonstration and found out that with the Air-Way we would never again have to empty the filthy contents of a bag, I forgot all its other amazingly modern efficiencies and hailed it as a truly great evolution in the safeguarding of health."

Grace—"The doctor is one of the thousands of American professional men and women who are quick to take advantage of a *new and better method and equipment* for complete home sanitation. Already there are hundreds of thousands of satisfied Air-Way users. Just as modern lighting equipment replaced the coal-oil lamp and modern heating systems supplanted the old base burner, so has the Air-Way Sanitary System with its exclusive service features revealed to all ● new and ultra-modern invention in its field."

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The Golfer Workman

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Thus it is that perhaps the outstanding value of the MACGREGOR course as reflected in MACGREGOR clubs is the *confidence* with which you know you can play them. The result is that you do play them with a greater confidence than you might otherwise be able to feel—and confidence always reflects itself in better golf. Important, too, is the fact that your confidence in MACGREGOR clubs is never misplaced—for back of them is the ever present value which *thirty-one years of club making* could not help but represent.

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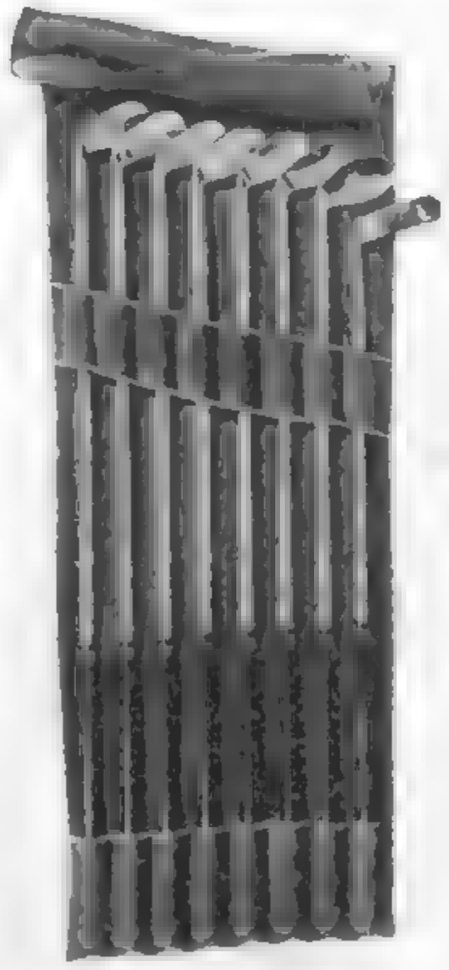

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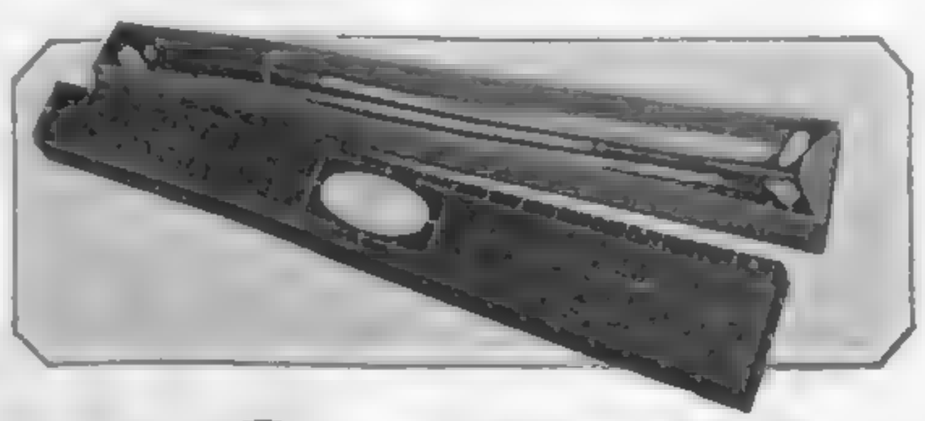

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(Continued from Page 170)

Department, or you, or some of you, sent him down here. Well, here is how it was: Mr. Morrow got pretty well acquainted with him when Lindy was making arrangements to make that tour for the Guggenheim people, and of course any time you are in with Morgan and Co., why, you naturally know all the other operators. I guess Dwight had mebbe O. K.'d a loan for 'em some time. But all these big moneyed people, they are just like the underworld they all know each other and kinder work together.

Doing His Own Flying

Well, after Morrow had been appointed to come down here, he said to Colonel Lindbergh, "I am going to Mexico. I wish you would come down some time and see me. That would make a great trip for you."

Lindy immediately fell in with the idea and said, "Gee, that would be great! Nobody ever hopped from here to Mexico City. I would like to make that trip."

Now Morrow told me this part illustrating the Own mind of this Boy. He told Lindy, "Oh, don't make it all in one hop. Come to St. Louis, then San Antonio, then Tampico and then in."

Lindy just looked him in the eye and said, "You take care of that end of it, Mr. Morrow, and I will take care of the flying part."

Morrow said that kinder proved to him that this Kid was doing his own planning and his own thinking. Well, we were out on this trip a few days, when Mr. Morrow said, "Lindbergh promised me he would come down and I think it would be a good time for him. I think I will wire him, and I will also ask the President and get him to invite him down too." Well, he did it, and the next day he told me, "Say, the President wired Lindy a long personal wire, direct to him, and I sent him one. Now we will see what he says." I asked him then if it was through the State Department, and he said no.

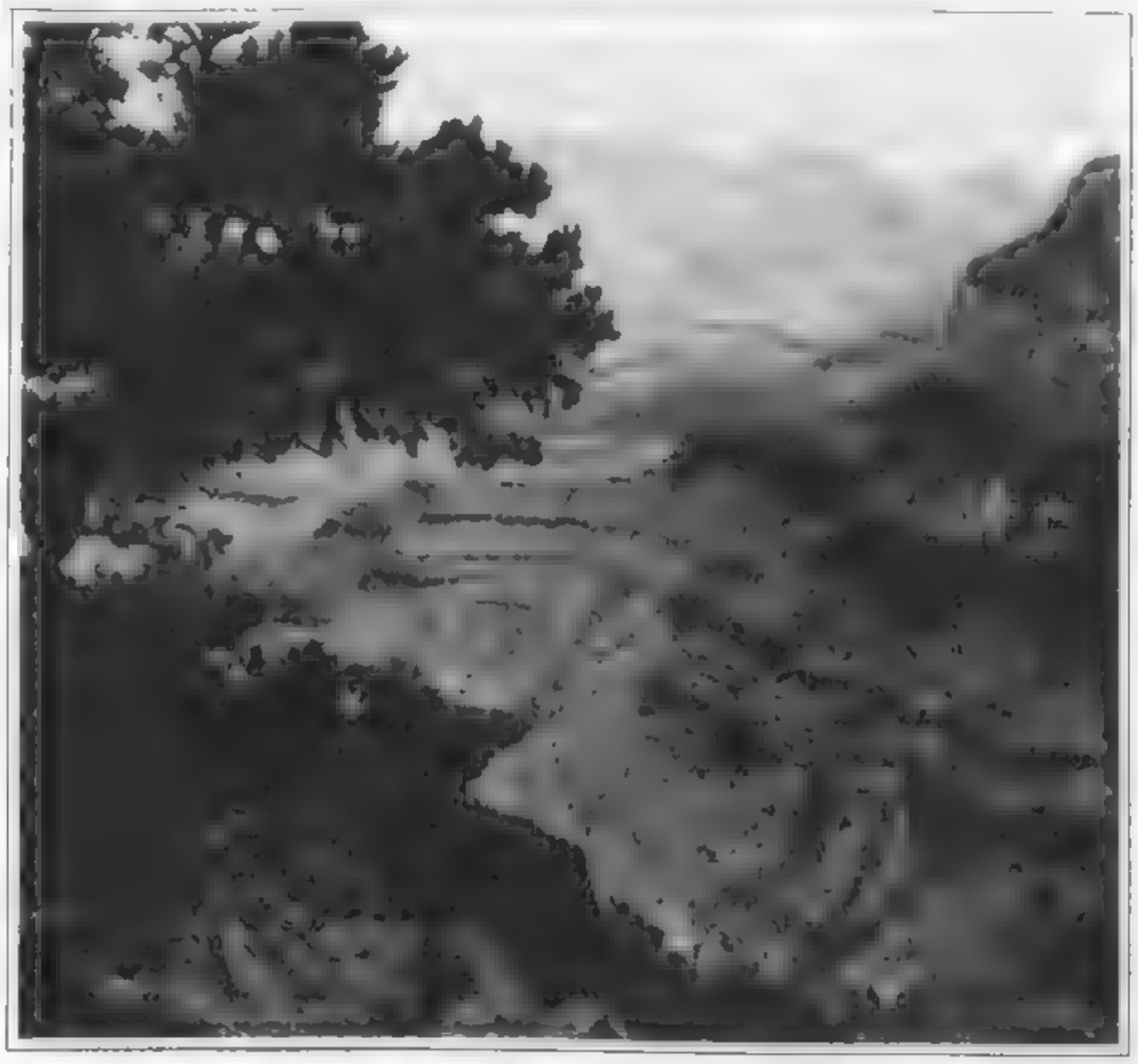
Well, the next day he gets a Cable. "Will be there the first clear day." So Morrow is tickled to death, and all of us just a-waiting. Paris won't have anything on this country for a reception when he lands. I sho' will have something to tell you when Lindy comes. I would like to have you meet Lindy some time, Calvin. He is an awful nice fellow. I will give him a letter to you when he comes. You would like him—he is awful quiet. But Lord knows what you and him would talk about if you was together, 'cause he won't ask you anything, and you are so used to having people tell you all they know without you asking them anything. So I would like to see you and Lindy together. Of course I would rather hear you all together than to see you, but I guess that will never be possible.

Well, we are going to get into Mexico City in the morning off this trip. The Ambassador insists that I come and stay with him at the Embassy. They say we got a mighty nice Embassy down there. Doheny give us the living part of it. If it wasent for a lot of our rich men that have been charitable enough to give a few houses around over the World, our Ambassadors would be living in boarding houses. 'Course there is lots that are rich that wouldent, but those who make it a business of Embassing would.

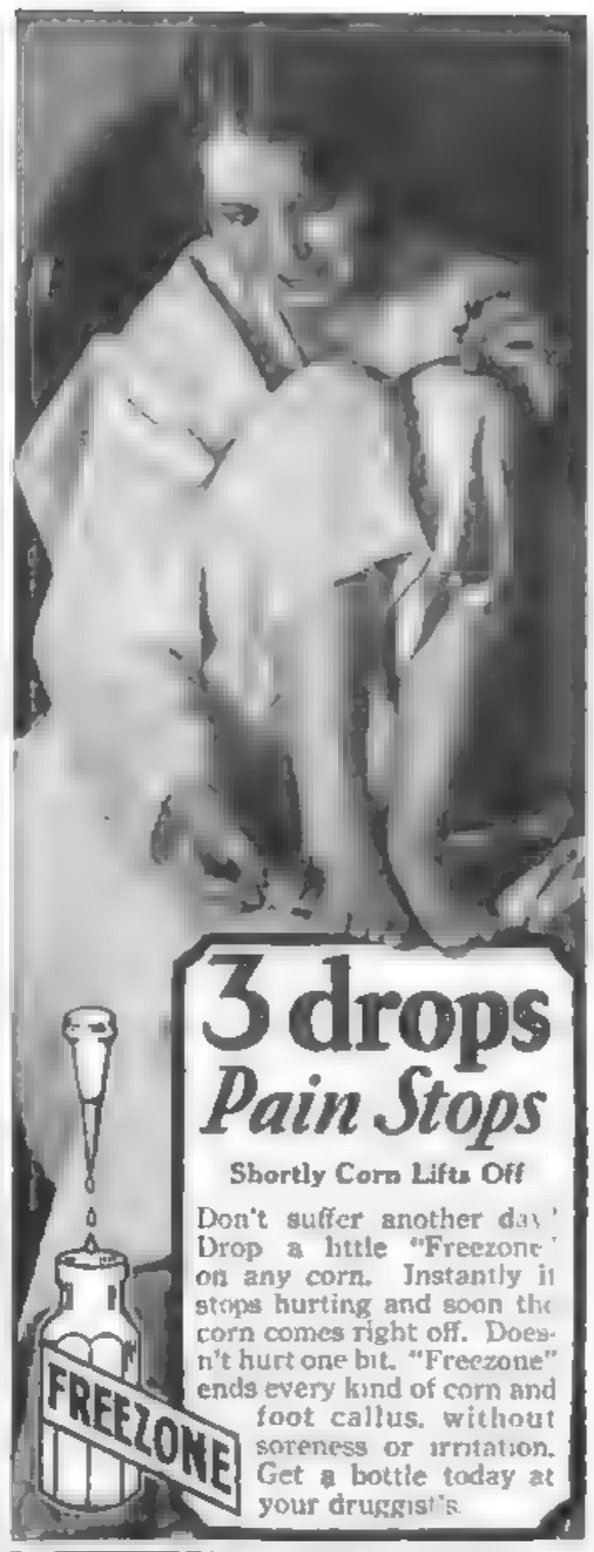
Post Offices and Embassies

Say, there is a thing you might take up some time, Calvin. We got some awful fine Post Offices up home in towns where the trains don't even throw off a mail sack, and I don't see why we can't get at least as nice places in all these various Countries where we do millions of dollars' worth of business, and make it look like we at least take good care of our folks. We are always talking about our Standards of Living. Well, let's enlarge it to take in our foreign help. Chances are the Congressmen wouldent be for it, for it wouldent mean anything to their particular voters. But you try and get them to let us get some real homes for America Consular and Embassy service abroad and we will vote with them on getting their creek widened. You know yourself that about all there is to Politics is trading anyway. That why Politics is not as good as it was years ago is because they don't have as many old-time horse traders in there. These we got now are just Amateurs. They are crude with their trades. There is really no Finesse—you might not get that; it's a French word and means sneaking it over.

Well, what else do you think this Morrow did? We got the greatest fellow you ever saw on the trip here with us. His name is Colonel Sandy McNabb, and he is the Military Attaché of the Embassy, and he is the one that Mr. Morrow brought on the trip with him. So you see we carry our own American Army with us. This Sandy is quite a Character. He speaks Mexican



The Grand Canyon of Arizona



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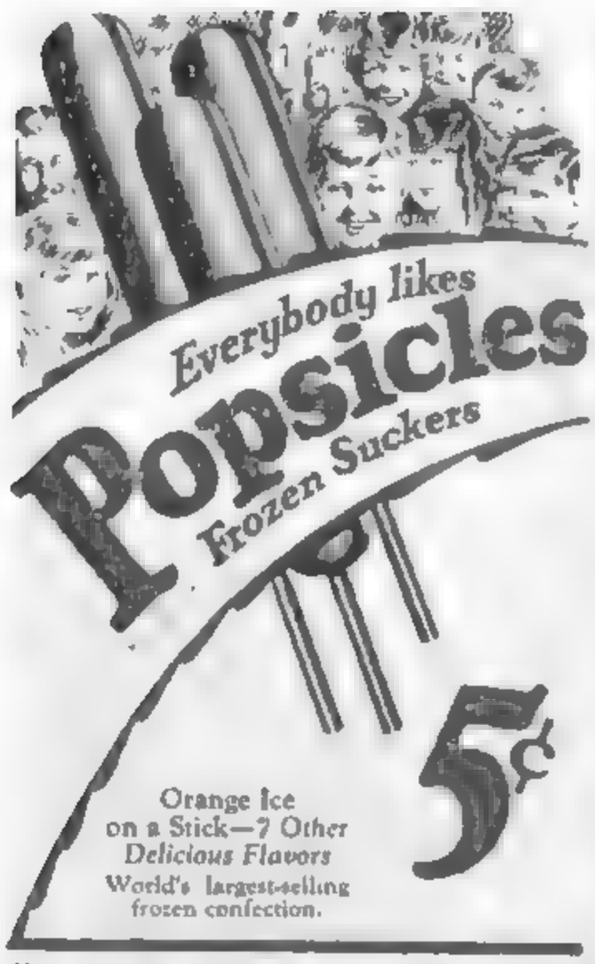

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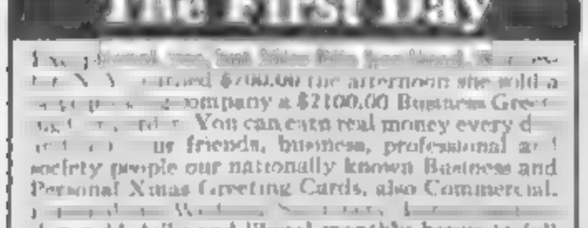

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better than he does English, and is a great friend of all Mexico, especially Ex and Next President Obregón. It seems that Sandy was stationed up at Nogales—a real town too, by the way, and if you can ever throw them a Government appropriation, why, be sure and do so. It comes nearer being a Western Town than anything we got left in this Country, so remember the name—Nogales, Arizona.

Well, Sandy used to command a regiment there, and he is a great Pistol and rifle shot—in fact instructor to the Army—and he likes to hunt. So he was always wanting to get off to go down into Mexico to hunt. Well, he being an American Colonel, he had to get permission through not only the Military but the State Department to go into a foreign Country. Well, he bothered the State Department to death, either getting in or out of Mexico. He would go down into Sonora and hunt and visit with Obregón, and Obregon is very fond of Sandy—Sandy is a red-headed, tough-looking egg. Well, the Secretary of State has done nothing during his term in office but sign official documents to exit and Entrance Sandy.

Now here is what I am getting at, Calvin: This fellow Morrow—who I think you will remember at Amherst; he is the one that used to help you out at examinations—well, when he found he was going down there, he in some roundabout way heard of Sandy McNabb and how he stood with the Mexicans.

Well, to show you how this Morrow's mind works, he said, "Give me this McNabb person as my Military Attaché."

Then the Embassy employment office says, "Oh, no, Mr. Morrow, you don't want Sandy. Sandy has no more social qualifications than a Billy Goat. We will procure you a man that went through West Point, Harvard and took a post-graduate course with Emily Post."

But this Guy Morrow said, "Listen! I dident ask for this Job in the first place, and if you are going to start trying to run it by telling me who I am to have, you better get you another Boy."

Morrow knew that Sandy couldent dance a step, even if he could get somebody to dance with him. But he did know that Sandy knew Mexico, and that's what he wanted. He was going to Mexico to make friends with 'em, not to fight 'em. So Morrow got Sandy. Now Sandy has perhaps drank 200 saucerfuls of tea, tromped on 56 old Señoras' corns; but Sandy is not Advocating intervention with Mexico, and he is Military Attaché yet.

Well, Mr. Morrow appointed Sandy as my Aide. He was—when we got into the City of Mexico off this trip, why, Sandy was to be my personal escort and aide. Well, the last fellow I had that escorted me around had on a cap with Cook and Son and he used to say, "On the right you will see ——" So I told Sandy, "There is to be none of that On-the-right-you-will-see stuff." So I got to tell you later about what a time Sandy and I have. But why I was illustrating to you all this is Morrow's way of doing business. No wonder he is getting somewhere.

Well, I got to close. We will get in early in the morning and I will have some news for you about the great old City of Mexico. If you ever Choose, I wish you would drop me a line.

Yours,
WILL.

HIGH-PRESSURE SECURITY SELLING

"DO SECURITIES salesmen realize the responsible position they occupy in relation to their clients?" This is a question I often ask myself as a result of the hundreds of letters that come to my desk asking for information concerning the various investments that are offered to the public.

It occurs to me that the dealer in securities of any kind, and all the salesmen, should appreciate that they are more than mere merchandisers. In many instances they hold the future happiness of families in the hollow of their hands; they are the financial confidants of the majority of their customers.

There is a very real and quite definite responsibility attaching to the sale of investment securities. The field of finance is one with which the great majority of persons have but little acquaintance. Most of us are truly babes in the woods when it comes to the matter of deciding how we shall place our surplus funds to assure safety and adequate earnings.

It is only natural, then, that we should place our confidence in the accredited salesmen who come to us from corporations which make the distribution of stocks and bonds their business.

We cannot be blamed for looking upon them as men versed in the ways of finance, nor for accepting them in large measure as our financial advisers.

Some time ago a story, written by Elizabeth Frazer, appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in which mention was made of a woman who was displeased with the bond department of her bank because an overzealous young salesman had kept loading her up with one certain issue of bonds, instead of adding to the safety of her principal by diversification.

This is a condition I find to be quite common among securities salesmen. They are out to sell a certain security to as many persons as possible, in as large blocks as possible, without considering the best interests of the client.

In many instances the securities they have for sale are good, sound, investment holdings. But I have yet to find an investment, no matter how safe or sound it may be, that is the best type of investment for all classes of investors, or for the investment of all one's surplus funds.

There are times—many of them—when a securities salesman can best serve his customer by refusing to sell him a certain stock or bond, or by limiting the amount the customer may put into the security he is selling at the moment. If the salesman is truly to merit the confidence the average customer places in him, he must know more than the worth of the security he is offering. He must know also the financial capabilities of the client and be able to advise the client as to the proportion of his entire surplus it is advisable to place in the one holding.

A few years ago the manufacturer of a new office appliance adopted the policy that he would not sell his appliance to any person or business in which it could not be definitely proved that the appliance would be a money-making investment. This policy has been adhered to rigidly, with the result that a tremendous public confidence has been established for the company and its wares, and the organization has been more than ordinarily successful.

A leaf from the policy book of that manufacturer might well be taken by many financial houses in the training of their salesmen. Salesmen should be taught, in unmistakable language, that the life of the house depends not so much upon the immediate profits but upon the reputation the house builds in the matter of caring for and protecting the interests of its customers. There is no real service rendered when merchandise unsuitable to the needs of the customer is sold, even though the sale provide generous profits to the salesman and the house.

And in this connection the motto of International Rotary might well be considered—"He profits most who serves best."

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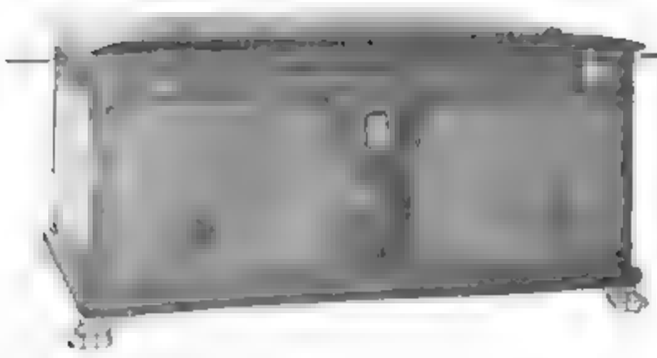

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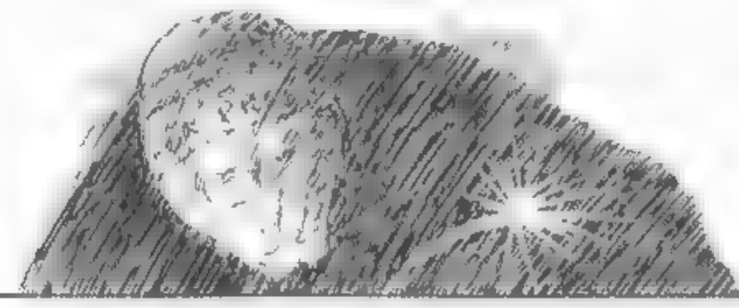

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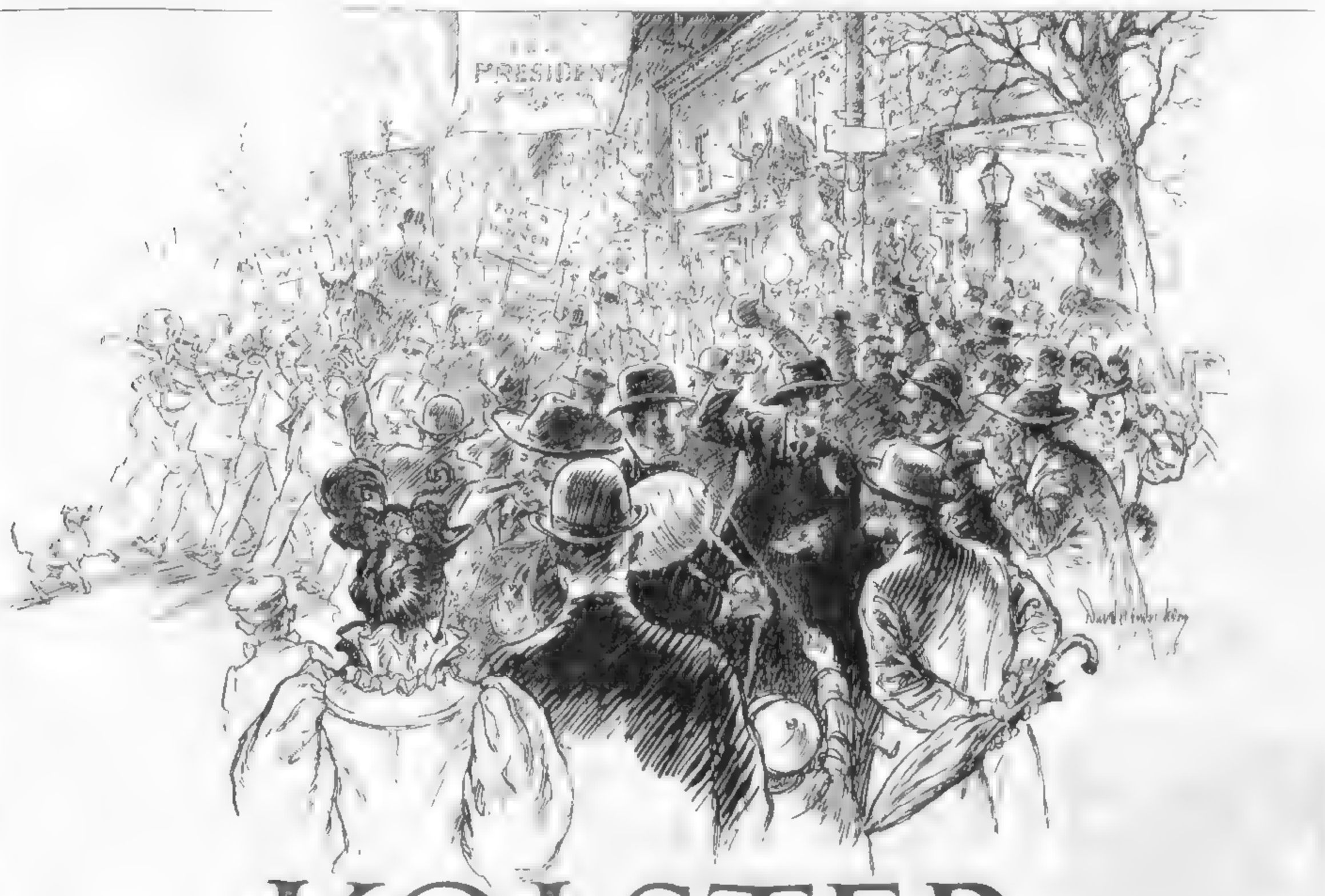

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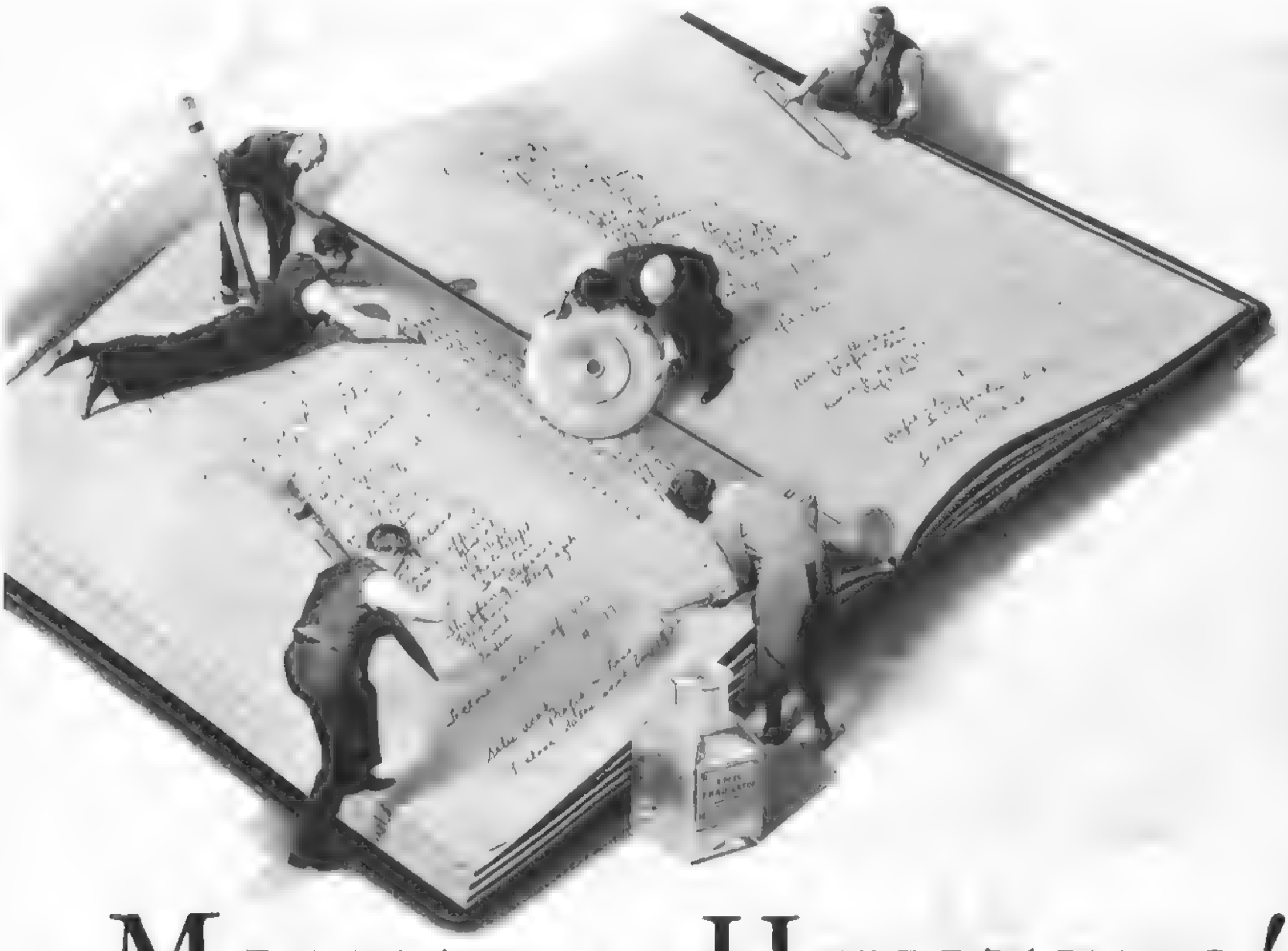

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Because you only looked at me
Beneath the candlelight

I'll want you often, after
I've forgotten many a lad;
Because you did not kiss me
I'll always wish you had.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Upon a Day—

UPON a day of wind and rain
The mystic quickening came;
With sleet athwart the windowpane,
Men hugged the hearth's good flame;

The thoughtless caught abroad that day
In gloom desponded whether
That power were good that brought such gray
Abiding ugly weather.

Only the happy farmer knew
It meant the quick, green wheat
And all the things that yearly grew
Where sodden rain gusts beat!

Shall not each bush stand shining there
In summer's leaf and bloom?
Shall not the heart from lost despair
Find sunlight in its room?

Beat, rain! Rush, wind! Roll, thunder's drum!
The ways of life proceed;
The mystic quickening still must come
To answer each one's need!

—Harry Kemp.

The Clock That Stopped

SINCE you are gone so far away
A curious thing I find;
The world is like a golden clock
That God forgot to wind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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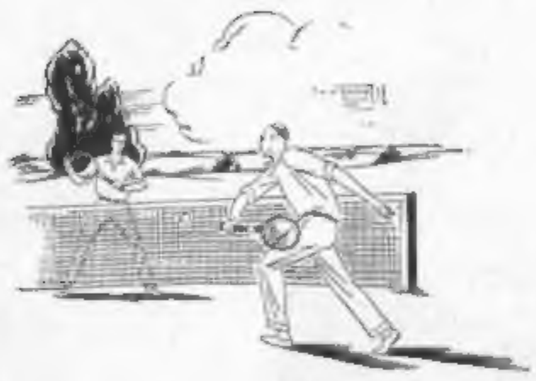


"No sweet cloying after-taste"
". . . no cavities"

writes Mr. A. Harris of Brooklyn

Gentlemen:

In the years previous to 1911, I had been painstakingly regular in my visits to my dentist, who wondered why I had so many new small cavities, although I brushed my teeth regularly. My gums were bleeding and worst of all I was nauseated by the rancid taste of the tooth pastes I used.

I changed dentists and the new practitioner described what a good tooth preserver should do. One day I came across an advertisement that described "Pebeco." Its outstanding points tallied with the desirable points named by my new dentist. I sent away for a sample tube. I remember now how I treasured that little tube of "Pebeco" that really was so different. Nothing to nauseate me, no everlasting sweet cloying after-taste. It left a clean, refreshing sensation in my mouth. How my teeth glistened after each time I used the "Pebeco"!

Today after using "Pebeco" for 16 years I have not had a new cavity, no decay at the margins of my fillings and my teeth are not in need of sharp instruments for removing deposits. I am pleased by the pearly white rows when I look in the mirror. My gums are firm and healthy pink and do not bleed.

In packing my grip, the first thing that goes in is the tube of "Pebeco" and an extra one for an emergency.

(Signed) A. Harris

Its keen honest flavor is evidence of its usefulness to your teeth

Good teeth—a clean-tasting mouth . . .

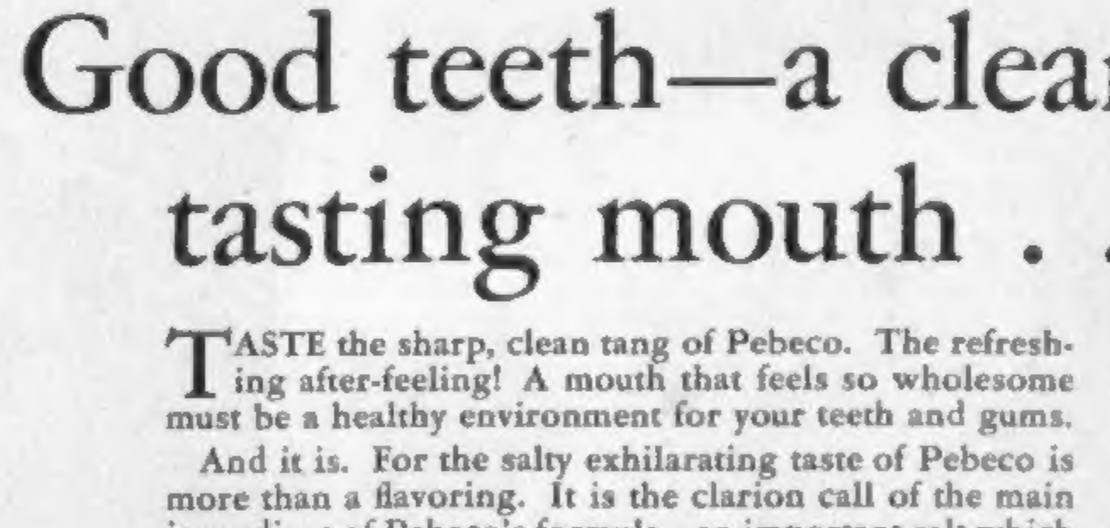
TASTE the sharp, clean tang of Pebeco. The refreshing after-feeling! A mouth that feels so wholesome must be a healthy environment for your teeth and gums.

And it is. For the salty exhilarating taste of Pebeco is more than a flavoring. It is the clarion call of the main ingredient of Pebeco's formula—an important salt which summons the guardian mouth fluids to the protection of your teeth.

A famous physician worked out the formula for Pebeco to correct the scarcity of the mouth fluids which he found to be the almost universal cause of tooth decay.

Discover for yourself the fresh wide-awake feeling Pebeco gives your mouth in the morning. That pleasant sense of fitness lasts for hours. The bed-time brushing renews the well-being of your mouth for the night.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



Keeps the mouth young . .

Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-90, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

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(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER JUNE, 1929)

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Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

L'APPARENCE DU SWITZERLAND CHEESE
POURRA ÊTRE IMITÉE MAIS ON NE SAURA JAMAIS DOUBLER
SON GOÛT

The appearance of Switzerland Cheese may be imitated but the flavor can never be copied

Food may please the eye but disappoint the taste. So-called Swiss Cheese may invite the appetite but its flavor can never measure up to that of Switzerland Cheese. That rare "taste" is the gift of Switzerland just as the subtle zest of a soup or sauce is the contribution of the chef who created it and who alone knows how to prepare it.

This flavor of Switzerland Cheese that cannot be copied comes from milk given by cows who graze on Swiss pastures. Sweet, juicy grasses —savory, tender herbs, the purest water are the sources of this flavor. No other nation can duplicate it. For no other country has the same lofty pastures and meadows that Switzerland has.

For generations the art of making this finer cheese—Switzerland Cheese —has been proudly maintained by men who are masters in their craft. So jealous are they of the supremacy of their product that they have marked the rind of every cheese with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." Look for this word when you buy.

You will enjoy Switzerland Cheese more if you buy it in pound or half-pound cuts instead of wafer-thin slices. As you bite into the tender portion you break or cut off, you will taste a wealth of flavor. Sweet as a nut. Just enough "edge" to give it zest.

Switzerland Cheese is served in America's famous hotels. Some of these are the Roosevelt and the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, the Palace in San Francisco. And everywhere hostesses are becoming acquainted with the versatility and appropriateness of Switzerland Cheese. Its exquisite flavor blends with so many foods and it can be cut in attractive shapes for salads and desserts.

Ask for Switzerland Cheese by name and look for the word "Switzerland" on the rind. The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from a cream to a butter-yellow. The sizes of the eyes also vary from large to medium. But the *flavor that cannot be copied* never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson Street.

A rare salad in the making. An alligator pear cut in half and filled with a piquant French dressing. Then around this delicacy are dainty cuts of another delicacy—Switzerland Cheese on lettuce. Dot each cut with pimiento. At each end of the alligator pear, place two tiny pieces of toast as illustrated.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

A Switzerland cheese-maker "stands behind his product."

How much do you think this cheese weighs?

Clean your refrigerator with Old Dutch every week. This is of utmost importance, especially in the summertime when foods spoil so easily—so many health troubles are caused by food contaminated in an unclean refrigerator.

Old Dutch safeguards your refrigerator with

Healthful Cleanliness

an important health protection

The most important thing you can put into your refrigerator is *Healthful Cleanliness.* You need it to keep food pure and wholesome. The surest way to keep the refrigerator sanitary, fresh and sweet is to clean it regularly with Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser whose basic ingredient, "Seismotite," is of distinctive character and efficiency. Through the microscope you see it as thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles. There is nothing else like it for removing dirt. With the visible uncleanliness it takes away impurities you cannot see. Old Dutch chases all dirt, none is left behind!

Old Dutch doesn't scratch. This drawing of a highly magnified Old Dutch particle shows how these particles, like tiny erasers, remove the dirt by a clean sweep without scratching. Safest for all cleaning because it contains no grit.

Grit scratches. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches. Scratches not only mar the beauty of surfaces, but are lodging places for dirt and often dangerous impurities. Avoid harsh, scratchy grit.

Old Dutch Chases Dirt—Protects the Home

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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